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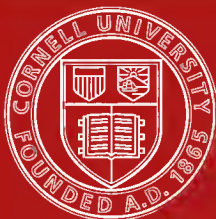
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1995

THE
LEGENDARY BALLADS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



D. P. P.

THE CHANDOS POETS.

THE
LEGENDARY BALLADS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

JOHN S. ROBERTS.

(EDITOR OF THE CROWN EDITION OF BURNS' WORKS.)

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With Original Illustrations and Steel Portrait.  
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PREFACE.

WHEN I assigned to myself the task of editing a collection of "Legendary Poetry," the time at my disposal would not have admitted of my doing more than simply gathering into a garland the best readings of the more meritorious ballads. A period of enforced leisure, under circumstances which made it very desirable to forget in some genial employment many things which were extremely painful to me, led to my attempting something of greater magnitude and responsibility. Under any circumstances, in view of the many able men who have preceded me in this field, I would have hesitated before dealing with the subject at all, had not the early ballad poetry of my country been familiar to me from boyhood. Born in a rural district, where books were not plentiful, the cottage library consisting, in most cases, of a Brown's "Commentary and Dictionary of the Bible," a "Book of Devotion," a "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Works of Robert Burns," and "Ralph Erskine," a miscellaneous collection of songs in small books or in broadside, and a variety of the then popular "chap books," such as "Wise Willy and Witty Eppie," "Leper the Tailor," "Simple Jock Sandeman," "Geordie Buchanan, the King's Fool," &c., the long winter evenings were frequently spent in story-telling, &c. Even then, after the publication of "Scott's Minstrelsy," "Motherwell's" and "Buchan's" collections of *Legendary Poetry*, &c., many of the Ballads existed in the district in a traditionary shape (the printed versions, or even the fact that they were printed, being unknown), to be utterly forgotten by the humbler classes when the aged people to whom they had been known from childhood had passed away.

I can only indulge in vain regrets that I cannot now remember a hundredth part of the old stories, ballads, and songs with which I was then familiar. Removing early in life to a town, and living in a society where the modern newspaper, the "Waverley Novels," and the literature these had called into being, were the subject of universal attention, the humble Tales and Ballads which had delighted the fire-sides of the Forfarshire cottages had almost passed from my remembrance, until a wider acquaintance with books surprised me into the

knowledge that many of them had become part and parcel of our literature. Snatches and stanzas of old and inedited rhymes still cling to me, but although I have made anxious inquiries in my native district for complete copies, or even presentable fragments, of Ballads which have never been printed in any collection, I have not succeeded in securing anything worthy of preservation, the spread of education, and the interest taken in cheap books and serials among the lower classes, having driven the unprinted literature which delighted their ancestors out of existence.

Several years ago it began to be whispered in certain literary circles that the bulk of our "Legendary Ballad Poetry" was of no later date than the beginning of the last century, and Mr. Robert Chambers gave this heresy form and substance by the publication of a paper* on the subject in 1860. According to Mr. Chambers, the better known romantic Ballads, such as "Sir Patrick Spens," "Gil Morrice," "Edward Edwards," "Edom o' Gordon," "Young Waters," "Mary Hamilton," "The Gay Goss-Hawk," "Johnnie o' Braidislee," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Young Huntin'," "Burd Helen," and several others, were in all likelihood composed by Lady Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, who died in 1727, and who for a time had succeeded in palming a Ballad entitled "Hardyknute" upon her contemporaries as a genuine antique. This Ballad, though highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott and others, is a clumsy and laboured performance as compared with the Ballads Mr. Chambers endeavours to ascribe to her, on no stronger plea than that certain phrases in these occur in "Hardyknute." In his zeal he fails to notice that, as the authoress was avowedly imitating the antique Ballads, she would naturally adopt their phraseology and style. He further argues that, because expressions occur in the Ballads which could not have been in use beyond the commencement of last century, they must have been composed since, forgetting that, as they existed only in a traditionary form, the language would necessarily change with the altered habits and speech of the people.

The best evidence as to the genuineness of our Ballad Poetry is the fact that they were current in various forms all over the country, incidents and names of heroes and heroines being altered to suit the locality of the reciter. That one or more writers during the last century produced these Ballads, and that the manuscripts passed from hand to hand, until they became thoroughly rooted in the memories of an entire people, and that more than one version of each—as many as four, five, and six of some—should exist simulta-

* "The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship." By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E.

neously over the country, is one of those impossible theories which need not disquiet the most timid believer in the traditional origin of our Ballad Poetry. That many of the Ballads have undergone some considerable tinkering before being printed need surprise no one. The compilers of the various original collections were mostly poets, and the temptation to help a halting stanza, and complete a fragmentary specimen, was too great to be resisted; and to one thoroughly familiar with the subject it would be easy to point to many instances where this has been done. One thing is certain, that no spurious Ballad has escaped detection for any great length of time: there is a ring about the genuine metal which cannot be imitated, although many an adept at Homer's craft has tried his hand at it.

In collating the various Ballads, I have, so far as my judgment could guide me, expunged all modern interpolations, and no Ballad which exists in more than one shape has passed from my hands into those of the printer until the various versions were thoroughly considered. To the composition of some of them as many as five versions, all differing in some respects, have contributed; and if it be conceded that all the copies had one common origin, the propriety of collating them, when the work of collection is finished, will be at once admitted. Professor Aytoun, in the Introduction to his admirable collection,* has so thoroughly defended the propriety of collating the various versions, that I may safely consider the question settled, the only point of moment to me being whether I have executed my self-imposed task with judgment and success. Anyone who is at all acquainted with this kind of work will readily understand that, if conscientiously performed, it is no light duty, and that to the merely critical reader it will be easy to find fault with much that I have done, or left undone. I can only claim to have entered upon and carried through my task in a tender and loving spirit, doing nothing without anxious deliberation, the work of one day being frequently undone by that of the next, after a more careful examination of the existing authorities.

Many readers may miss old favourites, and may quarrel with the appearance of others less worthy. The space at my disposal was prescribed from the first, and within it I have included all those Ballads I held most worthy to appear in a "Popular Collection" which might lay claim to a completeness not hitherto attained by any publication of the kind issued in this country. I have to confess my obligations to Mr. Francis James Child, of Boston, U.S., who, by the publication of his "English and Scottish Ballads,"† has laid the lovers of Ballad

* "The Ballads of Scotland." Edited by William Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L. 2 vols.

† "English and Scottish Ballads." Edited by Francis James Child. 8 vols.

Literature under a deep debt of gratitude. Besides giving all the versions of each Ballad of any value, his volumes contain references to every known version, and to Ballads and traditions of other countries which are similar in incident to those of our own. Mr. Child's volumes have been a ready index, guiding at once to the page of the various collections where the Ballad under treatment occurs.

Some modern editors and writers can still afford to look with contempt or patronage on our Ballad Literature. I have heard of one living editor who boasted that he had compiled his collection, &c., within the space of a fortnight; and another more recently, in his Introduction, made merry over the care and trouble his predecessors had taken in providing materials for his use. No one who has any knowledge of the subject can afford to speak lightly of the value of the labours of such men as Percy, Herd, Ritson, Scott, Motherwell, Buchan, &c. &c.; the service they have rendered in collecting, and illustrating them, is not to be estimated. The popular novel or poem of this year may be forgotten the next, or may have the good fortune to live for a generation, but the bulk of our early Ballads must claim a more than passing attention as long as our Language and Literature endure.

I have endeavoured as far as possible to explain all phrases which may not be understood by the general reader, and in doing this I have been more anxious to give the meaning conveyed by the context than the mere arbitrary rendering. No arrangement of the Ballads into classes has been attempted; indeed, they are purposely printed without any arrangement, with the view of giving variety and interest. I have reproduced many Ballads which can lay no claim to Legendary origin; the phrase, through frequent use or misuse, has become elastic enough to cover any kind of popular ancient poetry, whether preserved to us by tradition, or through the medium of the printer.

JOHN S. ROBERTS.

Duddingstone, Nov. 20th, 1867.

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THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
LEGENDARY BALLADS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[The event upon which this ballad is founded has been the subject of considerable discussion with editors and collectors. Some maintain that it refers to the marriage of James III. with the Princess of Norway and Denmark; others believe it to refer to the expedition sent in 1290 to bring home Margaret the Maid of Norway after the death of her father, Alexander III. The weight of testimony is in favour of its bearing reference to the fate of the expedition which in 1281 carried the same Margaret to Norway as the bride of King Eric. Mr. Robert Chambers translates from Fordoun the following account of the incident:—"A little before this, namely, in the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the King of Norway; who, leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinloch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons, were drowned."

Dunfermline, an inland town in Fife, where there is a fine abbey in good preservation, and the ruins of a royal palace, was a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. Aberdour, the port to which the expedition was returning when the catastrophe occurred, is a beautifully-situated village on the Fife shore of the Forth, nearly opposite to Edinburgh. The phrase in the last verse of the ballad—

"Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,"

means that Sir Patrick Spens's ship was half way across the German Ocean when she foundered and sank. I have ventured to re-collate the ballad from the various versions, and trust that nothing is introduced which injures the graphic point of the story as told in the generally received version.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,*
To sail this ship o' mine?"

Then up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

* Skilful captain.

The king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway owre the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun tak her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The neist* line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
Has tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time c' the year
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be 't wind or weat, be 't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we maun tak her hame."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scotismen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queen's fee."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears loud,
Sae loud 's I hear ye lee!

"For I brought as much o' the white monie
As gane† my men and me,
And a half-fou‡ o' the gude red gowd,
Out owre the sea with me.

* Next.

† Served.

‡ The eighth of a peck.

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deidly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,*
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm!"

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tap-masts lap,
It was sic a deidly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whaur will I get a gude sailor's
Will tak the helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall tap-mast,
To see if I can spy land."

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall tap-mast—
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout† flew ont o' the gude ship's side,
And the saut sea it cam in.

"Gae, fetch a wab o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our gude ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them into the gude ship's side,
But aye the sea cam in.

* Last night.

† Bolt.

"Ye'll pick her weel, an' span her weel,
And mak her hale an' soun',"
But ere he had the words weel spoke
The bonnie ship was doun.

O laith, laith* were our Scots lords' sons
To weet their coal-black shoon,
But lang ere a' the play was owre,
They wat their hats abune.

And mony was the feather-bed
That fluttered on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

EDOM O' GORDON.

[This ballad is founded on a real incident which took place in 1571. Edom, or Adam Gordon, was a brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and, as his deputy-lieutenant, held out in the north of Scotland for the imprisoned Queen Mary, against the party who maintained the authority of her infant son James VI. Gordon was at feud with the clan Forbes, and had slain Arthur, brother of Lord Forbes. He sent a party under a Captain Car, or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, the chief seat of the Forbesees. If we omit the death of the leader of the band, all the other incidents in the ballad are truthfully given. As Gordon recognised the deed of Ker, he was held to be equally guilty, hence his introduction into the piece as leader of the raid. Professor Aytoun states that, in the interest of historical accuracy, he might have substituted "Towie House" for the "House o' the Rodes" in the ballad, as the latter was the name of a keep near the village of Gordon, in Berwickshire. The southern reciters had introduced the local name.]

* Loath.

It fell about the Martimas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.*

"And whatna hauld sall we draw till,
My merrie men and me?
We will gae to the bouse o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The ladye stude on her castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host o' men
Cam riding towards the toun.†

"O see ye not, my merrie men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host o' men—
I marvel wha they be."

She ween'd ‡ it had been her ain dear lord
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.

She had nae suner buskit hersel,
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae suner supper set,
Nae suner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The ladye ran to her tower head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if, by her fair speeches,
She could wi' him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
And her yetts a' lockit fast,
He fell into a rage o' wrath,
And his look was all aghast

* Hold.

† This word in Scotland signifies not only a city or town, but a farm-steading, or residence.

‡ Supposed.

"Come down to me, ye ladye gay,
Come down, come down to me;
This nicht sall ye lie within my arms,
The morn my bride sall be."

"I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye ladye fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursel therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak ye dree."

"But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone."

She stude upon her castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee;
She mist that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

"Set fire to the house!" quo the fause Gordon,
All wude* wi' dule† and ire;
"Fause ladye! ye sall rue that shot,
As ye burn in the fire."

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek‡ to me?"

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out my grund-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

* Mad.

† Foreboding.

‡ Smoke.

"Ye paid me weel my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weel my fee ;
But noo I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or dee."

O then outspak her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee ;
Says, " Mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me."

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the wastlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee !"

O then outspak her dochter dear—
She was baith jimp and sma—
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa."

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa ;
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks ;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre,
O gin her face was wan !
He said, " You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again."

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white !
"I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.

"Back and boun, my merrie men a',
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass !

"Wha looks to freits,* my master deir,
It's freits will follow him;
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame."

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Said, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, "Awa, awa!
The house o' the Rodes is a in a flame,
I hauld it time to ga."

O then he spied her ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
And a' his heart was wae;
"Put on, put on, my wichty† men,
As fast as ye can gae.

"Put on, put on, my wichty men,
As fast as ye can drie;
For he that is hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get gude o me!"

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Fu' fast out owre the bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith ladye and babes were brent.‡

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' mood;
"Ah, traitors! for this cruel deed,
Ye sall weep tears o' bluid."

And after the Gordon he has gane,
Sae fast as he might drie,
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
He's wroken§ his dear ladye.

* Omens.

† Mighty.

‡ Burnt.

§ Revenged.

And mony were the mudie* men
 Lay gasping on the green ;
 And mony were the fair ladies
 Lay lemanless at hame.

And mony were the mudie men
 Lay gasping on the green ;
 For o' fifty men the Gordon brocht,
 There were but five gaed hame.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

[The following is from Percy's "Reliques." Percy pointed out that although it had been long naturalized in England, it was evidently of Scottish origin. And Professor Aytoun gave three verses of the Scottish version, regretting that no complete copy had been recovered. "A comparison of the two would have been instructive, as showing the changes to which oral poetry is frequently subject." The Professor was evidently not aware that a complete version of the ballad had been recovered and printed by the Percy Society, in the volume of "Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads." I print it as the next ballad in order.]

LITHE† and listen, gentlemen ;
 To sing a song I will begin :
 It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead him fro,
 And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
 To drink and revel every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morn,
 It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
 To alway spend and never spare,
 I wot, an' he were the king himsel'
 Of gold and fee he mot be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he maun sell his lands so broad,
 His house, and lands, and all his rent.

* Strong, or stalwart.

† Wait; stay.

His father had a steward keen,
And John o' Scales was called he :
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says, " Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne ;
Let nocht disturb thy merry cheer ;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My land now take it unto thee ;
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-pennie ;*
But, for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was weel worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board ;
He was right glad the land to win :
" The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad ;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lanesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

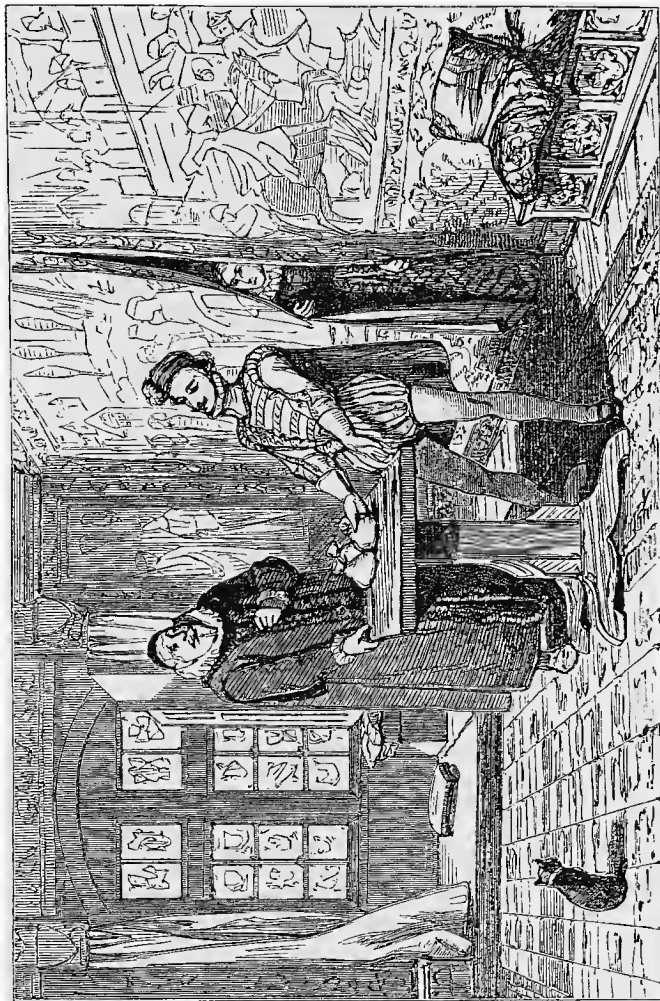
For so he to his father hight :
" My son, when I am gone," said he,
" Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

" But swear to me now upon the rood,
That lanesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
And, " Come with me, my friends," said he ;
Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares ne'er mot he thri'e."†

* Earnest money.

† Thrive.



They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
The tane was brass, the tither was lead,
And tither it was white monie.

"Now well-a-day!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dule or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,*
And sharply bade him wend his way.

"Now well-a-day!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For, when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lanesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lanesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

* Fellow,

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win,
But bare and lothely* were the walls :
“Here’s sorry cheer !” quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew ;
No shimmering sun here ever shone ;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mot spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nocht save a rope with a running noose,
That dangling hung up o’er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see :
“Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thy all,
And brought thyself to penurie ?

“All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend :
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely shent† with this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne ;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spak the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spak but three :
“This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.”

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprung aloft with his bodie :
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne ;
Nor knew if he were live or dead.
At length he looked and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

* Uncomfortable, loathsome.

† Injured, shamed.

He took the bill and looked it on ;
Straight good comfort found he there :
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.*

Two were full of the beaten gold ;
The third was full of white monie ;
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see.

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;
Amend thy life and follies past ;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne ;
"And let be, but if I amend :
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede† shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer ;
I wis, he neither stint nor staid,
Till John o' the Scales' house he cam near.

And when he cam to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere‡ then looked he :
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespak the heir of Linne ;
To John o' the Scales then spak he :
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence to lend to me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon !
Away, away ! this may not be :
For Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I lend thee one pennie !"

Then bespak the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spak he :
"Madam, some awnious on me bestow
I pray, for sweet Sainte Charitie."

* Together.

† Advice.

‡ An aperture in the wall ; a shot window.

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we suld hang ony losel* here,
The first we wad begin with thee."

Then up bespak a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a right good lord."

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need there be."

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespak him John o' the Scales,
All wud† he answered him again:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain."

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he gave him a god's-pennie:
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monie."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din,
"The gold is thine; the land is mine;
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!"

* Vagabond.

† Furious.

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
 Forty pence thou didst lend me;
 Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-day!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;
 "Now well-a-day, and woe is my life!"
 Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
 "Farewell, good John o' the Scales!" said he;
 "When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

From Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads. Percy Society, vol. xvii.

[This version contrasts somewhat unfavourably with the English: it is stiff and awkward, and must have existed in some other form, otherwise it could not have been popular as a piece for recitation.]

THE bonny heir, the weel-faur'd heir,
 And the wearie heir o' Linne,
 Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,
 An' nobody bids him come in.

O see for he gangs, an' see for he stands,
 The wearie heir o' Linne;
 O see for he stands on the cauld causey,*
 And nae ane bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
 Or yet the heir o' Linne,
 He woodna' stand on the cauld causey,
 Some one wad ta'en him in.

"Sing owre again that sang, Nannie,
 The song ye sang just noo."
 I never sang a sang i' my life,
 But I wad sing owre to you."

* Causeway.

O see for he gangs, and see for he stands,
The wearie heir o' Linne.
O see for he stands on the cauld causey,
And nae ane bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna' stand on the cauld causey;
Some ane wad ta'en him in.

When his father's lands a sellin' were,
His claise* lay weel in fauld;
But now he wanders on the shore,
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.

As Willie he gaed doun the toun,
The gentlemen were drinkin';
Some body gie Willie a glass, a glass,
And some body gie him nane;
Some body gie Willie a glass, a glass,
The wearie heir o' Linne.

As Willie he came up the toun,
The fishers were a' sittin';
Some body gie Willie a fish, a fish,
Some body gie him a pin;
Some body gie him a fish, a fish,
The wearie heir o' Linne.

He turned him richt and round about,
As will† as a woman's son;
And taen his cane into his hand,
And on his way to Linne.

His Nannie at her window looked,
Beholding dale and doun;
And she beheld this distressed young man
Come walking to the toun.

"Come here, come here, Willie," she said,
"And set yoursel' wi' me.
I hae seen you i' better days,
And in jovial companie."

* Clothes.

† Wilful.

"Gie me a sheave* o' your bread, Nannie,
And a bottle o' your wine;
And I'll pay you it a' owre again
When I'm the Laird o' Linne."

"Yese get a sheave o' my bread, Willie,
And a little o' my wine;
And ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry,
But ye'll ne'er be heir o' Linne."

Then he turned him richt and round about,
As will as woman's son;
And off he set, and bent his way,
And straightway came to Linne.

And when he came to that castle,
They were sat down to dine.
A score o' nobles there he saw,
Sat drinkin' at the wine.

Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,
And some bade gie him the bane;
And some bade gie him naething at a',
But lat the palmer gang.

Then out it speaks the new come laird—
A saucie word spak he—
"Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,
Lat him fare on his way."

Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,
Ane o' young Willie's kin:
"This youth was ance a sprightlie boy
As ever lived in Linne."

He turned him richt and round about,
As will as woman's son;
Then minded him on a little wee key,
That his mither left to him.

His mither left him this little wee key
A little before she de'ed;†
And bade him keep this little wee key
Till he was in maist need.

* Slice.

† Died.

Then forth he went, an' these nobles left,
A drinkin' in the room;
Wi' walkin' rod intill his hand
He walked the castle roun'.

Then he found out a little door,
For then the wee key slippit in;
An' there he got as muckle red gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Back through the nobles then he went,
A saucie man was then.
"I'll tak the cup frae this new come laird,
For he ne'er bad me sit down."

Then out it speaks the new come laird:
He spake wi' mock and jeer:
"I'd gie a seat to the Laird o' Linne
Sae be that he were here."

"When the lands o' Linne a sellin' were—
A' men said they were free—
This lad shall hae them frae me this day,
If he'll gie the third pennie."

"I tak ye witness nobles a',
Gude witnesses ye'll be;
I'm promised the lands o' Linne this day,
If I gie the third pennie."

"Ye've ta'en us witnesses, Willie," they said,
"Gude witnesses we'll be.
Buy the lands o' Linne wha likes,
They'll ne'er be bought by thee."

He's done him to a gamin' table
For it stood fair and clean;
Then he tauld down as much rich gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Thus having done he turned about—
A saucie man was he—
"Tak up your monie, my lad," he says,
"Tak up your third pennie."

"Aft hae I gane wi' barefeet cauld,
Likewise wi' legs fu' bare;
And mony day walked at these yetts
Wi' muckle dule an' care.

"But now my sorrow's past and gane,
And joy's returned to me;
And here I've gowd enough forbye,
Ahin* this third pennie."

As Willie he gaed down the toun,
There he craw'd wonderous crouse.
He ca'd the may afore them a'
The Nourice† o' the house.

"Come here, come here, my nurse," he says;
"I'll pay your bread and wine.
Seas ebb and flow as they wont to do,
Yet I'm the Laird o' Linne."

As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,
His hose aboon his shoon;
But lang ere he cam down again,
Was convoyed by lords fifteen.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOWE.

[This ballad, which is reprinted from Collier's "Book of Roxburghe Ballads," was popular early in the seventeenth century, and is mentioned in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas" by the name of 'Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter.']

THE FIRST PART.

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Mandlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristowe town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move;
This favour bears the lovely brown.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many years had borne this lady great good will;
She lovèd him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

* Behind; after.

† Nurse.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expel
To view strange countries he intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
With musick sweet that did excel
He plays under her window then.

"Farewell," quoth he, "mine own true love,
Farewell, my dear, and chiefest treasure of my heart !
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
I am inforced from thee to part

"Into the land of Italy:
There will I wail, and weary out my dayes in woe ;
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.

"Fair Bristowe town, therefore, adieu,
For Padua shall be my habitation now ;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow."

With trickling tears this he did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore :
He said, when he his hands did wring,
"Farewell, sweet love, for evermore !"

Fair Maudlin, from a window high,
Beholding her true love with musick where he stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood.

In tears she spent this doleful night,
Wishing, though naked, with her faithful friend :
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she made a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolks all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise :
She gets her down in a lower room,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
The master of a fair and goodlie ship was he,
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her fathèr, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
"Good sir," said she, "would you speak with any here?"
Quoth he, "Fair maid, therefore I stand:"
"Then, gentle sir, I pray you to draw near."

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan.

She falls upon her tender knee:
"Good sir," she said, "now pity you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grief to you may show."

"Sith you repose your trust," he said,
"To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger here,
Be you assured, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appear."

"I have a brother, then," quoth she,
"Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie,
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full sick, God wot, and like to die.

"And fain I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yield to let me go;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

"Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,
That I disguised may go away from hence unknown;
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
If thus much favour may be shown."

"Fair maid," quoth he, "take here my hand :
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require."

She gave him then a tender kiss,
"And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
Sweet master, then, forget not me."

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soon after, early, before the break of day
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herself array :

And ere her father did arise,
She meets her master as he walks in the hall :
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, "Our daughter is gone away !"

The merchant, thus amazed in mind,
"Yonder vile wretch inticed away my child," quoth he ;
"But well, I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy."

With that bespake the master brave :
"Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And anything that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth."

"Sweet youth," quoth he, "if it be so,
Bear me a letter to the English merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow :
My daughter's welfare I do fear."

Her mother takes her by the hand ;
"Fair youth," quoth she, "if there thou dost my daughter see,
Let me thereof soon understand,
And there is twenty crowns for thee."

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto her child;
And after her master straightway she lyes,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master : God send them a merry wind ;
Where we awhile must let them alone,
Till you the second part do find.

PART THE SECOND.

" Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and tempests do arise :
The pleasant banks of Italy
We may behold with mortal eyes."

" Thanks, gentle master," then quoth she :
" A faithful friend in sorrow hast thou been;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen.

" Blest be the land that feeds my love !
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide !
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tried.

" Now will I walk with joyful heart,
To view the town whereas my darling doth remain,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain."

" And I," quoth he, " will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrow up and down :
In wealth and woe thy part I'll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town."

And after many wearie steps
In Padua they safely do arrive at last :
For very joy her heart it leaps ;
She thinks not of her sorrows past,

Condemned to die he was, alas !
Except he would from his religion turn ;
But rather than he would to mass,
In fiery flames he vowed to burn.

Now doth Maudlin weep and wail :
Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief, and care ;
But nothing could her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in distress ;
Most wofully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moan :
"Farewell," he said, "sweet England, now for evermore,
And all my friends that have me known
In Bristowe town with wealth and store.

"But most of all farewell," quoth he,
My own true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind ;
For never more shall I see thee ;
Woe to thy father most unkind !

"How well were I, if thou wert here,
With thy fair hands to close these wretched eyes ;
My torments easie would appear ;
My soul with joy shall scale the skies."

When Maudlin heard her lover's moan,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow fillèd was :
To speak with him no means is known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then she cast off her lad's attire,
A maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set :
To the judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
Her servant's favour he doth crave.

"Maudlin," quoth he, "my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight ;
A faithful friend I will be tried.

"Grant me thy love, fair maid," quoth he,
"And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"I have a brother, sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemned to die :
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppressed with grief and misery."

"Grant me my brother's life," she said,
"And to you my love and liking I will give."
"That may not be," quoth he, "fair maid ;
Except he turn, he cannot live."

"An English friar there is," she said,
"Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soon the strife."

Her master hearing this request,
The mariner in friar's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distressed,
She did a letter straight convey.

When he had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy ;
Where now she was full well he knew :
The friar likewise was not coy ;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the friar charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

"Here is no place for her," he said,
"But woful death and danger of her harmless life :
Professing truth I was betrayed,
And fearfull flames must end my strife."

'For, ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damned Antichrist,
I'll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest."

“ O sir !” the gentle friar said,
“ For your sweet love recant, and save your wishèd life.
“ A woful match,” quoth he, “ is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.”

When she had wrought all means that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not be,
Then of the judge she claimed her right,
To die the death as well as he.

When no persuasion could prevail,
Nor change her mind in any thing that she had said,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arm in arm most joyfully
These lovers twain unto the fire did go :
The mariner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithful friendship did in them remain,
They saved their lives ; and afterward
To England sent them home again.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithful lovers had now their heart’s desire :
Their pains so well they did imploy,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristowe arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some
That heard the dangers they had’ past.

Her gentle master she desired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then :
It was fulfilled as she required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

GLENKINDIE.

[The two following ballads have the same subject, and in all likelihood had a common original. ‘Glasgerion,’ the name of the English ballad, was a famous harper, whose renown was so widely spread that both Chaucer and Gawin Douglas associated his name with that of Orpheus. The Scottish composer had adapted the name to their own meridian, says Jamieson, calling him Glenkindie.]

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
He harpit to the King;
Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harpit on string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breist,
That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And ay he harpit to the King
To haud him unthought lang.

"I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's nicht,
Afore my nobles a'."

The King but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine,
And he wad hae nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young princess,
That love did waukin keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syue he has harpit a gay,
And mony a sich* atween hands
I wat the ladie gae:

Says, "Whan day is dawin, and cocks hae crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door,
And streek† ye by my side.

"But look ye tell na Gib your man
O' naething that ye dee,‡
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."

* Sigh.

† Stretch.

‡ Do.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"O micht I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain :"
"O that you micht, my gude master,
Altho' ye had slain ten."

"Then tak' ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidden for to dee,
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye sall be hangit hie.

"When day has dawn, and cocks hae crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang to yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side."

"Then gae to your bed, my gude master,
Ye've waukit, I fear, owre lang ;
But I'll wauken ye in as gude time,
As ony cock i' the land."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Synce fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin,
When he cam' till that lady's bower
He tirlit at the pin.

"O wha is this," says that lady,
"That opens nae and comes in :"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
O, open and lat me in !"

She kent he was nae gentle knight,
That she had latten in ;
For neither whan he gaed nor cam',
Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam',
Nor clappit her when he gaed,
And in and out at her bower window,
The moon shone like the gleed.*

"O raggit are your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven are your sheen,†
And ravelled is your yellow hair
That I saw late yestreen."

"The hose and shoon are Gib, my man's,
They cam' first to my hand;
And I've ravelled a' my yellow hair,
Coming against the wind."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he came to his master's bed,
As fast as he could gang.

"Win up, win up, my gude master,
I fear ye sleep owre lang;
There is na a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crown."

Glenkindie's ta'en his harp in hand,
And hastily he ran,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan.‡

When he cam' to the lady's bower,
He tirlit at the pin;
"O, wha is that at my bower door,
That opens na, and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
And in I canna win."

* * * * *

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And than a young knight's bride."

* * * * *

* Live embers.

† Shoes.

‡ Stopped.

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cauld and dead,
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
Sae mournfully it rang,
And wae and weary it was to hear
Glenkindie's dowie sang.

But cauld and dead was that lady,
Nor heeded o' his maen,
An' he wad harp till domisday,
She'll never speak again.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And he's hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee;
Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Weel payit sall ye be."

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
And he has hanged him hie,
And he's hangit him owre his ain yett,
As high as high could be.

GLASGERION.

From Percy's Reliques, vol. iii. p. 83.

GLASGERION was a king's own son,
And a harper he was good;
He harped in the king's chamber,
Where cup and caudle stood.

And so did he in the queen's chamber,
Till ladies waxed wud;*
And up bespake the king's daughter,
And these words thus she said:

* Enchanted.

"Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,
Of thy striking do not blin;*
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harp,
But it glads my heart within."

"Fair might him, fall lady," quoth he;
"Who taught you now to speak?
I have loved you, lady, seven long year;
My heart I ne'er durst break."

"But come to my bower, Glasgerion.
When all men are at rest.
As I am a lady true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest."

Home then came Glasgerion;
A glad man then was he.
"And come thou hither Jack, my boy,
Come hither unto me,

"For the king's daughter of Normandy
Hath granted me a boon;
And at her chamber must I be
Before the cocks have crowin."

"O master, master," then quoth he,
"Lay your head down on this stone,
For I will waken you, master dear.
Afore it be time to gone."

But up then rose that lithert[†] lad,
And hose and shoon did on;
A collar he cast upon his neck;
He seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the lady's chamber,
He tirl^d upon a pin.
The lady was true of her promise,
And rose and let him in.

He did not take that lady gay
To bolster nor to bed;
Nor though he had his wicked will,
A single word he said.

* Cease.

† Naughty; wicked.

He did not kiss that lady's mouth,
Nor when he came, nor yode;*
And sore that lady did mistrust
He was of some churl's blood.

And home then came that lither lad,
Did off his hose and shoon;
And cast the collar from off his neck—
He was but a churl's son.

"Awake, awake, my dear master;
The cock hath well nigh crowin.
Awake, awake, my master dear;
I hold it time to be gone.

"For I have saddled your horse, master,
Well bridled I have your steed;
And I have served you a good breakfast,
For thereof ye have need."

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on hose and shoon;
And cast a collar about his neck,
For he was a king, his son.

And when he came to the lady's chamber,
He tirl'd upon the pin;
The lady was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him in.

"O whether have you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned back again
To know more of my love?"

Glasgerion swore a full great oath:
"By oak, and ash, and thorn,
Lady, I was ne'er in your chamber
Sith the time that I was born."

"Oh then it was your lither foot page;
He hath beguiled me."
Then she pulled forth a little penknife,
That hang'd by her knee.

* Went.

" Say there shall never no churl's blood
Within my body spring ;
No churl's blood shall e'er defile
The daughter of a king."

Home then went Glasgerion,
And woe good lord was he,
Says, " Come thou hither, Jack, my boy,
Come hither unto me."

" If I had killed a man to night,
Jack, I would tell it thee.
But if I have not killed a man to nigh'
Jack, thou hast killed three."

And he pulled out his bright brown sword,
And dried it on his sleeve ;
And he smote off that lither lad's head,
Who did his lady grieve.

He set the sword's point till his breast,
The pummel until a stone ;
Through the falseness of that lither lad
These three lives were all gone.

MARIE HAMILTON.

[Sir Walter Scott conceives that this ballad had its origin in an event which took place early in the reign of Mary Stuart, which John Knox describes as follows:—" In the very time of the General Assembly there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the Court—yea, not far from the queen's lap ; for a French-woman, that served in the queen's chamber, had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bore a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered ; yet were the cries of the new-borne childe heard, searche was made, the father and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and woman condemned to be hanged in the public street of Edinburgh." This tragedy being accepted as the foundation of the ballad, it is easy to account for the French waiting-woman being changed into a Marie Hamilton, and her partner in guilt from the queen's apothecary into Lord Darnley, the more especially as he was known to be guilty of infidelity with the queen's personal attendants.

Curiously enough, according to Mr. Sharpe, a tragedy of a similar kind happened in the Russian Court during the reign of the Czar Peter. One of the emperor's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child. " And the emperor, whose admiration of her did not preserve her life, stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ears and kissed on the lips."

Mr. Child thinks that the Scottish ballad is a blending of the two stories; and this idea is borne out from the fact that in some versions the lady's father is spoken of as living in the west, and her affecting injunction to the mariners not to tell her father and her mother of her tragic end, point to a home beyond the sea.

The following is the result of a collation of the various printed versions:—]

THERE lived a lord into the west,
And he had daughters three,
The youngest o' them to Holyrood has gane,
The Queen's Marie to be.

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breist:
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listened to the priest

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair,
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than onie that were there.

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane
Wi' gloves upon her hands:
And the King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's Court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she could neither sit nor gang,
Wi' the gaining o' some play.

The King has gane to the Abbey garden,
And pu'd the savin tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

Word's gane up, and word's gane doun,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe's awa'.

Then in and cam' the Queen herse,
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair:
"Where is the little babe," she said,
That I heard greet sae sair?"

“ There is nae babe within my bower,
And I hope there ne'er will be ;
It was mysel wi' a fit o' the sair colic,
I was sick just like to dee !”

“ O haud your tongue, Marie Hamilton !
Let a' thae words gae free ;
And where tell me is the little babe,
That I heard greet by thee ?”

“ I rowed it in my hankerchief,
And threw it in the sea ;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It wad get nae mair o' me.”

“ O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton !
An ill deid* may ye dee !
For if ye had saved the babie's life,
It micht have honoured thee.

“ But rise, rise up, Marie Hamilton,
Rise up and follow me,
For ye maun gang to Edinburgh town,
And stand afore the three.”†

O slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rade she out the way,
Wi' monie a weary groan.

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rode on the broun,
That she was gaun to Edinburgh,
And a' to be put down.‡

“ Ride hooly,§ ride hooly now, gentlemen ;
Ride hooly now wi' me,
For never, I'm sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie !”

As she gaed up the Canongate,
The Canongate sae free,
Monie a lady looked owre her window
Weeping for sweet Marie.

* Death. † The three judges. ‡ To be executed. § Slowly ; gently.

As she gaed up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw monie a burgess' lady
Sit weeping at the Cross.

"O weep nae mair for me, ladies!
Weep ye nae mair for me:
Yestreen I killed my ain dear bairn,
This day I deserve to dee."

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She gied loud laughter three;
But or ever she cam' down again,
She was condemned to dee.

"Cast aff, cast aff my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be;
And tie a napkin owre my face,
That the gallows I may na see,

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The nicht she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

"O aften hae I dressed my Queen,
And put gowd in her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to share!

"O aften hae I dressed my Queen,
And aften made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"And wae be to the Queen hersel,
She micht hae pardoned me;
But sair she's striven for me to hang
Upon the gallows tree.

"O happy, happy is the maid
That's born o' beauty free!
It was my dimpling rosie cheeks
That's been the dule* o' me.

* Woe; ruin.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail owre the faem,
That ye let na my father or mither wit*
But that I'm coming hame!

"Ye mariners, ye mariners,
When ye sail owre the sea,
Let neither my father nor mither ken,
I hung on the gallows tree.

"O little did my mither think,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee!

"O little did my father think,
That day he held up me,
That I, his last and fairest hope,
Should hing upon a tree!

"For if my father and mither got wit,
And my bauld brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me.

"Sae weep nae mair for me, ladies,
Weep nae mair for me!
The mither that kills her ain bairn
Deserves weel for to dee."

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

[The following version of this ballad is from Percy's "Reliques." Several other versions are common, but are inferior. Percy says:—

"The common popular ballad of 'King John and the Abbot' seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, entitled 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.' The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

"The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled 'King Olfrey and the Abbot.' ["Old Ball." n. 55.] Lastly, about the time of the Civil Wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some puritan worked up the same story into a

* Know.

very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning 'King Henry and a Bishop;' with this stinging moral:—

‘Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.’

“The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to the tune of ‘Derry-down.’”]

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrie,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“My liege,” quo' the abbot, “I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,*
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

“And first,” quo' the king, “when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondlie, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

* Harm; wrong.

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a going to fold ;
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

'The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

"Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse and serving men, and your apparell,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town. '

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now, welcome, sir abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be."

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he rises again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the abbot of Canturbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alacke I can neither write nor read."

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

"Four nobles a week then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

[Lady Anne Bothwell, of this pathetic ballad, was the Honourable Anne Bothwell, daughter of Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who performed the marriage ceremony between Queen Mary and the Earl of Bothwell. This lady, who is said to have been very beautiful, had an intrigue with Colonel Sir Alexander Erskine, son of the Earl of Mar, who deserted her. Sir Alexander Erskine, who was considered the handsomest man of his age, was killed by the explosion of a powder magazine at Dunglass, Berwickshire, the Earl of Haddington, and about eighty other persons of note sharing his fate.

The magazine had been ignited by a menial boy, out of revenge against his master; and it was the general sentiment of the time, and it was long a traditionary belief in his family, that he came to his end on account of his cruel treatment of Anne Bothwell.

I have reprinted Ramsay's version with emendations from Percy's, and incorporated with it the three verses which occur in Percy and are not in Ramsay.]

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep !
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep !
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,
Thy mairuing* maks my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breeds me great annoy,
Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His fainings false and flattering chere,
To me that time did not appere ;
But now I see most cruel he
Cares neither for my babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;
But smile not as thy father did
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !

* Moaning.

But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

But do not, do not, prettie mine,
To fainings false thine heart incline.
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new
If gude or fair of her hae care,
For woman's banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I was too simple at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjured and unkind.
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I tak my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap:
From me, sweet infant, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild,
Shall wail, as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest griet's for wrangling thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart.

For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest hearts are falsest minds.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son had play'd ;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee .
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceivir low ?
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smothered in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair,
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I take
My smock, once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Oh me ! how happy had I been
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I canna choose, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still :
Whaur-e'er he gae, whaur-e'er he ride
My love with him doth still abide ;

In weel or woe, whaur-e'er he gae,
 Mine heart can ne'er depart him frae.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me !
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
 That ever kist a woman's mouth.
 I wish all maids be warned by me,
 Never to trust man's courtesie ;
 For if we do but chance to bow,
 They'll use us then they care not how !
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Bairn, sin thy cruel father's gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun ease my pain ;
 My babe and I'll together live;
 He'll comfort me when cares do grieve ;
 My babe and I richt safe will lie,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.
 Balow, my boy, lay still and sleep,
 It grieves my heart to hear thee weep.

GEORDIE.

[The following ballad was communicated by Burns, who took it down from recitation, to Johnson's "Museum." It is supposed to refer to the temporary disgrace of George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, in 1554, during the regency of Mary of Guise. Mr. Buchan publishes a lengthy version under the title of "Gight's Lady." According to him, the hero, George Gordon of Gight, was imprisoned on account of an intrigue with the Laird of Bignet's lady. Mr. Buchan's version has a very unpleasant ending: after his wife has ransomed him from the scaffold, in the manner set forth in the following ballad, Geordie kills her in a cruel and brutal manner.

I hope I may be pardoned for introducing three stanzas from Mr. Buchan's version. The two referring to Lord Montague's wish and the wife's answer are so racy I could not resist their introduction, although they are in no wise required to help out the story.]

THERE was a battle in the north,
It wasna' far frae Fordie,
And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte* on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady;
"It's ye maun come up to E'nbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she hadna' read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't† like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed;
My menzie‡ a' gae wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh toun did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the axe to heid him;
And Geordie comin' down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd wi' fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There wasna ane in a' the court,
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's doun on her bendit knee,
I wat she's pale and wearie;
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!"

"I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady!"

* Blame.

† Withered; faded.

‡ Men; retinue.

"Gar bid the heiding-man mak' haste!"
The king replied fu' lordly;
"O noble king, tak' a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie!"

The Gordons cam', and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady;
And aye the word amang them a',
Was, "Gordons, keep you ready!"

An auld lord at the king's right hand,
Says, "Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie."

Then out and speaks the King again,
O but he spak' bonnie:
"If ye'll tell down five thousand pounds,
Ye'll buy the life o' Geordie!"

Some gae* her merks, some gae her crouns,
Some gae her dollars many,
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

Then out and speaks Lord Montague,
Wae be to his body:
"I wish that Geordie wantit the head,
I might enjoyed his lady."

Out and speaks the lady hersel,
"Ye need ne'er wish my body;
O! ill befa' your wizzened snout,
Wad ye compare wi' Geordie!"

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, "Dear hae I bought thee, Geordie,
But there sud hae been bluidy bouks† on the green,
Or I had tint‡ my lordie!"

He claspit her by the middle sma',
And he kiss'd her lips sae rosy;
"The fairest flower o' womankind
Is my sweet bonnie lady!"

* Gave.

† Trunks; bodies-

‡ Lost.

THE CLERKS OF OWSENFORD.

[No trace of any foundation in fact for the following ballad can be found. Owsenford (Oxenford) is a seat of the Earl of Stair's, in the county of Mid-Lothian. The following version is principally compiled from those of Mr. Buchan and Mr. Chambers:—]

OH! I will sing to you a sang
Will grieve your heart full sair,
How the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Went aff to learn their lear.

They hadna been in fair Paris
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Wi' the mayor's twa dauchters lay.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber
Than in all Ferrol's land.

But word has gane to the mighty mayor,
As he sat at the wine,
That the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Wi' his twa dauchters had lain.

“Oh have they lain wi' my dauchters dear,
The heirs out owre my land?
The morn, ere I eat or drink,
I'll hang them wi' my hand!”

Then he has ta'en the twa bonny clerks,
Bound them frae tap to tae,
Till the reddest blude in a' their veins
Out owre their nails did gae.

And word has gane to Owsenford,
Ill news bides never lang,
That his twa sons at fair Paris,
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up spak Lady Owsenford,
And she spak tenderlie,
“Oh tak wi' you a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three;
And gin ye borrow na hynde Henrie,
Bring Gilbert back to me!”

Out and spak auld Owsenford,
A waefu' man was he—
"Your strange wish does me surprise;
They are baith alike to me."

Oh sweetly sang the nichtingale,
As she sat on the wand:
But sair, sair mournèd Owsenford,
As he gaed to the strand.

When he cam to the prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window
His sons were looking out.

"Oh lie ye there, my sons," he said,
"For owsen* or for kye?
Or is 't for a cast o' dear-bocht love
Sae sair bound as ye lie?"

"We lie not here, father," they said,
"For owsen or for kye;
But it 's for a cast o' dear-bocht love
Sae sair bound as we lie

"Oh borrow us, borrow us, father," they said,
"For the love we bear to thee!"
"Fear ye na that, my bonny sons;
Weel borrowed ye shall be."

Then he has gane to the mighty mayor,
And he spak richt courteously—
"Now will ye gie me my sons again,
For gowd or yet for fee?
Or will ye be sae gude a man
As grant them baith to me?"

"I winna gie ye your sons again,
For gowd nor yet for fee,
Nor will I be sae gude a man
As gie them baith to thee:
But gin ye bide till twal the morn,
You'll see them hangit hie!"

In then cam the mayor's dauchters,
Wi' kirtle, coat alone;
Their eyes they sparkled like the gowd
As they tript o'er the stone.

"Oh, will you gie us our loves, father!
For gowd or yet for fee;
Or will you tak our ain twa lives,
And let our true loves be?"

He's ta'en a whip into his hand,
And lashed them wondrous sair;
"Gae to your bowers, ye vile lemans,
Ye se never see them mair!"

Then out and speaks auld Owsenford,
A waefu' man was he—
"Gang to your bowers, ye lily flowers,
For a' this mauinna be."

Then out and speaks him, hynde * Henrie,
"Come here, Janet, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gave thee?"

"Oh, ye shall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine!"
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out and speaks him, gay Gilbert,
"Come here, Margaret, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gave thee?"

"Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine!"
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

* * * * *

"Ye'll take aff your twa black hats,
And lay them on that stane,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till that ye're putten down."†

* Youth; stripling.

† The phrase refers to death by hanging

GUDE WALLACE.

[There are several versions of this ballad, some of them giving Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire as the scene where the incidents occurred, which is the same as that given by Blind Harry. The following, with some slight emendations and additions, is from Mr. Motherwell's collection, the scene being laid at Perth, or St. Johnstoun's as it was then called.]

WALLACE in the hie Highlands,
Neither meat nor drink gat he;
Said, "Fa'* me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."

He's put on his short cleiding,†
And on his short cleiding put he;
Says, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
To Saint Johnstoun's‡ I maun be."

He steppit owre the river Tay,
On the North Inch steppit he,
And he was 'ware o' a well-faured maid
Was washing aneath a tree.

"What news, what news, ye weel-faured maid,
What news hae ye to me?"
"Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Awaiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket,
The worth of one single pennie,
I would go to the hostler-house,
And there the Englishmen wad see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And she has pulled out half-a-crown;
Says, "Tak ye that, ye belted knight,
'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went frae the weel-faured maid,
A beggar bauld I wat met he,
Was covered wi' a clouted§ cloak,
And in his hand a trustie tree.

* Befall.

‡ The town of Perth.

† Clothing.

§ Patched; repaired.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye to gie?"
"Nae news, nae news, ye belted knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But there's fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloak,
That covers you frae head to thie,*
And I'll gang to the hostler-house,
To ask there for some supplie."

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
And there he pulled a trusty tree,
And then he's on to the hostler-house,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the captain comes,
Aye the puir man for to see;
"If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
Ye'll gie a puir man some supplie."

"Whaur were ye born, ye cruiket carle?†
Whaur were ye born, in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland I was born,
Cruiket carle as ye ca' me."

"I wad gie you fifty pounds,
Of gold and of the white monie,
I wad gie you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see."

"Tell doun your monie," said Willie Wallace,
"Tell doun your monie, if it be gude;
For I'm sure I hae it in my power
And I never had a better bode.‡

"Tell doun your monie, if it be gude,
And let me see if it be fine;
I'm sure I hae it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in."

* Thigh.

† Crooked old fellow.

‡ Offer.

The monie was told on the table,
 Silver bright of pounds fiftie;
 "Now here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
 And his cloak frae him garred* flee.

He felled the captain where he stood,
 Wi' a downright strai† upon the floor,
 He slew the rest around the room,
 Syne speired‡ gin§ there were ony more.

"Come, cover the table," said Willie Wallace,
 "Come, cover the table, now mak haste,
 For it will sune be three lang days
 Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste."

The table was not well covered,
 Nor yet had he sat down to dine,
 Till fifteen mair o' the English lords
 Cam round the house where he was in.

"Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace,
 This is the day that ye mann dee;"
 "I lippen nae sae little to God," he says,
 "Altho' I be but little wordie."

The gudewife she ran butt the floor,
 And aye the gudeman he ran ben;||
 From eight o'clock till four at noon,
 Wallace has killed full thirty men.

He put his faes in sic a swither,¶
 That five o' them he stickit dead;
 Five o' them he drowned in the river,
 And five he hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on to the North-Inch gane,
 Where the maid was washin' tenderlie;
 "Now, by my sooth," said Willie Wallace,
 "It's been a sair day's wark to me!"

He's put his hand into his pocket,
 And he has pu'd out twenty poun';
 Says, "Tak ye that, ye weel-faured maid,
 For the gude luck o' your half-crown!"

* Made.

† Stroke.

‡ Then asked.

§ If.

|| Ran from the kitchen to the room, "the butt and the ben" in Scottish parlance.

¶ In such a condition, or difficulty.

ANNIE OF LOCHRYAN.

[Professor Aytoun reprints, with slight alterations, Mr. Jamieson's version of this ballad, and very justly calls it the gem of the collection. He says that the version in "The Minstrelsy" contains "a deal of extraneous and superfluous matter, which interferences with, and to a certain extent detracts from, the simplicity of the story." I have notwithstanding ventured to introduce four verses, and several minor emendations from Sir Walter Scott's version, I trust without doing injury to the beauty and completeness of the ballad. I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. B. Manson for several valuable emendations.]

"Oh, wha will shoe my bonny foot?

And wha will glove my hand?

And wha will lace my middle jimp

Wi' a new-made London band?

"And wha will kame my yellow hair

Wi' a new-made siller kame?

And wha will be father to my young bairn

Till love Gregory come hame?"

"Your father 'll shoe your bonny foot,

Your mother glove your hand;

Your sister lace your middle jimp

Wi' a new-made London band;

"Your brother will kame your yellow hair

Wi' a new-made siller kame;

And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn

Till Gregory come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,

And men to sail wi' me.

It's I wad gang to my true love,

Sin' he winna* come to me!"

Her father's gi'en† her a bonny ship,

And sent her to the strand;

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,

And turned her back to land.

She hadna been on the sea sailing,

About a month or more,

Till landed has she her bonny ship,

Near to her true love's door.

* Will not.

† Given.

The nicht was dark, an' the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochryan,
Your love come owre the sea,
But and your young son in her arms,
Sae open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Ye're na come here for gude;
Ye're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaiden o' the flude!"

"I'm nae a witch, nor vile warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochryan,
Oh open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochryan,
As I trow you nae be,
What token can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie."

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
When we sate at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It's no sae lang sinsyne?*

"And yours was gude, and gude eneugh,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clean,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
As we twa sate at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?

* Since then.

“And yours was gude, and gude eneugh,
Yet nae sae guide as mine;
For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,
But mine o’ the diamond fine.

“Sae open the door, love Gregory,
Open the door I pray,
For thy young son is in my arms,
And he’ll be dead ere day!”

“Awa, awa, ye ill ‘woman,
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
So ye may hie ye hame!”

“Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a’ the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel, fause Gregory,
For me ye’se never see mair!”

Oh hooley, hooley gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on gude ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

“Tak down, tak down that mast o’ gowd,
Set up the mast o’ tree;
Ill sets it a forhowed* lady,
To sail sae gallantlie!

“Tak down, tak down the sails o’ silk,
Set up the sauls o’ skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
When there’s sic† grief within.”

Love Gregory started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say:

“I dreamt a dream this nicht, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae.

“I dreamt that Annie of Lochryan,
The flower o’ a’ her kin,
Was standing mournin’ at my door,
But nane would let her in.”

* Forsaken.

† Such.

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochryan,
That ye mak a' this din;
She stood a' last nicht at your door,
But I trow she wan na* in!"

"Oh wae betide ye, in woman!
An ill death may ye dee,
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me!"

And he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

And it's "Hey Annie!" and "How Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide?"†
But aye the mair that he cried "Annie!"
The higher raise the tide.

And it's "Hey Annie!" and "How Annie!
O Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie!"
The louder roared the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating owre the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossed abune the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the see sae wide.

He caught her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Afore he reached the land.

Oh first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And sair he kissed her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

* Did not get.

† Will ye not stay?

"Oh wae betide my cruel mither,
An ill death māy she dee,
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha cam sae far to me !

"Oh wae betide my cruel mither,
An ill death may she dee,
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me !"

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

[Bishop Percy says of this ballad:—"We have here a short summary of King Arthur's history as given by Jeffery of Monmouth and the Old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance of 'Morte d' Arthur.'—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza which appeared to be misplaced—viz., that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followeth v. 36."]

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain born,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendom and Heathinesse,
Well-known is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I do believe;
I am a Christian bore;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One God I do adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth year,
Over Brittain I did reign,
After my Saviour Christ His birth:
What time I did maintain.

The fellowship of the table round,
So famous in those days;
Whereat a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat always:

Who for their deeds and martial feats,
As books do yet record,
Amongst all other nations
Were fearèd through the world.

And in the Castle of Tintagel
King Uther me begate
Of Agyana, a beauteous lady,
And come of "high" estate.

And when I was fifteen year old,
Then was I crownèd king :
All Brittain that was at an uproar,
I did to quiet bring.

And drove the Saxons from the realm,
Who had opprest this land ;
All Scotland then through manly feats
I conquerèd with my hand.

Ireland, Denmark, Norway,
These countries wan I all ;
Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland ;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquerèd all Gallia,
That now is callèd France ;
And slew the hardy Froll in field
My honour to advance.

And the ugly giant Dynabus
So terrible to view,
That in Saint Barnard's mount did lie,
By force of arms I slew :

And Lucius, the Emperor of Rome,
I brought to deadly wrack ;
And a thousand more of noble knights
For fear did turn their back :

Five kings of "paynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife,
Besides the Grecian Emperor,
Who also lost his life.

Whose carcase I did send to Rome
Clad poorly on a bier ;
And afterwards I passed Mount-Joy
The next approaching year.

Then I came to Rome, where I was met
Right as a conqueror,
And by all the cardinals solemnly
I was crowned an emperor.

One winter there I made abode,
Then word to me was brought
How Mordred had oppressed the crown—
What treason he had wrought

At home in Brittain with my queen;
Therefore I came with speed
To Brittain back, with all my power
To quit that trait'rous deed.

And soon at Sandwich I arrived,
Where Mordred me withstood;
But yet at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew, Sir Gawaine, died,
Being wounded in that sore,
The which Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Then chased I Mordred away,
Who fled to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornwall took his flight.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last we met,
Whereby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and set.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Each other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalry
Of Brittain took their end;
Oh see how fickle is their state
That do on feats depend!

There all the trait'rous men were slain,
Not one escaped away :
And there died all my valiant knights,
Alas ! that woeful day !

Two and twenty year I wore the crown
In honour and great fame ;
And thus by death was suddenly
Deprivèd of the same.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

[Versions of this ballad are given by Percy and Ritson, both somewhat different from the present, which is the same as that in a black-letter copy in broadside in the British Museum, collated with the copy in the "Garland of Good Will," and the other existing versions. The original version is attributed to Thomas Deloney, and must have been composed towards the end of the sixteenth century. Shakespeare quotes the first two lines in the "Second Part of Henry the Fourth."]]

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approvèd king,
By force of arms great victories won,
And conquests home did bring.

Then into Britain straight he came,
When fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him
Which were of the Round Table.

And many jousts and tournaments
Before them then were drest,
Wherein these knights did them excell,
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approvèd well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms
All others did excell.

When he had rested him awhile
To play, and game, and sport,
He thought he would go try himself
In some adventurous sort.

He armèd rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair;
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

"Such would I find," quoth Lancelot;
"For that cause came I hither."
"Thou seem'st," quoth she, "a goodly knight,
And I will bring thee thither,

"Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,
And what may be thy name."

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, "It likes me than;
Here dwells a knight that never was
O'ermatcht of any man.

"Who has in prison three score knights,
And four that he has bound;
Knights of King Arthur's court they be,
And of his Table Round."

She brought him to a river than,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
His fellow's shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke;
When Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight lay bound.

"Sir knight," then said Sir Lancelot,
"Bring me that horse load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest;
We'll try our force together.

"For as I understand thou hast,
So far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table."

"If thou be of the Table Round,"
Quoth Tarquin speedily,
"Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defy."

"That's over much," quoth Lancelot; "tho'
Defend thee by and bye."
They put their spurs into their steeds,
And each at other fly.

They coucht their spears, and horses ran,
As though there had been thunder;
And each struck them amidst the shield,
Wherewith they break asunder.

Their horses' backs break under them;
The knights were both astound;
To void their horses they made haste
To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast;
Their swords they drew out than;
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each one at other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, "Hold thy hand,

"And tell to me what I shall ask."
"Say on," quoth Lancelot; "Tho'
Thou art," quoth Tarquin, "the best knight
That ever I did know.

"And like a knight that I did hate,
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee."

"That is well said," quoth Lancelot;
"But sith it so must be,
What knight is this thou hatest so,
I pray thee show to me."

" His name is Lancelot du Lake ;
He slew my brother dear.
Him I suspect of all the rest ;
I would I had him here."

" Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown—
I am Lancelot du Lake !
Now Knight of Arthur's Table Round,
King Ban's, son of Benwake.

And I defy thee, do thy worst."
" Ha, ha !" quoth Tarquin ; " tho'
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

" If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou be ;
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defy I thee."

They buckled then together fast,
Like unto wild boars rashing ;
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing.

The ground besprinkled was with blood ;
Tarquin began to faint ;
For he gave back, and bore his shield
So low, he did repent.

This soon espied Sir Lancelot :
He leapt upon him then ;
He pulled him down upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he struck his neck in two ;
And when he had so done,
From prison three score knights and four
Delivered every one.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

[Percy printed the following Ballad in his Appendix just as it reached him, having submitted in the body of the work an improved copy, "with large conjectural supplements and corrections." He speaks of it as being given "literally and exactly printed, with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata," in order "that such austere antiquaries as

complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them."

The copy in Percy's possession had suffered by having the half of every leaf torn; "and as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas."

I have ventured to eke out the story, where the ballad is defective, by a few notes based on the older ballad, "The Wedding of Sir Gawaine and Dame Ragnell," edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the members of the Bannatyne Club. I have modernized the spelling in the fragments I have quoted.]

KING ARTHUR lies in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see :
And there he hath with him Queen Guinevere,
That bride so bright of blee.*

And there he hath with him Queen Guinevere,
That bride so bright in bower,
And all his barons about him stood,
That were both stiff and stour.

The king kept a royal Christmas
Of mirth and great honour,

* * when * * *

[*Nine stanzas wanting.*]

Arthur goes a hunting in Inglewrod Forest, with a retinue of nobles and attendants. Seeing a magnificent hart, unattended, and with only his bow, he proceeds to stalk it. The old MS. version says:—

"The king in his hand took a bow,
And now manly he stooped low.
To stalk unto that deer."

When he had killed the deer he was joined by

"A knight full strong, and of great might,
And grimly word to the king he said,
Well are we met, King Arthur!
Thou hast done me wrong many a year,
And wofully I shall quit thee here.
I hold thy life-days nigh gone;
Thou hast given my land, in certayn,
With great wrong unto Gawaine."

* Complexion.

Being unarmed and taken at a disadvantage, Arthur pleads for his life, promising to do whatever he requires. The knight allows him to go unscathed, making an appointment to meet again in like circumstances, when his life will pay the forfeit unless he can answer a certain question, which ran as follows:—

“And bring me word what thing it is
That women most desire.
This shall be thy ransom, Arthur,” he says,
“For I’ll have no other hire.”

King Arthur then held up his hand,
According then as was the law;
He took his leave of the baron there,
And homeward can he draw.

And when he came to merry Carlisle,
To his chamber he is gone;
And there came to him his cousin, Sir Gawaine,
As he did make his moan.

And there came to him his cousin, Sir Gawaine,
That was a courteous knight;
“Why sigh you so sore, uncle Arthur?” he said,
“Or who hath done thee unright?”

“O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
That fair may thee befall;
For if thou knew my sighing so deep,
Thou would not marvel at all.

“For when I came to Tearne-wadling,*
A bold baron there I found,
With a great club upon his back,
Standing stiff and strong.

“And he asked me whether I would fight,
Or from him I should be gone;
Or else I must him a ransom pay,
And so depart him from.

“To fight with him I saw no cause,
Methought it was not meet,
For he was stiff and strong withal,
His strokes were nothing sweet.

* A small lake in the Forest of Inglewood, near Hesketh.

“Therefore this is my ransome, Gawaine
I ought to him to pay ;
I must come again as I am sworn,
Upon the new year's day.

“And I must bring him word what thing it is

[*Nine stanzas awaiting.*

After repeating the riddle given him to read, the king and Sir Gawaine go off in divers ways in quest of some man, woman, or child who can furnish an answer to the knight's question. After collecting two books full of answers, they come to the conclusion that they have not got the right one; and—

Then King Arthur dressed him for to ride
In one so rich array ;
Towards the foresaid Tearne-wadling,
That he might keep his day.

And as he rode over a moor,
He saw a lady where she sat,
Betwixt an oak and a green hollen ;*
She was clad in red scarlet.

Then there as should have stood her mouth,
Then there was set her eye ;
The other was in her forehead fast,
The way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked, and turned outward ;
Her mouth stood foul a-wry ;
A worse formed lady than she was
Never man saw with his eye.

To halch† upon him, King Arthur
This lady was full fain ;
But King Arthur had forgot his lesson,
What he should say again.

“What knight art thou,” the lady said,
“That wilt not speak to me ?
Of me be thou nothing dismayed,
Tho' I be ugly to see.

“For I hae halched you courteously,
And you will not me again ;
Yet I may happen, sir knight,” she said,
“To ease thee of thy pain.”

* Holly.

† Salute.

"Give thou ease me lady," he said,
 "Or help me anything,
 Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cousin,
 And marry him with a ring."

"Why if I help thee not, thou noble King Arthur,
 Of thy one heart's desire,
 Of gentle Gawaine——"

[*Nine stanzas awaiting.*

In the older version the hag offers to help him to the answer if he will wed her to Gawaine:—

"And if mine answer save thy life,
 Grant me to be Gawaine's wife,
 Advise thee now, Sir King;
 For it must be so, or thou art but dead:
 Choose now, for thou mayst soon lose thy head."

Being doubtful of getting Sir Gawaine's consent to wed so uncouth a bride, the king returns to Carlisle to seek his consent, after promising to meet her again when he had seen him. Gawaine is not dismayed at the description of his future bride:—

"Is this all?" then said Gawaine;
 "I shall wed her, and wed her again,
 Though she were a fiend;
 Though she were as foul as Bêlzebub
 Her shall I wed by the rood,
 Or else were I not your friend."

* * * * *

"Gramercy, Gawaine," then said King Arthur,
 "Of all knights thou bearest the flower,
 That ever yet I found.
 My worship and my life thou savest for ever,
 Therefore my love shall not from thee dis sever—
 As I am king in bond."

On meeting the hag again, and delivering Gawaine's consent to her, she gave him the answer, with this comment as to the way in which the knight would receive it:—

"He will be wrath and unsought,
 And curse her fast that it thee taught,
 For his labour is lost."

He goes to keep his appointment:—

And when he came to the Tearne-wadling,
 The baron there could he find,
 With a great weapon upon his back,
 Standing stiff and strong.

And then he took King Arthur's letters in his hands,
And away he could them fling;
And then he pulled out a good brown sword,
And cried himself a king.

And he said, "I have thee and thy land, Arthur,
To do as it pleaseth me;
For this is not thy ransom sure,
Therefore yield thee to me."

And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
And bade him hold his hand;
And give me leave to speak my mind
In defence of all my land.

He said, "As I came over a moor,
I saw a lady where she sate
Between an oak and a green hollen;
She was clad in red scarlet.

"And she says a woman will have her will;
And this is all her chief desire.
Do me right as thou art a baron of skill,
This is thy ransom, and all thy hire."

He says, "An early vengeance light on her!
She walks on yonder moor;
It was my sister that told thee this:
She is a misshapen whore."

"But here I'll make mine avow to God
To do her an evil turn;
For an ever I may that foul thief get,
In a fire I will her burn." [*Nine stanzas awaiting.*]

After parting from the baffled knight, he again encounters the lady in "red scarlet," and endeavours to get her consent to a private marriage, wishing to spare Gawaine the public possession of such a bride:—

"Nay, sir king, now will I not so;
Openly I will be wedded or I part the fro."

THE SECOND PART.

Sir Lancelot and Sir Steven* bold,
They rode with them that day;
And the foremost of the company,
There rode the steward Kay.

* The name of Sir Steven does not occur elsewhere in the Round Table Romances.

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
Sir Garret with them so gay;*
So did Sir Tristram, that gentle knight,
To the forest, fresh and gay.

And when he came to the green forest,
Underneath a green hollen tree,
There sate that lady in red scarlet,
That unseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld this lady's face,
And looked upon her suire,†
"Whoever kisses the lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in fear."

Sir Kay beheld the lady again,
And looked upon her snout;
"Whoever kisses this lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in doubt."

"Peace! cousin Kay," then said Sir Gawaine,
"Amend thee of thy life;
For there is a knight amongst us all,
That must marry her to his wife."

"What! wed her to wife?" then said Sir Kay;
"In the devil's name, anon;
Get me a wife where'er I may—
For I had rather be slain!"

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
And some took up their hounds;
And some sware they would not marry her
For city nor for towns.

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
And sware there, "By this day,
For a little foul sight and misliking,"

[*Nine stanzas wanting.*]

A great company assembled to the wedding; the hideous charms of the bride were arrayed in rich attire; at table she ate gluttonously, tearing the meat in pieces with the long nails on her fingers. True to his pledge, Gawaine treated her as though she had been a suitable bride; and, on his kissing her, as a devoted bridegroom should, she was instantly transformed into a coy maiden, resplendent in her youth and loveliness—

* Banier is very likely a mistake for Beduer, the king's constable. Sir Bore is Bors de Gauves; Sir Garret is Gareth or Gaheriet, the younger brother of Sir Gawaine.

† Neck.

Then she said, "Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
Truth as I do say;
Whether thou wilt have me in this likeness,
In the night, or else in the day."

And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
With one so mild of mood;
Says, "Well I know what I would say:
God grant it may be good."

"To have thee foul in the night,
When I with thee should play,—
Yet I had rather, if I might,
Have thee foul in the day."

"What! when lords go with their feires,"* she said,
"Both to the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not go within."

"And then bespake him gentle Gawaine;
Said, "Lady, that's but a skill;
Because thou art my own lady,
Thou shalt have all thy will."

Then she said, "Blessed be thou, gentle Gawaine,
This day that I thee see;
For as thou see me at this time,
From henceforth I will be."

"My father was an old knight,
And yet it chanced so
That he married a young lady,
That brought me to this woe."

"She witched me, being a fair young lady,
To the green forest to dwell,
And there I must walk in woman's likeness,
Most like a fiend in hell."

"She witched my brother to a carlist b

[*Nine stanzas wanting.*]

* Mates; companions.

Her stepmother bewitched her because she would not marry as she wished. The day after the wedding, the king, the queen, and the courtiers waited on Sir Gawaine, with intent to condole with him, expecting to find that he had torn himself very early from the foul embraces of his bride. They were astonished to find that the newly-married couple had not made their appearance, and still more astonished when—

“Sir Gawaine rose, and in his hand he took
His fair lady; and to the door he shoke,*
And opened the door full fair;
She stood in her smock all by that fire,
Her hair was to her knees as red as gold wire,—
‘Lo! this is my repayre.’”

That looked so foul, and that was wont
On the wild moor to go.

“Come kiss her, brother Kay!” then said Sir Gawaine,
“And amend thee of thy life:
I swear this is the same lady
That I married to my wife!”

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,
Standing upon his feet,
He swore, as he was true knight,
The spice was ne’er so sweet.

“Well, cousin Gawaine,” says Sir Kay,
“Thy chance is fallen aright;
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I ever saw with my sight.”

“It is my fortune,” said Sir Gawaine;
“For my uncle Arthur’s sake;
I am as glad as grass would be of rain,
Great joy that I may take.”

Sir Gawaine took the lady by the one arm,
Sir Kay took her by the tother;
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.

King Arthur welcomed them there all,
And so did lady Guenever, his queen;
With all the Knights of the Round Table,
Most seemly to be seen.

* Went.

King Arthur beheld that lady fair,
 That was so fair and bright;
 He thanked Christ in Trinity
 For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.
 So did the knights, both more and less,
 Rejoicèd all that day,
 For the good chance that happened was
 To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

Sir Gawaine's lady was the most beautiful woman at court, and he got so devotedly attached to her that he almost forgot his knightly skill, to the great marvel and regret of King Arthur. She died after five years of wedded life.

"Thus endeth the adventure of King Arthur,
 That oft in his days was grievèd sore,
 And of the wedding of Gawaine;
 Gawaine was wedded oft in his days,
 But so well he never loved woman always,
 As I have heard men sayn."

After praying that his heroine may be spared "the brynnyng fyre of hell," the old ballad writer winds up with the following supplication on his own behalf:—

"And Jesu! as thou wert born of a virgin,
 Help him out of sorrow that this tale did devyne:
 And that now in all haste,
 For he is beset with gaylours* many,
 That kepen† him full surely
 With wiles wrong, and wraste.‡

"Now, Lord! as thou art very king royal,
 Help him out of danger that made this tale,
 For therein he hath been long;
 And of great pity help thy servant,
 For body and soul I yield into thine hand,
 For paynes§ he hath strong."

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

[The use of such tests as that recorded in the following ballad is common to the romantic fiction of most countries. Sometimes it is an enchanted horn, out of which no unchaste man or woman can drink without spilling some of the liquor contained in it; or it is a mantle, which will fit none but chaste women; or a garland of flowers, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful; or a magician presents a doubting husband with a portrait in wax, which will change colour whenever his wife forgets her marriage vow; or an enchanted mirror, which will only reflect the image of the innocent; or a shirt, which will remain clean and white so long as both parties are faithful to each other; or a cup of tears, which become dark in the hands of inconstancy. In English and Scottish fiction, the stone of

* Temptations. † Fight with. ‡ Stern; loud. § Endeavours; pains.

a ring, or the ring itself, breaks when the lover, who is at a distance, has become untrue.

Mr. Hartshorne, in his "Ancient Metrical Tales," gives an amusing ballad under the title of the "Horn of King Arthur," which I cannot reprint here. The horn is the one alluded to in the following ballad. Arthur, in a wicked humour, makes all his courtiers essay the magic horn (out of which no man having an unfaithful wife can drink without spilling the liquor); the result is disastrous to many of them, and their position as cuckolds being established, he causes them to wear garlands of willows, and treats them with mock honour and courtesy.]

The Duke of Gloucester being on a visit to King Arthur, his curiosity is excited as to why so many of the king's courtiers wear garlands.

So at the last the duke he bray'd,
And to the king these words said;
He might no longer forbear.
"Sir, what hath these men done,
That such garlands they wear upon,
That skill would I hear?"

King Arthur explains that they are all cuckolds; and after much bantering and fun, orders the horn to be brought, offering it first to the Duke, who courteously resigns the first draught to the King; and this is what happened:—

King Arthur then he took the horn,
And did as he was wont befor;
But then was yet gon a gyle,*
He weened to have drunk of the test,
But soon he spilled on his breast
Within a little while.

The cuckolds were naturally glad to receive so distinguished a brother in misfortune: and Arthur was fain to express himself satisfied with his fate:—

"And therefore Lordings, take no care,
Make we merry, for nothing spare,
All brethren in one rout.
Then the cuckolds were full blythe,
And thank'd God an hundred syth,
Forsooth withouten doubt."

The Duke of Gloucester took his leave, after thanking the king *fele sythe* (full often); and the ballad writer concludes:—

And after noble King Arthur
Lived and died with honour,
As many hath done senne,†
Both cuckolds and other mo:
God give us grace that we may go
To heaven! Amen, Amen.

The "Boy and the Mantle" was printed verbatim in the "Reliques," from the Percy MSS. I have ventured to modernize the spelling somewhat.

ON the third day of May
To Carlisle did come
A kind courteous child,
That could much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had upon,
With brooches and rings
Full richly bedone.

* But then began a surprise.

† Since.

He had a suit of silk
 About his middle drawn;
 Without he could of courtesy,
 He thought it much shame.

"God speed thee, King Arthur,
 Setting at thy meat;
 And the goodly Queen Guinevere,
 I cannot her forget.

"I tell you, lords, in this hall,
 I bid you all to heed,
 Except ye be the more sure,
 Is you for to dread."

He plucked out of his poterner,*
 And longer would not dwell;
 He pulled forth a pretty mantle
 Between two nuts shell.

"Have thou here, King Arthur,
 Have thou here of me;
 Give it to thy comely queen,
 Shapen as it is already.

"It shall never become that wife
 That hath once done amiss."
 Then every knight in the king's court
 Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Guinevere;
 To the mantle she her hied;
 The lady she was new fangle
 But yet she was afraid.

When she had taken the mantle
 She stood as she had been mad;
 It was from the top to the toe
 As shears† had it shred.

One while was it gule;‡
 Another while was it green;
 Another while was it wadded;
 Ill it did her besem.

Another while was it black,
 And bore the worst hue,
 "By my troth," quoth King Arthur,
 "I think thou be not true."

She threw down the mantle,
 That bright was of blee,§
 Fast with a red rudd,
 To her chamber can she flee.

She curst the wearer and the walker
 That cloth that had wrought;
 And bade a vengeance on his crown,
 That hither hath it brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,
 Under a green tree,
 Than in King Arthur's court
 Shamed for to be."

Kay called forth his lady,
 And bade her come near,
 Says, "Madam, an thou be guilty
 I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his lady
 Shortly and anon;
 Boldly to the mantle
 Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
 And cast it her about,
 Then was she bare
 Before all the rout.

Then every knight
 That was in the king's court
 Talked, laughed, and shouted,
 Full oft at that sport.

She threw down the mantle,
 That bright was of blee,
 Fast with a red rudd
 To her chamber can she flee.

* Pouch; purse.

† Scissors.

‡ Red.

§ Complexion.

Forth came an old knight,
Pattering o'er a creede ;*
And he proffered to this little boy
Twenty marks to his meed.

And all the time of the Christmas
Willingly to feed ;
For why, this mantle might
Do his wife some need.

When she had ta'en the mantle
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her
But a tassell and a thread.
Then every knight in the king's
court
Bade evil might she speed.

She threw down the mantle,
That bright was of blee,
And fast with a red rudd,
To her chamber can she flee.

Craddock called forth his lady,
And bade her come in ;
Saith, " Win this mantle, lady,"
With a little dinne.†

" Win this mantle, lady,
And it shall be thine,
If thou never did amiss
Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddock's lady
Shortly and anon ;
But boldly to the mantle
Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Up at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crows.‡
She said, " Bow down, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

" Once I did amiss,
I tell you certainly,
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Under a green tree ;
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Before he married me."

When she had her shriven,
And her sins she had told,
The mantle stood about her
Right as she would.

Seemly of colour,
Glittering like gold,
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Did her behold.

Then spake dame Guinevere
To Arthur, our king,
" She hath ta'en yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wrong.

" See you not yonder woman,
That maketh herself so clean ?
I have seen ta'en out of her bed
Of men fifteen.

" Priests, clerks, and wedded men,
From her bydeene,§
Yet she taketh the mantle,
And maketh herself clean."

Then spake the little boy,
And kept the mantle in hold,
Says, " King, chasten thy wife,
Of her words she is bold.

" She is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold.
King, in thine own hall
Thou art a cuckold.

The little boy stood
Looking out a door,
And there as he was looking,
He was ware of a wild boar,

* Stick.

† Trouble.

‡ Curl up.

§ Continuously ; in numbers.

He was ware of a wild boar,
 Would have worried a man.
 He pulled forth a wood knife,
 Fast thither that he ran,
 He brought in the boar's head,
 And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the boar's head,
 And was wonderous bold.
 He said, there was never a cuck-
 old's knife
 Carve it that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
 Upon a whet-stone;
 Some threw them under the table,
 And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
 Stood looking them upon:
 All their knives edges
 Turned back again.

Craddock had a little knife
 Of iron and of steel,

He brittled the boar's head
 Wonderous weel;
 That every knight in the king's court
 Had a morsel.

The little boy had a horn
 Of red gold that ronge.
 He said there was no cuckold
 Shall drink of my horn
 But he should it sheede*
 Either behind or before.

Some shed on their shoulder,
 And some on their knee;
 He that could not hit his mouth,
 Put it in his ee.
 And he that was a cuckold
 Every man might see.

Craddock wan the horn,
 And the boar's head.
 His lady won the mantle
 Unto her meed,
 Every such a lovely lady,
 God send her well to speed.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

[This ballad is reprinted verbatim (the spelling being modernized) from Percy, who confesses to having added three or four stanzas, and some conjectural emendations. The author of the ballad has followed the old romance of "*Morte d'Arthur*" very closely, introducing the tradition of the Welsh bards, who believed that Arthur was not dead, but had been carried away by supernatural means to a pleasant place, where he would remain for a time, and return and reign again.

The battle in which Arthur received his death-wound took place at Camlan, supposed to be Camelford, in Cornwall. Tradition speaks of a fierce battle having been fought there—"a ford across the Camel is known as the Bloody Bridge; and about one hundred yards further up the stream is a fallen mæen, of the later British era, having the name of Arthur inscribed on its lower side." It may not be uninteresting to note here how Arthur became king, and got possession of the famous sword, Caliburn, or Excalibar, which figures so conspicuously in the Arthur legends:—

After the death of Uther Pendragon, there arose a difficulty as to who was to be his successor. A large stone was discovered with a sword inserted into it as in a sheath, with an inscription round it in gold letters, to the effect that he who could withdraw

* Spill.

the sword from the stone should be king. After several who were supposed to be otherwise eligible had essayed in vain to draw it, Arthur, who was then all but unknown, drew it out with ease, and was immediately elected king.

The legend runs, that in the battle Arthur, being grievously wounded, commissioned one of his knights to fling his sword, Excalibar, into the lake. As it was falling, a hand and arm rose out of the water, seized the sword, and brandishing it three times, drew it under the waves. Upon this Arthur entered a boat, in which were Viviane, the Lady of the Lake, Morgan la Fay, and other ladies, who carried him to the isle of Avalon, where he was healed of his wounds, and from whence he will return to earth to resume his throne. See the "*Morte d' Arthur*" of Tennyson, where the legend lives once more in wondrous beauty and completeness.]

ON Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battle was doomed to be ;
Where many a knight cried, "Well-away !"
Alack, it was the more pity.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say !—

"Now, as ye are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
Oh meet not with your foe in fight ;
Put off the battle, if ye may ;

"For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many an hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight."

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day ;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley, fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring ;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also chargèd his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell ;
Alack ! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befell.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought ;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battle should be fought ;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one of the king's knights on the knee :
Alack ! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew :
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battle instantly :
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away :
Ah me ! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day,

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escapèd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould ;
The tears fast trickled down his face—
That manly face in fight so bold.

"Now rest ye all, brave knights," he said,
"So true and faithful to your trust ;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder in the dust ?

"Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death :
And oh ! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath !

"But see, the traitor's yet alive,
Lo, where he stalks among the dead !
Now bitterly he shall abyè,
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh stay, my liege," then said the duke,
"Oh stay for love and charitie ;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be."

"Oh, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe :
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted be ;
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

"Alas !" then said the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slain,
And all for his love in helping me !"

He put his speare into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
“Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh.”

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he:
The king his spear he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordred,
Presently upon that tree;
And bloody streams ran from the king
Ere to the duke returned he.

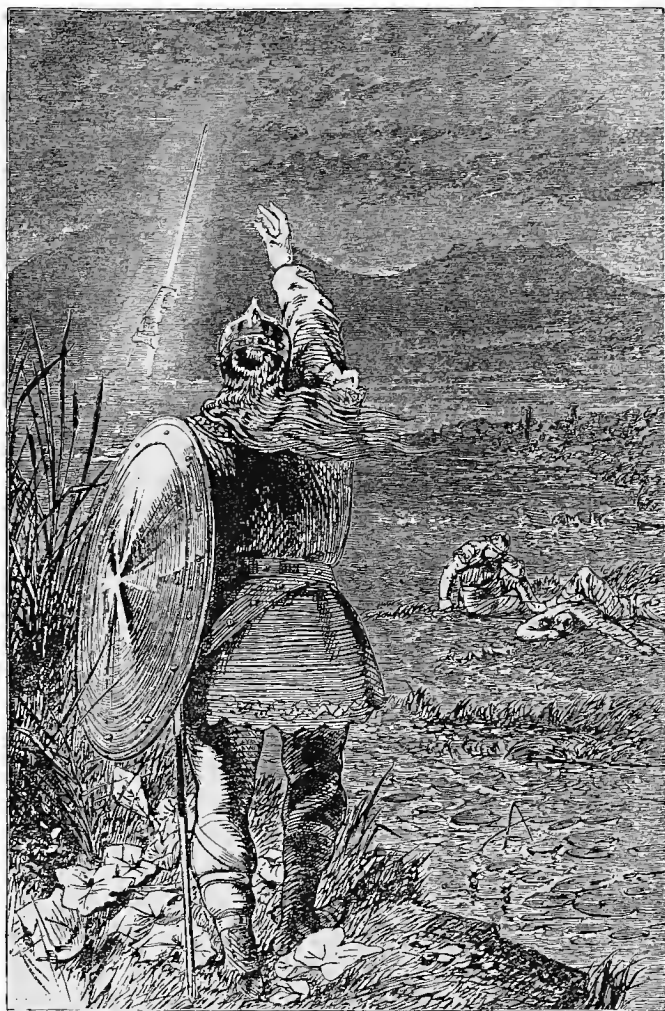
Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
“Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried
Now take my sword, Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my side;

“Oh take my sword, Excalibar,
And there into the river throw,
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

“And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne’er had valiant knight;
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

“With this good falchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody field;
But now the fatal hour is come,
That never more I may thee wield.”

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.



KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

For all of Cologne was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone ;
“ And ever alack ! ” then said the knight,
“ Must such a sword away be thrown ? ”

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, “ Sir Lukyn, what did ye see ? ”
“ Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o’er the waters fair and free.”

“ Oh go again,” then said the king,
“ O good Sir Lukyn, go again ;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.”

The duke then to the river went,
And the king’s scabbard in threw he :
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, “ Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought ? ”
“ Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.”

“ O Lukyn, Lukyn,” said the king,
“ Twice hast thou dealt decentfully ;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be ?

“ Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king,
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air,
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonished stood the duke,
He stood as still, as still mote be,
Then hastened back to tell the king,
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spy;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king were there or not
He never knew, nor ever colde;
For from that sad and direful day
He never more was seen on mould.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB.

[I trust that for the sake of my juvenile readers I may be pardoned for giving so much space to the great hero of the nursery. The present version is given nearly verbatim from that printed by John Wright, London, 1630. In 1621 a prose version of the story, by Richard Johnson, was printed at London for Thomas Langley, with the following quaint introduction:—

“My merry muse begets no tales of Guy of Warwick, nor of bold Sir Bevis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my pen with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, Little John, the Friar, and his Marian; nor will I call to mind the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold yeomen of the north, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, nor William of Cloudeslie, those ancient archers of all England; nor shall my story be made of the mad, merry pranks of Tom of Bethlem, Tom Lincoln, or Tom a Lin (‘Tamlane), the devil’s supposed Bastard; nor yet of Garagantua, that monster of men; but of an older Tom, a Tom of more antiquity, a Tom of strange making, I mean Little Tom of Wales, no bigger than a miller’s thumb, and therefore, for his small stature, surnamed Tom Thumb. . . . The ancient tales of Tom Thumb in the olden time, have been the only revivers of drowsy age at midnight; old and young have with his tales chimed matins till the cocks crow in the morning; bachelors and maids with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-block, till the curfew-bell rings candle out; the old shepherd and the young ploughboy, after their day’s labour, have carolled out a tale of Tom Thumb to make them merry with; and who but little Tom hath made long nights seem short, and heavy toils easy? Therefore, gentle reader, considering that old modest mirth is turned naked out of doors, while nimble wit is in the great hall on a soft cushion giving dry bobs; for which cause I will, if I can, new clothe him in his former livery, and bring him again into the chimney corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows, over a well-spiced wassail-bowl of Christmas ale, telling of these merry tales which hereafter follow.”

Ritson, in his “*Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*,” speaks of having traced our hero’s name half a century further back, and found it used to frighten children, along with all sorts of goblins, demons, and evil persons. Mr. Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, speaking of the “*History of Tom Thumb*,” says, that “however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was certainly founded upon some authentic history, as being nothing else, originally, but a description of King Edgar’s dwarf.”

IN Arthurs court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight :

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span ;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man ?

His father was a plow-man plain,
His mother milkt the cow,
But yet the way to get a son
This couple knew not how,

Until such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows,

How in his heart he wisht to have
A child, in time to come
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his Thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have,
And so this son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such,
That men should hear him speak, but not
His wandering shadow touch :

But so unseen to go or come
Whereas it pleased him still ;
Begot and born in half an hour,
To fit his fathers will :

And in four minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall,
Aswas the plow-man's thumb in height,
And so they did him call

TOM THUMB, the which the Fairy
Queen

There gave him to his name,
Who, with her train of Goblins grim,
Unto his christening came,

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years
In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
His shirt a spiders web,
Both light and soft for those his limbs,
That were so smally bred ;

His hose and doublet thistle-down,
Together weaved full fine ;
His stockings of an apple green,
Made of the outward rine ;*

His garters were two little hairs,
Pulled from his mothers eye,
His boots and shoes a mouses skin,
There tanned most curiously.

Thus, like a lusty gallant, he
Adventured forth to go,
With other children in the streets
His pretty tricks to show.

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry-stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
When as most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry-baggs,
And there partaker be,

Unseen or felt by any one,
Until a schollar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.

* Rind.

Of whom to be revenged, he took
 (In mirth and pleasant game)
Black pots, and glasses, which he hung
 Upon a bright sunn-beam.

The other boys to do the like,
 In pieces broke them quite ;
For which they were most soundly
 whipt,
Whereat he laught outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was
 From these his sports and play,
And by his mother after that
 Compelled at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,
 His father a hog had killed,
And Tom would see the puddings
 made,
 For fear they should be spilled.

He sat upon the pudding-bowl,
 The candle for to hold ;
Of which there is unto this day
 A pretty pastime told :

For Tom fell in, and could not be
 For ever after found,
For in the blood and batter he
 Was strangely lost and drowned.

Where searching long, but all in vain,
 His mother after that
Into a pudding thrust her son,
 Instead of minced fat.

Which pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle thrown,
Made all the rest to fly thereout,
 As with a whirl-wind blown.

For so it tumbled up and down,
 Within the liquor there,
As if the devil had been boiled ;
 Such was his mothers fear,

That up she took the pudding straight-
 And gave it at the door
Unto a tinker, which from thence
 In his black budget bore.

But as the tinker climbed a stile,
 By chance he let a crack :
Now gip, old knave, out cried Tom
 Thumb,
 There hanging at his back :

At which the tinker gan to run,
 And would no longer stay,
But cast both bag and pudding
 down,
 And thence hied fast away.

From which Tom Thumb got loose at
 last,
 And home returned again :
Where he from following dangers long
 In safety did remain.

Untill such time his mother went
 A milking of her kine,
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
 She linked with a twine.

A thread that held him to the same,
 For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him thence, that so she
 might
 Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap, a cow came by,
 And up the thistle eat,
Poor Tom withall, that, as a dock,
 Was made the red cows meat :

Who being misst, his mother went
 Him calling every where,
Where art thou Tom ? where art thou
 Tom ?
Quoth he, Here mother, here :

Within the red cows belly here,
Your son is swallowed up.
The which into her fearful heart
Most careful dolours put.

Mean while the cow was troubled much,
In this her tumbling womb,
And could not rest until that she
Had backward cast Tom Thumb :

Who all besmeared as he was,
His mother took him up,
To bear him thence, the which poor lad
She in her pocket put.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plow,
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of a barley straw,
To drive the cattle on :
Where, in a furrowed land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrions beak
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a giants castle top,
In which he let him fall,
Where soon the giant swallowed up
His body, clothes and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumb,
So great a rumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
The smallest quiet take,

Untill the giant had him spewed
Three miles into the sea,
Whereas a fish soon tooke him up
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught
And to king Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found, and made his
dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent

Long time in lively jollity,
Beloved of all the court,
And none like Tom was then esteemed
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his queens left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore
Long time a girdle brave.

Now after this the king would not
Abroad for pleasure go,
But still Tom Thumb must ride with
him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time when as it rained.
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.

And being near his highness heart,
He craved a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the king
Commanded to be done,

For to relieve his fathers wants,
And mothers, being old ;
Which was so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With three pence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His weary limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and nights
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereas
His parents did remain ;

Which was but half a mile in space
From good king Arthurs court,
The which in eight and forty hours
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his fathers door,
He there such entrance had
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And by the fire side, within
A walnut shell him placed :

Whereas they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel nut,
Whereon he rioted so long
He them to charges put ;

And there-upon grew wonderous sick,
Through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

But now his business called him forth,
King Arthurs court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay,

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast blew this his son
Into king Arthurs court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthurs knights
Did him much pleasure show

As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy ;
Yet none compar'd with brave Tom
Thumb,
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his ladies sake,
A challenge in king Arthurs court
Tom Thumb did bravely make.

Gainst whom these noble knights did
run,
Sir Chinon, and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumb with matchless
might
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot of the Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
For there that valiant man
Through Lancelots steed, before them
all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with spear and shield,
As hardly he was seen,
But only by king Arthurs self
And his admired queen,

Who from her finger took a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made
way,
Not touching it in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
 From his fair ladies head,
 Not hurting her whose even hand
 Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
 In Arthurs court there shown,
 As like in all the world beside
 Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toiled himself
 That he a sickness took,
 Through which all manly exercise
 He carelessly forsook.

Where lying on his bed sore sick,
 King Arthurs doctor came,
 With cunning skill, by physicks art,
 To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
 This cunning doctor took
 A fine prospective glass, with which
 He did in secret look

Into his sickened body down,
 And therein saw that Death
 Stood ready in his wasted lungs
 To seize his vital breath.

His arms and legs consumed as small
 As was a spiders web,
 Through which his dying hour grew on,
 For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ants,
 Which hardly could be seen :
 The loss of which renowned knight
 Much grieved the king and queen.

And so with peace and quietness
 He left this earth below ;
 And up into the Fairy Land
 His ghost did fading go.

Whereas the Fairy Queen received,
 With heavy mourning cheer,
 The body of this valiant knight,
 Whom she esteemed so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,
 She fetcht him from his bed,
 With musick and sweet melody,
 So soon as life was fled :

For whom king Arthur and his knights
 Full forty days did mourn ;
 And, in remembrance of his name
 That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
 And year by year did come
 To celebrate the mournful day,
 And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame still lives in England here,
 Amongst the country sort ;
 Of whom our wives and children small
 Tell tales of pleasant sport.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT.

[The following version of this ballad is taken from the "Crown-Garland of Golden Roses," p. 20, Percy Society, vol. vi. Another copy appears in "A Collection of Old Ballads," and is thus prefaced by the Editor :—

"There is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a romantic appearance, in the history of Whittington, that I shall not choose to relate it ; but refer my credulous readers to common tradition, or to the penny histories. Certain it is there was such a man ; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, and one who has left public edifices and charitable works enow behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded a house of prayer ; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choris-

ters, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the City, and called it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield, and the fine library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: as also great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel, and a library in which the records of the city might be kept. . . . 'Tis said of him, that he advanced a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the Fifth Henry. He married Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it, for this maintenance bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and Dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife; for King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c."

Richard Whittington was Sheriff of London in the 18th year of Richard the Second, 1394, was then knighted, and chosen Mayor in the 22nd year of the same reign, 1398. He was again Mayor in the 9th year of Henry the Fourth, 1407, and the 8th of Henry the Fifth, 1420.

Keightley, in his "Tales and Popular Traditions," devotes a chapter to the legend of 'Whittington and his Cat;' and cites similar stories from the German, the Italian, the Persian, &c.]

HERE must I tell the prairie
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice Mayor of London.
But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London than
Came up this simple lad,
Where with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had;
And in a kitchen placed,
A scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spits at the fire;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullions hire.

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this merchant-man
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
Londons bells sweetly rung,
"Whittington, back return!"

Evermore sounding so,
"Turn again Whittington;
For thou in time shall grow
Lord-Mayor of London."
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

"Still blessed be the bells ;
 (This was his daily song)
 They my good fortune tells,
 Most sweetly have they rung.
 If God so favour me,
 I will not prove unkind ;
 London my love shall see,
 And my great bounties find."

But see his happy chance !
 This scullion had a cat,
 Which did his state advance,
 And by it wealth he gat.
 His master ventured forth,
 To a land far unknown,
 With merchandise of worth,
 As is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more
 But this poor cat as than,
 Which to the ship he bore,
 Like a brave merchant-man.
 "Venturing the same," quoth he,
 "I may get store of gold,
 And Mayor of London be,
 'As the bells have me told."

Whittington's merchandise
 Carried was to a land
 Troubled with rats and mice,
 As they did understand.
 The king of that country there,
 As he at dinner sat,
 Daily remained in fear
 Of many a mouse and rat

Meat that on trenchers lay,
 No way they could keep safe ;
 But by rats borne away,
 Fearing no wand or staff.
 Whereupon soon they brought
 Whittington's nimble cat ;
 Which by the king was bought ;
 Heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came these men
 With their ships loaden so,
 Whittington's wealth began
 By this cat thus to grow.
 Scullions life he forsook
 To be a merchant good,
 And soon began to look
 How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
 Sheriff of the city here,
 And then full quickly rose
 Higher, as did appear.
 For to this cities praise,
 Sir Richard Whittington
 Came to be in his days
 Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance
 Thousands he lent his king
 To maintain wars in France,
 Glory from thence to bring.
 And after, at a feast
 Which he the king did make
 He burnt the bonds all in jest,
 And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
 To his prince willingly,
 And would not one penny have ;
 This in kind courtesie.
 God did thus make him great,
 So would he daily see
 Poor people fed with meat,
 To shew his charity.

Prisoners poor cherished were,
 Widow's sweet comfort found ;
 Good deeds, both far and near
 Of him do still resound.
 Whittington College is
 One of his charities ;
 Records reporteth this
 To lasting memories

Newgate he builded fair,
 For prisoners to live in ;
 Christs-Church he did repair,
 Christian love for to win.
 Many more such like deeds
 Were done by Whittington ;
 Which joy and comfort breeds,
 To such as look thereon

Lancashire, thou hast bred
 This flower of charity :
 Though he be gone and dead
 Yet lives he lastingly .
 Those bells that call'd him so,
 " Turn again, Whittington."
 Call you back many moe
 To live so in London.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

[Mr. Buchan has recovered two versions of this ballad from recitation; Mr. Kinloch has recovered another; and Mr. Motherwell prints a copy which is preserved in the Pepysian collection at Cambridge. Mr. Francis James Child, of Boston, U.S., prints another version in his collection, vol. i. p. 128, from a volume entitled "A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry," Edinburgh, 1824. It differs very slightly from Mr. Motherwell's copy. The following has been compiled by collating the whole of the above versions.]

THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill ;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 Blawing his horn baith loud and shrill,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn ;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And the knicht that blaws the horn,"
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

She had na sooner thae words said ;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 Than the Elfin knicht cam to her side ;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"Thou art ower young a maid," quoth he,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 "Married wi' me thou ill wouldst be."
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"I hae a sister younger than I ;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And she was married yesterday."
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

“ Married wi’ me ye sall ne’er be nane ;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Fill ye mak me a sark without a seam ;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun shape it, knifeless, sheerless,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And he maun sew it, needle, threadless ;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Whaur dew never wat, nor rain ever fell,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun dry it upon a thorn,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
That never budded sin’ Adam was born.”
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ If that courtesie I do thee,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Another thou must do to me.
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ I hae an acre o’ gude lea-land,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Between the saut sea and the strand ;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun plow’t wi’ your blawing horn
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun saw’t wi’ pepper corn,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun harrow’t wi’ a single tyne,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And shear’t ye maun wi’ a sheep’s shank bane ;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ Or ye maun shear it wi’ your knife,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And no lose a stalk o’t for your life,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

" And bigg a cart o' stane and lime,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And Robin Redbreast maun trail it syne,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

" And ye maun barn it in a mouse-hole,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And ye maun thresh it in your shoe sole;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

" And ye maun winnow it in your loof,*
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And ye maun sack it in your glove;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

" And ye maun dry't without candle or coal,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And grind it without quern or mill;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

" When ye're done, and finish'd your wark,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 Come back to me, and ye'll get your sark!"
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

EDWARD.

[First printed in Percy's "Reliques," from a manuscript transmitted by Lord Hailes. Mr. Motherwell recovered another version, which he prints under the title of 'Son Davie.']

" WHY does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
 Edward, Edward?
 Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
 And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
 "O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
 Mither, mither:
 O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude:
 And I hae nae mair but he, O."

" Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
 Edward, Edward:

* Palm.

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
"O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither :
O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
That erst was fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae mair,
Edward, Edward :
Your steed was auld, and ye hae mair ;
Some other dule ye drie, O."
"O, I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither :
O, I hae killed my father dear,
Alas ! and wae is me, O."

"What penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward ?
What penance will ye drie for that ?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither :
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare owre the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha',
Edward, Edward ?
And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha'
That were sae fair to see, O ?"
"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither :
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here I maunna be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
Edward, Edward ?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O ?"
"The world's room : let them beg through life,
Mither, mither :
The world's room : let them beg through life ;
For them I ne'er maun see, O."

"And what will ye leave to your mither dear,
 Edward, Edward?
 And what will ye leave to your mither dear?
 My dear son, now tell me, O."
 "The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Mither, mither:
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Sic counsels ye gied me, O!"

THE DEMON LOVER.

[Sir Walter Scott printed a ballad under the above title in "The Minstrelsy," taken down from the recitation of Mr. William Laidlaw. Mr. Buchan tells substantially the same story in his ballad of "James Herries;" and Mr. Motherwell prints a fragment of great merit in his collection.]

The story of a demon courting a maiden in the guise of a gallant gentleman is common to Scottish tradition. In this instance the demon assumes the form and lineaments of her former sweetheart, to whom she had proved unfaithful. Although the versions of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Buchan are complete as regards incident, and equally meritorious, I have ventured to construct a version by collating them both with Mr. Motherwell's fragment. If my reader will be at the trouble to compare the ballad so compiled either with Mr. Buchan's or Sir Walter Scott's version, I think it will be admitted that the story has gained in completeness and effectiveness.]

"O WHAUR hae ye been, my lang-lost love,
 This lang seven years and more?"
 "O I'm come to seek my former vows
 Ye granted me before."
 "O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
 For they will breed sad strife;
 O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
 For I am become a wife."
 He turn'd him right and round about,
 And the tear blindit his e'e;
 "I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground
 If it hadna been for thee.
 "Had I kent that ere I cam here,
 I ne'er had come to thee;
 I might hae had a king's daughter,
 Had it no been for love o' thee."

"If ye might hae had a king's daughter,
Yoursel' ye hae to blame;
Ye might hae taken the king's daughter,
For ye kenn'd that I was nane."

"O fause are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground
Had it no been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my twa babes also,
O what hae ye to keep me wi',
If I should wi' thee go?"

"See ye not yon seven pretty ships,
The eighth brought me to land,
With merchandise and mariners
And wealth in ilka hand."

Then she's gane to her twa little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
Sae has she to her sleeping husband
And done the same to him.

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

"O how do you love the ship?" he said;
"Or how do ye love the sea?
And how do you love the bauld mariners
That wait upon thee and me?"

"O I do love the ship," she said;
"And I do love the sea;
But woe be to the dim mariners
That nowhere can I see."

She hadna sailèd on the sea
An hour but barely ane,
Till the thochts o' grief cam in her mind,
And she langed to be hame.

"O gin I were at land again,
At land where I would be :
The woman ne'er should hae the son
Should gar me sail the sea."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumly grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas ;
The sails that were o' the taffetic
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven hoof,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O haud your tongue my sprightly flower,
Let a' your moanin be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ?"
"O yon are the hills o' heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whatten a mountain's yon," she said,
"Sae dreary wi' frost and snow ?"
"O yon is the mountain o' hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go !"

"I said ye should see the lilies grow
On the banks o' Italy.
But I'll let you see the fishes swim
At the bottom o' the sea."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd to be ;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the winds grew loud,
 And the tears filled her ee;
 And waesom wailed the snaw white sprites
 Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
 The foremast wi' his knee;
 And he brak that gallant ship in twain,
 And sank her in the sea.

 OUR GUDAMAN.

[We are indebted to Herd for the preservation of this racy and humorous ballad. The wife hides a rebel relative in the house, and endeavours to guard her husband's loyalty at the expense of her own veracity, and the gudeman's sense of sight.]

OUR gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he; And there he saw a saddle horse, Whaur nae horse should be. "O how cam' this horse here? How can this be? How cam' this horse here, Without the leave o' me?" "A horse!" quo' she: "Ay, a horse," quo' he. "Ye auld blind doited carle,* Blinder mat ye be! 'Tis naething but a milk cow My minnie sent to me." "A milk cow!" quo' he; "Ay, a milk cow," quo' she. "Far hae I ridden, And meikle hae I seen, But a saddle on a cow's back Saw I never nane!" Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he; He spy'd a pair o' jack-boots Whaur nae boots should be.	"What's this now, gudewife? What's this I see? How cam' these boots here, Without the leave o' me?" "Boots!" quo' she; "Ay, boots," quo' he. "Shame fa' your cuckold face, And ill mat ye see; It's but a pair o' water-stoups The cooper sent to me." "Water-stoups!" quo' he; "Ay, water-stoups," quo' she. "Far hae I ridden, And far'er hae I gane, But siller spurs on water-stoups Saw I never nane!" Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he: And there he saw a sword Whaur nae sword should be. "What's this now, gudewife? What's this I see? O how cam' this sword here, Without the leave o' me?" "A sword!" quo' she; "Ay, a sword," quo' he.
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* Stupid; dotard.

"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see;
It's but a parritch spurtle*
My minnie sent to me."
"A spurtle!" quo' he.
"Ay, a spurtle," quo' she.
"Weel—far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But siller-handled spurtles
Saw I never nane!"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
There he spy'd a pouter'd wig
Whaur nae wig should be.
"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this wig here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A wig!" quo' she;
"Ay, a wig," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see;
'Tis naething but a clockin hen
My minnie sent to me."
"A clockin hen!" quo' he;
"Ay, a clockin hen," quo'
she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But pouter on a clockin hen
Saw I never nane!"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame can' he;
And there he saw a riding coat,
Whaur nae coat should be.

"O how cam' this coat here?
How can this be?
How cam' this coat here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A coat!" quo' she;
"Ay, a coat," quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
Blinder mat ye be;
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me."
"Blankets!" quo' he;
"Ay, blankets," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane!"

Ben went our gudeman,
And ben went he;
And there he spy'd a sturdy
man,
Whaur nae man should be.
"How cam' this man here?
How can this be?
How cam' this man here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A man!" quo' she;
"Ay, a doited man," quo' he.
"Puir blind body,
And blinder mat ye be:
It's a new milking maid
My minnie sent to me."
"A maid!" quo' he;
"Ay, a maid," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded milking maids
Saw I never nane!"

* A stick for stirring porridge.

YOUNG BENJIE.

[The following, with several trifling emendations from a version in Mr. Buchan's collection entitled 'Bondsey and Maisry,' is from "The Minstrelsy."

This ballad illustrates a singular superstition prevalent until very recently in the wild and remote districts of Scotland. In the interval between the death and interment the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation. Should the door be left ajar, the corpse is supposed to become possessed of the power of motion, and of answering questions; and in cases where foul play was suspected, the murderer was found out by a direct appeal to the corpse, as described in the ballad. The peasantry were careful never to leave a corpse alone; and in dread lest the door might be left ajar it was generally kept wide open. It was also believed that if the corpse was left alone a sight of horror might greet the person who first looked upon it again. In Forfarshire I have sat out more than one lykewake, and heard many a ghostly tale rehearsed in such circumstances, while the listeners cowered round the fire, worked up to such a pitch of superstitious fear that the least noise in the house would make them all start, and no member of the party dare go to the door alone during the night. I have seen and heard of lykewakes of a more lively kind, eating and drinking, and song-singing, and this not when there was any absence of grief for the departed. I remember one where there were present three men, two women, and myself, then a boy of ten years old. None of us were related to the dead man, but all had known him during life. A plentiful supply of whisky for the men, and sherry for the women, was provided. At first there was no want of gravity, two or three chapters of the Bible were read, and a metrical psalm or two; then the talk turned to the deceased, and was at first grave enough; by-and-bye, as the liquor began to tell, the conversation got more lively, until the mirth grew fast and furious; the young women coming in for a considerable share of rough badinage, and giving jaw back again with interest. This, it must be remembered, was in the room where the corpse was laid out. I can remember that, from where I sat, the sharp protuberance in the snow-white linen sheet, made by the stiff unyielding feet of the corpse, could be seen. The whole children of the neighbourhood were generally called in to see a corpse; and I have hardly even yet got over the feeling of horror with which I used to note this unnatural feature of a corpse. I remember on one occasion the lykewake took place not in the house where the corpse lay, but in that of a neighbour. A solitary bachelor had committed suicide, and while none of his relatives would remain in the house with the body, the sitting up could not be dispensed with. Every hour two of the party went out and walked round the house which held the ghostly tenant; but I daresay none of the parties themselves could give a reason for their needless vigilance, it was but the outward manifestation of some long forgotten superstitious belief. When a person dies in a country working man's home, the corpse is usually laid out in the best room in the house. As this is very frequently the butt-end, where all the household duties are transacted, no special watching is called for during the day. It is only during the night that relations and neighbours are assembled for this purpose.

So long as the corpse is in the house, the mirrors, the face of the clock, the glass door of the corner cupboard (a never-failing article of furniture in a country peasant's home), the windows, and all articles having a reflecting power, were draped in white. An old woman once assigned a reason for this to me which is worthy of note. If any one saw the corpse reflected in the looking-glass, or any other medium, it might assume a position of horror never to be forgotten; or if any one looked into a mirror, a face might glare over that bold person's shoulder which would haunt him or her until the time when, a lump of insensate clay, he or she was so watched and protected in turn. A small white plate, full of salt, was always laid upon the stomach of the corpse as a protection from evil spirits, or to ward off the approach of the arch fiend himself.]

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true-love,
And a dear true-love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd choose another love,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's ga'en by the wan moonlicht,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true-love,
O open, and let me in!"
"I daurna open, young Benjie,
My three brithers are within."

"Ye le'ed, ye le'ed, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye choose another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,—
"I daurna, daurna, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his arms twa,
And threw her owre the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith, laith to be dang,*
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak' her eldest brither,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak' her second brither,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak' her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak' her youngest brither,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?"

"This night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear;
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the nicht,
The cocks began to craw;
And at the dead hour o' the nicht,
The corpse began to thrav.†

"O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
And wha is the wretch, tell us likewise,
That threw ye owre the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the only man
That did my body win;
And likewise Benjie was the man
That threw me owre the linn."

* Beaten; done for.

† Twist; contort.

- " O sall we Benjie heid,* sister,
 Or sall we Benjie hang †
 Or sall we pyke out his twa grey een,
 Mak' Benjie blind to gang?" ‡

 " Ye maunna Benjie heid, brithers,
 Ye maunna Benjie hang,
 But ye maun pyke out his twa grey een,
 Mak' Benjie blind to gang.

 " Tie a green cravat round his neck,
 And lead him out and in,
 And the best ae servant about your house,
 To wait young Benjie on.

 " And ay, at every seven years' end,
 Ye'll tak' him to the linn;
 For that's the penance he maun drie,
 To scug † his deidly sin."

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

[The following is from Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads," where it is reprinted "from one of the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, the writing of Charles the First's time." Ballads of a similar kind are "The Wife Lapped in Morels Skin," printed in Uttersen's "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry," "Ane Ballad of Matrymonie," in Laing's "Select Remains," and "The Honeymoon," in Aytoun's "Ballads of Scotland."]

ALL you that are assembled here,
 Come listen to my song,
 But first a pardon I must crave,
 For fear of further wrong;
 I must entreat these good wives all
 They will not angry be,
 And I will sing a merry song,
 If they thereto agree.

Because the song I mean to sing
 Doth touch them most of all,
 And loth I were that any one
 With me should chide and brawl.
 I have enough of that at home,
 At board, and eake in bed;
 And once for singing this same song
 My wife did break my head.

* Behcad.

† Go; walk.

‡ Expiate.

But if these good wives all be pleased,
And pleased be the men,
I'll venture one more broken pate,
To sing it once again.
But first I'll tell you what it's call'd,
For fear you hear no more ;
'Tis call'd the Taming of a Shrew,
Not often sung before.

And if I then shall sing the rest,
A sign I needs must have ;
Hold but your finger up to me,
Or, hem,—that's all I crave—
Then will I sing it with a heart,
And to it roundlie go ;
You know my mind, now let me see
Whether I shall sing't or no. *Hem.*

Well then, I see you willing are
That I shall sing the rest ;
To pleasure all these good wives here
I mean to do my best.
For I do see even by their looks
No hurt to me they think,
And thus it chanc'd upon a time,
(But first give me a drink).

Not long ago a lustie lad
Did woo a lively lass,
And long it was before he could
His purpose bring to pass ;
Yet at the length it thus fell out,
She granted his petition,
That she would be his wedded wife,
But yet on this condition.

That she should wear the breeches on
For one year and a day,
And not to be controlled of him
Whatsoever she'd do or say.
She ruled, she reigned, she had her will
Even as she would require ;
But mark what fell out afterwards,
Good wives I you desire.

She made him weary of his life;
He wist that death would come,
And end his misery at once,
Ere that the year was run ;
He thought it was the longest year
That was since he was born,
But he could not the matter mend,
For he was thereto sworn.

Yet hath the longest day his date ;
For this we all do know,
Although the day be ne'er so long,
To even soon will it go.
So fell it out with her at length,
The year was now come out ;
The sun, and moon, and all the stars,
Their race had run about.

Then he began to rouse himself,
And to his wife he said,
" Since that your reign is at an end,
Now know me for your head."
But she that had borne sway so long
Would not be under brought,
But still her tongue on pattens ran,
Though many blows she caught.

He bet her back, he bet her side,
He bet her black and blue ;
But for all this she would not mend,
But worse and worse she grew.
When that he saw she would not mend,
Another way wrought he ;
He mewed her up as men mew hawks,
Where no light she could see.

And kept her without meat or drink
For four days space and more ;
Yet for all this she was as ill
As e'er she was before.
When that he saw she would not mend,
Nor that she would be quiet,
Neither for strokes nor locking up,
Nor yet for want of diet,

He was almost at his wits end,
He knew not what to do ;
So that with gentleness again
He gan his wife to woo.
But she soon bad him hold his peace,
And sware it was his best,
But then he thought him of a wile
Which made him be at rest.

He told a friend or two of his
What he had in his mind ;
Who went with him into his house,
And when they all had dined,
" Good wife," quoth he, " these friends of mine
Come hither for your good ;
There lies a vein under your tongue,
Must now be letten blood."

Then she began to use her terms,
And railéd at them fast ;
Yet bound they her for all her strength
Unto a post at last,
And let her blood under the tongue,
And tho' she bled full sore,
Yet did she rail at them as fast
As e'er she railed before.

" Well, then," quoth he, " the fault I see,
She hath it from her mother ;
It is her teeth infects her tongue,
And it can be no other ;
And since I now do know the cause,
Whatsoever to me befall,
I'll pluck her teeth out of her tongue,
Perhaps her tongue and all."

And with a pair of pincers strong
He pluckt a great tooth out,
And for to plucke another thence
He quickly went about.
But then she held up both her hands
And did for mercy pray,
Protesting that against his will
She would not do nor say.

Whereat her husband was right glad,
That she had changed her mind,
For from that time unto her death
She proved both good and kind.
Then did he take her from the post,
And did unbind her then ;
I would all shrews were served thus ;
All good wives say Amen.

THE HIREMAN CHIEL.

From "Scarce Ancient Ballads," p. 17. The same in Buchan, ii. 109, "The Baron turned Ploughman."

THERE was a knight, a baron bright,
A bauld baron was he,
And he had only but one son,
A comely youth to see.

He's brought him at schools nine,
So has he at schools ten,
But the boy learn'd to haud the plow
Among his father's men.

But it fell ance upon a day
The bauld baron did say,
" My son you maun gae court a wife,
And ane o' high degree.

" Ye have lands, woods, rents, and bouirs,
Castles and towers three ;
Then go my son and seek some dame
To share that gift wi' thee."

" Yes, I have lands and woods, father,
Castles and towers three ;
But what if she like my lands and rents
Far more than she loves me ?

" But I will go and seek a wife
That weel can please mine ee,
And I sall fairly try her love
Before she gang wi' me."

He then took off the scarlet coat,
Bedeck'd wi' shinin' gold,
And has put on the hireman's coat,
To keep him frae the cold.

He then laid past the studded sword,
That he could bravely draw,
And he's gone skipping down the stair,
Swift as the bird that flaw.

He took a stick into his hand,
Which he could bravely wiel,
And he's gane whistling o'er the lan',
Like a young hireman chiel.

And* he gaed up yon high high hill,
And low down i' the glen,
And there he saw a gay castle,
Wi' turrets nine or ten.

And he has gone on, and farther on,
Till to the yett drew he,
And there he saw a lady fair,
That pleas'd the young man's ee.

He went straight to the greive's chamber,
And with humilitie,
Said, "Have ye any kind of work
For a hireman chiel like me?"

"What is the work that ye intend,
Or how can we agree?
Can ye plow, reap, and sow the corn,
And a' for meat and fee?"

"Yes, I can plow, and reap, and mow,
And sow the corn too;
I can weel manage horse and cow,
And a' for meat and fee."

"If ye can haud the plow right weel,
And sow the corn too,
By faith and troth, my hireman chiel,
We shall not part for fee."

He's put his hand in his pocket,
And ta'en out shillings nine ;
Says, " Take ye that, my hireman chiel,
And turn in here and dine."

He acted all he took in hand,
His master lov'd him weel,
And the young lady of the land
Fell in love wi' the hireman chiel.

How oft she tried to drown the flame,
And oft wept bitterlie ;
But still she lov'd the hireman chiel,
So well's he pleas'd her ee.

She has written a broad letter,
And seal'd it wi' her hand,
And dropt it at the stable-door,
Where the young man did stand.

" I am in love, my hireman chiel,
I'm deep in love wi' thee ;
And if ye think me worth your love,
I' the garden green meet me."

When he had read the letter o'er,
A loud loud laugh gae he ;
Said, " If I manage my business well,
I'm sure to get my fee."

At night they met behind a tree,
Low in the garden green,
To tell their tale among the flowers,
And view the e'ening scene.

Next morning by the rising sun,
She, with her Maries* fair,
Walk'd to the fields to see the plow,
And meet the hireman there.

" Good morn, good morn, my lady gay,
I wonder much at you,
To rise so early in the morn,
While fields are wet wi' dew,
To hear the linnets on the thorn,
And see the plow-boy plow."

* Maids.

"But I wonder much at you, young man,
I wonder much at you,
That ye no other station have
Than hold my father's plow."

"I love as weel to rise each morn
As ye can your Maries fair;
I love as weel to hold the plow
As I were your father's heir.

"If ye love me, as ye protest,
And I trust weel ye do,
The morn's night, at eight o'clock,
In gud's green wood meet me."

"Yes, I love you, my hireman chiel,
And that most tenderlie,
But when my virgin honor's gone,
I soon will slighted be."

"Take ye no dread, my lady gay,
Lat a' your folly be;
If ye come a maiden to green wood,
You'll return the same for me."

The lady she went home again
Wi' a Mary on every hand;
She was so very sick in love,
She could not sit nor stand.

It was a dark and cloudy night,
No stars beam'd o'er the lea,
When the lady and the hireman met
Beneath a spreading tree.

He took the lady in his arms,
Embraced her tenderlie,
And thrice he kiss'd her rosy lips
Under the green wood tree.

"Haud off your hands, young man, I pray;
I wonder much at thee;
The man that holds my father's plow,
To lay his hands on me."

“ No harm I mean, my winsome dame,
No impudence at a’ ;
I never laid a hand on you
Till your libertie I saw.”

“ It is a dark and dismal night,
The dew is falling down ;
I will go home, least I should spoil
My cap and satin gown.”

“ If you are wearied so soon,
Why did ye tryst me here ?”
“ I would not weary with you, my dear,
Tho’ this night were a year.”

When morning beams began to peep
Among the branches green,
The lovers rose, and part to meet,
And tell their tale again.

“ Ye will go home unto the plow,
Where often ye hae been ;
I’ll tak my mantle folded up,
And walk i’ the garden green.

“ The baron and my mother dear
Will wonder what I mean ;
They’ll think I’ve been distur bed sair,
When I am up so soon,”

But this pass’d on, and farther on,
For two months and a day,
Till word came to the bauld baron,
And an angry man was he.

The baron swore a solemn oath,
An angry man was he,
“ The morn, before I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be.”

“ Farewell, my lovely maiden fair,
A long adieu to thee ;
Your father’s sworn a solemn swear
That hanged I shall be.”

"O woe's me," the lady said,
"Yet do not troubled be ;
If e'er they touch the hair on thy head,
They'll get no good of me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he ;
"That man stood never in the court
That dare this day hang me."

The lady spake from her bouir door,
An angry woman was she ;
"What insolence in you to tryst
Her to the green wood tree."

"If she had not given her consent,
She had not gone wi' me ;
If she came a maiden to green wood,
She return'd again for me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he ;
"Ye may wed your daughter whan ye will,
She's none the worse for me."

He has gone whistling o'er the knowe,
Swift as the bird that flaw ;
The lady stood in her bouir door,
And lout the salt tears fa.

But this pass'd on, and further on,
A twelve month and a day,
Till there came a knight and a baron bright
To woo this lady gay.

He soon gain'd the baron's will,
Likewise the mother gay ;
He woo'd and won the lady's love,
But by a slow degree.

"O weel befa' you, daughter dear,
And happy may ye be,
To lay your love on the grand knight,
And let the hireman be."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And speak not so to me;
Far more I love the hireman chiel
Than a' the knights I see."

The morn was come, and bells were rung,
And all to church repair;
But like the rose among the throng
Was the lady and her Maries fair.

But as they walked o'er the field,
Among the flowers fair,
Beneath a tree stood on the plain,
The hireman chiel was there.

"I wish you joy, my gay madam,
And aye well may ye be;
There is a ring, a pledge of love,
That ance I got from thee."

"O wae befa' ye, you hireman chiel,
Some ill death may ye dee;
Ye might hae tauld to me your name,
Your hame, or what countrie."

"If ye luv me, my lady gay,
As ye protest ye do,
Then turn your love from this gay knight,
And reach your hand to me."

Then out spake the gay baron,
And an angry man was he;
"If I had known she was belov'd,
She had never been lov'd by me."

When she was set on high horse-back,
And riding thro' the glen,
They saw her father posting quick,
With fifty armed men.

"Do for yourself, my hireman lad,
And for your safety flee;
My father he will take me back,
But married I'll never be."

When they were up yon rising hill
 There low down i' the glen,
 He saw his father's gilded coach,
 Wi' five hundred gentlemen.

"Come back, turn back, my hireman chiel,
 Turn back and speak wi' me;
 Ye've serv'd me lang for the lady's sake,
 Come back, and get your fee."

"Your blessing give us instantly,
 Is all we crave o' thee;
 These seven years I've serv'd for her sake,
 But now I'm paid my fee."

HYNDE HORN.

[This ballad is supposed to be a mutilated portion of the ancient English metrical romance of "King Horn," or "Horn Childe and Maiden Rymenild." There are three original versions printed, those of Buchan, Kinloch, and Motherwell: the former is the best. The subjoined is the result of a collation of the three.]

"HYNDE Horn fair, and Hynde Horn free,
 O where were you born, in what countrie?"
 "In the gude greenwood there was I born,
 And all my friends left me forlorn.

"O seven years I served the king,
 And as for wages I never gat nane;
 But ae sight o' his daughter fair,
 And that was thro' an augre bore.

"I gied to her a silver wand,
 'Twas to rule owre a' Scotland,
 And she gae me a gay gold ring,
 That was to rule abune a' thing.

"As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
 Ye'll know I am a lover true;
 But when the ring turns pale and wan,
 Ye'll know I love anither man."

He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he,
 And sailed into a far countrie;
 And when he looked his ring, upon
 He knew she loved anither man.

He hoist up sails, and hame cam' he,
Hame unto his ain countrie;
The first he met on his own land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man?
What news hae you by sea or land?"
"Nae news, nae news," the puir man did say,
"But this is our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed,
And I'll lend you my riding steed?"
"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
Your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part by right, and part by wrang,
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.
"Auld man, come tell to me your leed,
What news ye gie when ye beg your breid."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike-staff ye will bend ye till,
But when ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep.

"Tak nane frae Peter nor frae Paul;
Nane frae high or low o' them all;
And frae them all ye will tak nane,
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand."

As he gaed up unto the hill,
His pike-staff he did bend him till;
And when he cam' near by the yett,
Straight to them he did upstep.

He asked for the sake o' Peter and Poule,
An awmous for the beggar's cowl;
But awmous took he nane beside,
Till he gat it frae the bonnie bride.

He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,
Nane frae the high nor low o' them all;
And frae them all he wad tak nane,
Until it cam frae the bride's ain hand,

The bride cam' tripping down the stair,
 The kaims o' red gowd in her hair;
 A cup o' red wine in her han',
 And that she gaed to the beggar-man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
 And into the cup he dropp'd the ring,
 " Gat ye't by sea or gat ye't by land,
 Or gat ye't frae a drowned man's hand?"

" I gat it not by sea nor by land,
 Not gat I it on a drowned man's hand;
 But I gat it at my wooing gay,
 And I'll gie't you on your wedding-day!"

" I'll tak' the red gowd frae my head,
 I'll follow you and beg my bread;
 I'll tak' the red gowd frae my hair,
 And follow you for evermair!"

" Keep on, keep on your kaims," he said,
 " You needna tak' them frae your head;"
 Then down he loot his cloutie cloak fa',
 And the red gowd shone owre him a'.

He loot his cloutie cloak down fa',
 And the red gowd shone owre him a'.
 The bridegroom thought he had her wed,
 But young Hynde Horn took her to bed.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

[The story on which this beautiful ballad is founded is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—

" A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket-house. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her

hosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces."

The graves of the lovers are still shown in the churchyard of Kirkconnell.

Sir Walter's version of this ballad, which he entitles "Fair Helen," consists of two parts. He expresses doubts as to the connexion between the first and second part, on account of the manifest inferiority of the former. As the verses of the first part are possessed of considerable merit, they are quoted here:—

"O sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of truth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care
Since first I lovèd thee!

"Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind,
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

"The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadeest pool the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

"Yet nevertheless I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time be a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

"O Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet,
Think thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

"O Helen brave, but this I crave,
Some pity have of thy poor slave,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee!"]

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen* dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

* Maid Helen.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee—

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
 I'll weave a garland of thy hair
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 Were I with thee I would be blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green;
 A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me!

TAMLANE.

[The following version of this ballad is derived mainly from "The Minstrelsy," a good many verses, undoubtedly modern, being left out, although I have not ventured to delete so many verses on this plea as some of my predecessors have done. The scene of the ballad is in Selkirkshire, and it is undoubtedly ancient, being mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed in 1549:—]

"O I FORBID ye, maidens a',
 That wear gowd on your hair,
 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
 For young Tamlane is there."

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
 The fairest o' a' her kin;
 "I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
 And ask nae leave o' him."

She has kilted her green kirtle
 A little abune her knee ;
 And she has braided her yellow hair
 A little abune her bree.

She has prink'd hersel, and preen'd
 hersel,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
 To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
 She gaed beside the well,
 And there she fand his steed standing,
 But he wasna there himsel.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
 A rose but barely three,
 When up and starts a wee, wee man
 At Lady Janet's knee !

Says, " Why pu' ye the rose, Janet ?
 What gars ye break the tree ?
 Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
 Withouten leave o' me ?"

Says, " Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;
 My daddie gave it me ;
 I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
 And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 Among the leaves sae green ;
 And sair and meikle was the love
 That fell the twa between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 Among the roses red ;
 And they hae vow'd a solemn vow
 Ilk ither for to wed.

" The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,
 A word ye maunna lee ;
 Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
 Or sained* in Christentie !"

" The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
 A word I winna lee ;
 I was ta'en to the good church-door,
 And sained as well as thee.

" Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
 Dunbar, Earl March, was thine ;
 We loved when we were children small,
 Which yet you well may mind.

" When I was a boy just turn'd o' nine,
 My uncle sent for me,
 To hunt, and hawk, and ride wi' him,
 And keep him companie.

" There came a wind out of the north,
 A sharp wind and a snell,
 And a dead sleep came over me,
 And frae my horse I fell ;
 The Queen o' Fairies keppt me,
 In yon green bill to dwell.

" And I would never tire, Janet,
 In fairy-land to dwell ;
 But aye, at ilka seven years,
 They pay the teind to hell ;
 And I'm sae fat and fair o' flesh,
 I fear 'twill be mysel !

" This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
 The morn is Hallowday,
 And gin ye dare your true love win,
 Ye hae nae time to stay.

" The night it is good Hallowe'en,
 When fairy folk will ride,
 And she that wad her true love win,
 At Miles Cross she maun bide.

" And ye maun gae to the Miles Cross,
 Between twal hours and one,
 Tak haly water in your hand,
 And cast a compass roun'."

"And how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
And how shall I thee know,
Amang sae many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

"The first company that passes by,
Sae na, and let them gae;
The neist company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
Wi' a gold star in my crown;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gie me that renown.

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown,
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye would be my maik.*

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an aske;†
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast

"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan:
And last they'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be mysel again."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

There's haly water in her hand,
She cast a compass round;
And straight she sees a fairy band
Come riding o'er the mound.

And first gaed by the black, black steed.
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa';
And up there raise an elrish‡ cry;
"He's won amang us a'!"

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms
An aske, but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her ain true lover.

They shaped him in her arms at last
A mother-naked man,
She cuist§ her mantle over him,
And sae her true love wan.

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' broom:

"She that has borrow'd young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom!"

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' rye:

"She's ta'en away the bonniest knight
In a' my companie!"

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"A lady wad borrow thee,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa gray een,
Put in twa een o' tree!"

* Sweetheart; wife.

† Newt.

‡ Unearthly.

§ Threw.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says, "Before ye cam frae hame, I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh, Put in a heart o' stane!	"Had I but had the wit yestreen That I hae coft* this day, I'd paid my kane seven times to bell, Ere you'd been won away!"
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KINMONT WILLIE.

[The incidents on which this ballad are founded occurred in 1596. The hero of the ballad was William Armstrong of Kinmonth, a descendant of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockie, and his capture was in open violation of a truce then existing between the two warden. The "fause Sakelde" was Mr. Salkeld of Corby Castle, the deputy of the English warden, Lord Scroope. The main incidents of the ballad agree with the historical account of the raid. The number of men at the disposal of the Scottish warden is, with pardonable pride, understated. It was two hundred men, and not—

"Twenty Soots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a steer."

And it was only in the minstrel's humorous verse that Salkeld fell a victim to Dickie o' Dryhope's want o' lear.

Queen Elizabeth was indignant at the bold and successful exploit, and Buccleuch was sent to England as a hostage, and, according to ancient family traditions, was presented to the queen, who demanded of him how he "dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?" "What is it," answered the undaunted chieftain, "that a man dares not do?" Struck with the reply, Elizabeth turned to a lord-in-waiting, and said, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe."]

O HAE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
 O hae ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
 How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
 On Hairibee† to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 Wi' aucht score in his companie!

They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back;
 They guarded him fivesome on each side,
 And brocht him owre the Liddell rack.‡

* Bought.

† The hill on which criminals were executed.

‡ A ford on the Liddell.

They led him owre the Liddell rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brocht him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scoop's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will daur this deed avow,
Or answer by the Border law,
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Afore that ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall tak fareweel o' me!"

"Fear ye na that, my lord!" quo' Willie,
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scoop," he said,
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing* afore I gaed!"

Now word has gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That they hae ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours o' nicht and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he cried,
"But avenged on Lord Scoop I'll be!"

"O is my basnett† a widow's curch‡
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lichtly§ me?"

'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce o' Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?"

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?"

* Reckoning.

† Helmet.

‡ Coif.

§ Slight; make light of.

"O were there war between the lands,
As weel I wot that there is nane,
I wad slight Carlisle castle hie,
Though it were buildd o' marble stane !

"I wad set that castle in a low,
And slocken it wi' English blood ;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood !

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be !"

He has call'd him forty marchmen stout,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;
Wi' spur on heel, and splent on spauld,*
And gloves o' green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright ;
And five and five cam wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men array'd for fight.

And five and five like a mason gang,
That carried ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five like broken men, •
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the 'bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha suld it be but the fause Sakelde ?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me !"
"We gang to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie.

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men ?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell me true !"
"We gang to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

* Armour on the shoulder.

"Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons na far frae the Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he:
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!

Then on we held for Carlisle town,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle o' spait,
But the never a man nor borse we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and bie,
And there the laird garr'd leave our naigs,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we cam beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders again' the wa',
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou'dst gaed!

"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch,
"Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!"
Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew—
*O wha daur meddle wi' me?**

* The name of a Border tune.

Then speedily to work we gaed,
 And raised the slogan ane and a',
 And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead,
 And sae we wan to the castle ha'.

They thocht King James and a' his men
 Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a steer!*

Wi' coulter and wi' fore-hammers,
 We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
 Until we cam to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
 It's lang sin' sleeping was fley'd† frae me!
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that speir‡ for me."

Then Red Rowan has hent§ him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till o' Lord Scroop I tak fareweel.

"Fareweel, fareweel, my gude Lord Scroop!
 My gude Lord Scroop, fareweel!" he cried;
 "I'll pay ye for my lodging maill,||
 When neist we meet on the Border side!"

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang,
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've ridden a horse baith wild and wud,
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
 I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode!

* Stir.

† Frightened.

‡ Inquire.

§ Lifted.

|| Rent.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've prick'd a horse out owre the furs;*"

But sin' the day I back'd a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
 Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
 Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
 And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the further side,
 And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
 "An ye like na my visit in merry England,
 In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
 He stood as still as rock o' stane;
 He scarcely daured to trew† his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane.

"He is either himsel a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mither a witch maun be;
 I wadna hae ridden that wan water
 For a' the gowd in Christentie!"

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

[The following, with a slight variation from a Newcastle chap-copy, is from "The Minstrelsy." Sir Walter says:—

"Given in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman, who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored, from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations.

"The ballad is remarkable, as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. The first two lines of verse four are introduced to fill up a hiatus."]

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
 Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
 And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
 And they drank till they were baith merrie.

* Furrows.

† Believe.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twa sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twa brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"Yet will I drink to our twa sons at hame,
For they like us best in our ain countrie;
But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be."

"I sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
I bought him books, and he wadna read;
But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning called,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang fra hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing sud be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O haud thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand?"

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon?
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I sud kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twad be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's dee."*—

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

* I shall be the next man to die.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear,
I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing sud be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O haud thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come owre the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."

Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel awa flung he ;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he ;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours;
When twa lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an akward stroke,
An akward stroke strucken sickerlie ;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

" Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear,
Arise and speak three words to me!
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee ?"

" O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed ;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

" O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me ;
But I made a vow, ere I cam frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,*
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he ;
" Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
" For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

* A mole-hill—Scottice, *moudiewart's hill*.

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
Of your pridefu' talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to haud baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."



THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

[Professor Aytoun has given in his collection the version from the "Border Minstrelsy," with the addition of two verses from Mr. Robert Chambers's version of "The Two Clerks of Owsenford," of which ballad he assumes "The Wife of Usher's Well" to form a part, having heard them recited as one ballad by an aged relative. Professor Aytoun, very justly I think, declines to receive this as evidence, attributing their conjunction to the habit of the reciters, who frequently mixed up one narrative with another. I have ventured to draw more largely on Mr. Chambers's copy than the Professor has done, as I think to the improvement of the ballad.]

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had twa stout and stalwart sons,
And she sent them owre the sea.

They hadna been a week frae her,
A week but barely ane,
When word cam to the carline wife
That her twa sons were gane.

They hadna been a week frae her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word cam to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor freshes in the flood,
Till my twa sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!"

The hallow days o' yule were come,
And the nichts were lang and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blaw up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water frae the well!
For a' my house shall feast this nicht,
Since my twa sons are well.

"Oh, eat and drink my merry men a',
The better shall ye fare,
For my twa sons they are cum hame
To me for ever mair."

And she has gane and made the bed,
She's made it saft and fine;
And she's happit them in her gray mantle,
Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in the merry linkum,*
And the wild fowl chirped for day;
And the aulder to the younger said,
"Brither, we maun away.

* This is obscure: may it not be a corrupted spelling of a phrase denoting the dawn?

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'* worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mither should miss us when she wake
She'll gae mad ere it be day."

Oh, it's they've ta'en up their mither's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin:
"Oh, lang may ye hing, my mither's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!"

"Fare-ye-weel, my mither dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mither's fire."



JAMIE TELFER.

[The incidents related in this vigorous and graphic ballad took place about the middle of the sixteenth century. Sir Walter Scott presumes that the Willie Scott who was slain in the encounter with the captain of Bewcastle and his men was a natural son of the laird of Buccleuch.]

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The captain of Bewcastle hath boun' him to ride
And he's owre to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwickshire.

"What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"
"Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But, gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's calf I'll let thee see."

And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
 Right hastily they clam* the peel;
 They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
 And ranshacked† the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
 The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
 He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,
 Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;
 Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,
 That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
 It was the gryming‡ o' a new fa'n snaw,
 Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.

And whan he cam to the fair tower yett,
 He shouted loud, and weel cried he,
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—
 "Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be!
 There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
 But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

"Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
 For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,§
 For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
 I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
 "I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
 And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!"

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
 My hawks may flee frae tree to tree;
 My Lord may grip my vassal lands,
 For there again may I never be."

* Climbed.

† Ransacked.

‡ Sprinkling.

§ Money paid for protection and assistance.

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could dri'e,
Till he cam to the Coultart cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
"Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"
"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor calves stand i' the sta',
A' routing loud for their minnie."*

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
"Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest o' a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fray.

And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud and weel cried he,
Till out and spak him William's Wat—
"O wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The captain o' Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise, and succour me!"

"Alas for wae!" quo' William's Wat,
"Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himself upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak the fray.

* Mother.

And whan they cam to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him bauld Buccleuch,
Said—"Wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!"

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,*
Gar warn it soon and hastily!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!"

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie."

"Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang,
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has looked his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivin'.

"Wha drives thir kye?" 'gan Willie say,
"To mak an outspeckle† o' me?"
"It's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;
I winna layne‡ my name for thee."

* Warn the men who live by the river side.

† A laughingstock.

‡ Hide.

"O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back,
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or by the faith o' my body," quo' Willie Scott,
"I'se ware my dame's calf-skin on thee!"

"I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scot that's here."

"Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie than;
"Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom* saddle there sall be!"

Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand;
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And through the knapsca[†] the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
Whan Willie on the ground lay slain.

But he's ta'en aff his gude steel-cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay[‡] snaw was ne'er mair white,
Nor the lyart locks o' Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviot-side again,
Or Willie's death revenged shall be."

O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scots had gotten the victory.

Jock o' Brigham there was slain,
And Jock o' Barlow, as I hear say;
And thirty mae o' the captain's men,
Lay bleeding on the ground that day.

* Empty.

† Helmet.

‡ A mountain in Liddesdale.



JAMIE TELFER.

The captain was run thro' the thick o' the thigh—
And broken was his right leg bane!
If he had lived this hundred year,
He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the captain said;
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I should live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gane to the captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since to Tividale he had led the way.

"I was loured* hae had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scot,
When he ower Liddel his men did lead!"

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,†
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!"

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the captain's kin—
"Wha daur loose out the captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs: loose the kye!
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the captain's kye,
In scorn o' a' his men and he."

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

* Rather.

† Hotspur, or Madspur.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
 Baith wi' gowd, and white monie;
 And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
 I wot was mony a weeping e'e.

LONDON LACKPENNY.

[The author of this ballad, John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmund's, was a popular writer in his own day. He was born about the year 1375. The time of his death is unknown. Mr. Robert Bell says:—"The following ballad is curious as a record of the street cries and trades of London towards the close of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century. The subject of which it treats was a frequent theme with the poets of the period. That the want of money pressed more heavily on the writers of songs and ballads than on most other people is probable enough; but it is evident, from the numerous allusions to the advantages and influence of wealth which abound in the current tales and satires, that poverty had a harder up-hill fight against the contumely of the world in those days than is generally supposed. A full purse, and even the possession of landed estates, was generally typified under the common designation of Penny, advanced for the purposes of the poet to the dignity of knighthood. Sir Penny was a famous character in those bantering compositions, some of which, bearing his name, describe, under the allegory of his successful adventures, the triumphant progress of riches. In Lackpenny, the Penniless of later times, we have the social antithesis to Sir Penny."]

To London once my steps I bent,
 Where truth in no wise should be faint;
 To Westminster-ward I forthwith bent,
 To a man of law to make complaint;
 I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint!
 Pity the poor that would proceed!"
 But for lack of money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the press* among,
 By froward chance my hood was gone;
 Yet for all that I stayed not long,
 Till to the King's Bench I was come.
 Before the judge I kneeled anon,
 And prayed him for God's sake to take heed;
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clarkès a great rout,
 Which fast did write by one assent;
 There stood up one, and cried about,
 "Richard, Robert, and John of Kent."
 I wist not well what this man meant,

* Crowd.

He cried so thick there indeed ;
But he that lacked money might not speed.

Unto the common place I yodè thoo,*
Where sat one with a silken hood ;
I did him reverence for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancery,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me,
I gave them my plaint upon my knee :
They liked it well when they had it read ;
But lacking money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of raye ;†
I crouched and kneelèd before him anon,
For Mary's love, of help I him pray.
" I wot not what thou meanest," gan he say :
To get me thence he did me bede ;
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, although I should die ;
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
" Master, what will you copen‡ or buy ?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

Then to Westminster-gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime ;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine.
A fair cloth they gan for to spead ;
But wanting money I might not there speed.

* I went then.

† Striped cloth.

‡ To chap or exchange.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize.
"Hot peascods!" one began to cry,
"Strawberries ripe!" and "Cherries in the rise!"*
And bad me come near, and buy some spice;
Pepper and saffron they gan me bede;†
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then to the Chepe‡ I began me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand:
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand;
"Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
I never was used to such things indeed;
And wanting money I might not speed.

Then full I went by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwyke Street;§
Drapers much cloth offered me anon;
Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet;"
One cried mackerel; ryster green, another gan greet;
One bade me a hood to cover my head;
But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-chepe;
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.
"Yea, by cock!" "Nay, by cock!"|| some hegan cry;
Some songe of Jenkin and Julian for then mede;
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung mine own hood,
That I had lost among the throng;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it well as I did my creed,
But for lack of money I could not speed.

* Branch.

† They began to offer to me.

‡ Westcheap.

§ Candlewick-street.

|| A vulgar corruption of a profane oath.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
"Sir," saith he, "will you our wine essay?"
I answered, that cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;
I drank a pint and for it did pay;
Yet soon a hungered from thence I yode,
And wanting money I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate;
And one cried, "Hoo! go we hence!"
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
"Thou 'scap'st not here," quod he, "under twopence;
I list not yet bestow my alms deed."
Thus lacking money I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
For of the law would I meddle no more;
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight* me to do as I did before,
Now Jesus, that in Bethle'm was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed;
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

[It was during a visitation of the plague, or pestilence, in the seventeenth century, that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two companions, daughters of the Laids of Kinraid and Ledurch, in Perthshire, retired to a bower on the banks of the Almond. A young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with one of them, procured them their food and other necessities; but he carried the infection with him, and they both died. According to the usual practice of the time, the victims of the plague were not buried in the usual place of sepulture, but were buried at a place called Dronoch Haugh, near the spot where they died. The words usually sung to the old air were composed by Allan Ramsay. The present version is that given by Mr. Sharpe, with several verbal emendations from the copy printed by Lyle in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs."]

O BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

* Prepared.

They theekeit it ower wi' rashes green,
 They theekeit it ower wi' heather;
 But the pest cam' frae the burrows-toun,
 And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirkyard,
 Amang their noble kin,
 But they maun lie in Dronoch Haugh,
 On the bent before the sun.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses;
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theekeit it ower wi' rashes.



ALLAN-A-MAUT.

[Professor Aytoun says—"This curious old ditty, in honour of malt, which possibly may be the original of the popular ballads, still current in England and Scotland, under the name of 'John Barleycorn,' was preserved in the Bannatyne MSS., and has been printed in the collections of Messrs. Jamieson and Laing."]

WHEN he was young, and clad in green,
 Having his hair about his e'en,
 Baith men and women did him mene,
 When he grew on yon hillè hie:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

His foster-father furth of the toun,
 To vissy Allan he made him boune;
 He saw him lying, alace, in swoun,
 For fault of help, and like to dee:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They saw his head begin to rive,
 Syne for a nourice they sent belive,
 Wha brocht wi' her fifty and five
 Of men of war full privily:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They rushed forth like hellish rooks,
 And every ane o' them had hooks;
 They caught him shortly in their clooks,
 Syne band him in a cradle of tree:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They brocht him inward in the land,
Syne every friend made him a band,
While they might either gang or stand,
Never a foot frae him to flee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

The greatest coward in this land,
Frae he wi' Allan enter in band,
Tho' he may neither gang nor stand,
Yet forty shall not gar him flee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

Sir Allan's hewmont is a cup,
With a segg feather on its top ;
Frae hand to hand so does he hop,
Till some may neither speak nor see :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

In Yule, when ilk man sings his carol,
Gude Allan lies into a barrel ;
When he is there, he doubts nae peril,
To come on him by land or see :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

Yet was there never so gay a gallan',
Frae he met wi' our master Allan,
But, gif he hauld him by the hallan,
Backward upon the floor falls he !
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

My master Allan grew so stark,
While he made mony cunning clerk ;
Upon their faces he sets his mark,
A blude-red nose beside their e'e :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

My master Allan I sair may curse ;
He leaves nae money in my purse,
At his command I maun disburse,
Mair nor the twa part o' my fee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

And last, of Allan to conclude,
 He is benign, courtass, and gude,
 And serves us of our daily food,
 And that with liberalitie:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

[This ballad refers to a battle between the English and Scotch, fought in 1575-Maitland, in his "History of Scotland," gives the following account of it:—

"Sir John Forrester, warden of the English side, and Sir John Carmichael of the Scottish, having met at a place called Red Swyre for the redress of some border enormities, it happened that a bill was filed against an Englishman, whom, according to the Border laws, the Scots warden demanded to have delivered to him, till the plaintiff had satisfaction. But Forrester, either wearied with business or willing to shift his demand, answered, Enough had been done that day, but that the party injured should be indemnified at the next meeting. Carmichael insisting on present performance, they fell to foul words, which made their attendants draw their weapons, and let fly their arrows. A fight ensuing, the Scots gave back, as being inferior in number; but, receiving a reinforcement of some Jedburgh men, who came to attend on the warden, they renewed their attack upon the English, and in their turn prevailed. The pursuit lasted two miles. Sir George Heron, warden of Tindale and Rhededale, with twenty-four English, were killed. The warden himself, Francis Russel, son to the Earl of Bedford, Cuthbert Collingwood, James Ogle, Henry Fenwick, Esqs., &c., being taken prisoners. This was equally displeasing to Queen Elizabeth and the Regent. He sent for the prisoners, and, using them with courtesy, despatched them instantly back, and obliged Carmichael to go to England, upon her Majesty's demand, whence, however, the business being impartially examined, he was dismissed with honour." I have left the quaint spelling intact.]

On July seventh, the suthe to say,
 At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And, as they promist, sae they met.
 Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget!
 Was sure sae feird, and then sae fain—
 They came thair justice for to get,
 Will never grein* to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
 He caused the country to conveene,
 And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
 Brocht in his sirname weil besene:†
 The Armstrangs, that aye hae been
 A hardy house, but not a hale,
 The Elliot's honours to maintain,
 Brocht down the laiv‡ o' Liddisdale.

* Long.

† Well appointed.

‡ Remainder.

Then Tivdale came to wi' speid;
 The sheriff brocht the Douglas down,
 Wi' Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at neid,
 Baith Rule Water, and Hawick toun.
 Beanjeddert bauldly maid him boun,
 Wi' a' the Trumbules, strang and stout;
 The Ruthirfuirds, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other clanns I cannocht tell,
 Because our warning was nocht wyde.—
 Be this our folk hae taen the fell,
 And plantit palliones their to byde.
 We lukit down the uther syde,
 And saw cum breisting ower the brae,
 And Sir John Forster was their gyde,
 With fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It grievit him sair, that day, I trow,
 Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse:
 Because we were not men enow,
 He counted us not worth a louse.
 Sir George was gentle, meik, and douse,
 But *he* was hail and het as fyre;
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,*
 He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
 For either must ye ficht or flee,
 Or else nae answer mak again,
 But play the beist, and let him be.
 It was nae wondir tho' he was hie,
 Had Tynedale, Reedsdaile, at his hand,
 Wi' Cuchsdaile, Gladsdaill on the lee,
 And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

Yet was our meiting meik eneugh,
 Begun with merriness and mows,
 And at the brae, abune the heugh,
 The clark sat down to call the rows.†
 And sum for kye, and sum for ewes,
 Callit in of Dandie, Hob, and Jock—
 I saw, cum merching ower the knows,
 Fyve hundrid Fennicks in a flock.

* Talking big.

† Rolls.

With jack and speir, and bowis all bent
And warlike weapons at their will,
Howbeit they were not weil content,
Yet be me troth, we feir'd nae ill.
Sum gaed to drink, and sum stude still,
And sum to cards and dyce them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugitive that fled.

Carmichael bad them speik out plainlie,
And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude;
The uther, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blude;
He raise, and raxed* him where he stude,
And bade him match him with his marrows,
Then Tynedale heard these reasuns rude,
And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was there nocht but bow and speir,
And ilka man pullit out a brand;
"A Schafton and a Fennick!" their:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the king's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boast;
What could we doe with sic a number?
Five thousand men into a host.
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischiefed him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another thro' the breiks him bair,
While flatlies to the ground he fell:
Then thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomach it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

* Stretched himself up.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
“*Fy! Tynedale to it!—Jedbruch’s here!*”

I trow he was not half sae stout,
But anse his stomach was asteir.
With gun and genzie,* bow and speir,
Men might see mony a cracked crown!
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

The swallow tairl frae tackles flew,
Five hundreth flair† into a flight,
But we had pistolets enew,
And shot amang them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Fra time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the knowe without goodnight,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tynedale men they turned again;
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies;
And so they fled, wi’ a’ their main,
Down ower the brae, like cloggit bees.

Sir Francis Russel ta’en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if ye would a souldier search,
Amang them a’ were ta’en that night,
Was nane sae worthie to put in verse,
As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi’ a bow:
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the laird of Mow.
The Laird’s Wat did weel, indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell:
With little Gladstane, gude in need,
For Graden kend na gude be ill.

* Engine of war.

† Arrows.

The Sheriff wanted not gude will,
 Howbeit he might not fight so fast,
 Beanjeddert, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
 These three, they laid weel on at last.
 Except the horsemen of the guard
 If I could put men to availe,
 None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But little harness had we there;
 But auld Badreule had on a jack,
 And did right weel, I you declare,
 With all his Trumbules at his back.
 Gude Edgerstane was not to lack,
 Nor Kirktown, Newton, noble men!
 Thirs* all the specials I of speake,
 By† others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
 We need not fear to find him soon;
 For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
 Made us this noisome afternoon.
 Not that I speak precislie out,
 That he supposed it would be perril;
 But pride, and breaking out of feud,
 Gar'd Tynedale lads begin the quarrel.

LORD LOVEL.

[The following is reprinted from Mr. Kinloch's collection, who tells us that it was taken down from the recitation of a lady in Roxburgshire. He conjectures that the hero must have been a member of the family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland. The name is given in ancient chronicles as De Lovel, and a Sir George Lovel is one of the heroes of Otterburn.

A popular but evidently more modern version was printed from an old broadside in 1846, and included in the volume of "Ancient Poems" published by the Percy Society in that year. This will be found printed next in order.]

LORD LOVEL stands at his stable-door,
 Mounted upon a grey steed;
 And bye came Lady Nanciebel,
 And wished Lord Lovel much speed.

* These are.

† Besides.

"O where are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me?"

"O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countries to see.

"But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nanciebel to see."

"O seven, seven, seven long years,
They are much too long for me."

When he was gone a year away,
A year but barely ane,
A strange fancy came into his head
That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rode, and better rode,
Until he came to the town;
And then he heard a dismal noise,
For the church-bells a' did sound.

He asked what the bells rang for,
They said, "Its for Nanciebel;
She died for a discourteous squire,
And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid of the coffin he opened up,
The linens he faulded down;
And aye he kissed her pale, pale lips,
And the tears came tumbling down.

"Weel may I kiss these pale, pale lips,
For they will never kiss me;
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's night,
Lord Lovel upon the next day:
Lady Nancie died from pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel for deep sorry.*

MODERN VERSION.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

* Sorrow.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she;
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she:
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancÿ-cÿ,
I'll return to my fair Nancÿ."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London-town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancÿ-cÿ,
And some call her Lady Nancÿ."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
 And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple, too,
 And then they could grow no higher;
 So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
 For all lovers true to admire-mire,
 For all lovers true to admire.

JOCK O' HAZELGREEN.

[The following is constructed from the versions of Mr. Kinloch and Mr. Buchan. I have availed myself of sundry emendations from Mr. Chambers's fine version, the printed copies having been collated by him along with a further version supplied by Mr. Kinloch, and another which he took down from recitation. It was a fragment of this ballad which suggested to Sir Walter Scott his fine ballad of "Jock o' Hazeldean."]

As I went forth to take the air
 Intill an evening clear,
 I heard a pretty damsel
 Making a heavy bier.*
 Making a heavy bier, I wot,
 But and a piteous mean;†
 And aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen."

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The stars were shining clear;
 When thro' the thickets o' the wood
 An auld knicht did appear.
 Says, "Wha has dune you wrang, fair maid,
 And left you here alane?
 Or who has kissed your lovely lips,
 That ye ca' Hazelgreen?"

"Haud your tongue, kind sir," she said,
 "And do not banter sae;
 O why will ye add affliction
 Unto a lover's wae?"

* Lamentation.

† Moan.

"For nae man has dune me wrang," she said,
"Nor left me here alane ;
And nane has kissed my lovely lips,
That I ca' Hazelgreen."

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
How blythe and happy micht he be,
Gets you to be his bride ?
Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
And him I'll no bemean ;
But when I tak' my words again,
Whom ca' ye Hazelgreen ?

"What like a man was Hazelgreen ?
Will ye shaw him to me ?"
"He is a comely proper youth,
I in my days did see.
His shoulders broad, his arms lang,
He's comely to be seen ;"
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"If ye'll forsake this Hazelgreen,
And go along wi' me,
I'll wed ye to my eldest son—
Make you a lady free."
"It's for to wed your eldest son,
I am a maid owre mean ;
I'd rather stay at hame," she says,
"And dee for Hazelgreen."

Then he's ta'en out a siller kaim—
Kaimed down her yellow hair ;
And lookit in a diamond bricht,
To see if she were fair.
"My girl, ye do all maids surpass,
That ever I hae seen ;
Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass—
Forget young Hazelgreen."

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And ever mair shall be ;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."

But aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And made a piteous mean;
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

But he has ta'en her up behind—
Set her upon his horse;
And they rode on to Embro'-town,
And lichted at the Cross.
And he has coft her silken claes—
She look'd like any queen;
"Ye surely now will sigh nae mair
For Jock o' Hazelgreen?"

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And ever mair shall be;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
And aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And made a piteous mean;
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then he has coft for that lady
A fine silk riding gown;
Likewise he coft for that lady
A steed, and set her on:
Wi' menji feathers in her hat—
Silk stockings and siller shoon;
And they hae ridden far athort,
Seeking young Hazelgreen.

And when they came to Hazelyetts,
They lichted down therein:
Monie were the braw ladyes there,
Monie ane to be seen.
When she lichted down amang them a',
She seemed to be their queen;
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then forth he came young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free;
"You're welcome here, my father dear,
An' a' your companie."

But when he looked owre his shoulder,
A licht laugh then gae he ;
Says, " If I getna this ladye,
It's for her I maun dee.

" I must confess this is the maid
I ance saw in a dream ;
A walking thro' a pleasant shade,
As she had been a queen.
And for her sake I vowed a vow,
I ne'er would wed but she ;
Should this fair ladye cruel prove,
I'll lay me down and dee."

" Now haud your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
Let a' your folly be :
If ye be sick for that ladye,
She's thrice as sick for thee.
She's thrice as sick for thee, my son,
As bitter doth complean ;
And a' she wants to heal her waes
Is Jock o' Hazelgreen."

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
Led her thro' bower and ha' ;
" Cheer up your heart, my dearest May
Ye're ladye owre them a' .
The morn shall be our bridal day,
The nicht's our bridal e'en ;
Ye'se ne'er mair hae cause to mean
For Jock o' Hazelgreen."

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

[Several versions of this ballad are extant under various names. Mr. Buchan's is called "The Courteous Knight." The version in the "Border Minstrelsy" bears the title we retain. Mr. Dixon's is called "The Bonny Hind Squire." The present copy is the result of a collation of the several versions.

I am unable to give any explanation of the mysterious allusion to "Pirie's Chair."]

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking ower the castle wa'.

She lookit east, and she lookit west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight cam' in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"God mak you safe and free, fair maid,
God mak you safe and free!"

"O sae fa' you, ye courteous knight,
What is your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you is nae sma', lady,
My will wi' you's nae sma';
And since there's nane your bower within,
Ye'se hae my secrets a'.

"It's I am come to this castle,
To seek the love o' thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
All for your sake I'll dee."

"If you should dee for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mean;*
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green."

"O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity a courteous knight,
Whose love is laid on thee?"

"Ye sae ye are a courteous knight,
But I think ye are nane,
I think ye're but a miller lad,
By the colour o' your claithing.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer me questions three;
And but ye read them richt," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and dee.

"Now, what is the flower, the ae first flower,
That grows on muir or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bird,
Sings next the nightingale,
And what is the finest thing," she says,
"That king or queen can wale?"†

* Moan or lament.

† Choose.

"The primrose is the ae first flower,
That springs on muir or dale;
The mavis is the sweetest bird
Next to the nightingale;
And yellow gowd's the finest thing,
That king or queen can wale."

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wad buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world a' round?"

"O hey, how mony sma' pennies
Mak thrice three thousand pound?
O hey, how mony sma' fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think ye are my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair;
Ye are the first ere got the grant
O' love frae my father's heir

"My father was lord o' nine castles,
My mither lady o' three;
My father was lord o' nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me,
Unless it be Willie, my ae brither,
But he's far ayont the sea."

"If your father's lord o' nine castles,
Your mither lady o' three;
It's I am Willie, your ae brither,
Was far ayont the sea."

"If ye be Willie, my ae brither,
As I doubt sair ye be,
This nicht I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae along wi' thee."

"Ye've owre ill-washen feet, Margaret,
And owre ill-washen hands,
And owre coarse robes on your body,
Along wi' me to gang.

"The worms they are my bedfellows,
And the cauld clay my sheet,
And the higher that the wind does blaw,
The sounder do I sleep.

"My body's buried in Dunfermline,
Sae far ayont the sea ;
But day nor night nae rest can I get,
A' for the pride of thee.

"Leave aff your pride, Margaret," he says,
"Use it not ony mair,
Or, when ye come where I hae been,
You will repent it sair.

"Cast off, cast off, sister," he says,
"The gowd band frae your croun ;
For if you gang where I hae been,
You'll wear it laigher doun.

"When ye're in the good kirk set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak mair delight in your feckless dress,
Than ye do in your morning prayer.

"And when ye walk in the kirkyard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face,
But wishes your grave were green.

"You're straight and tall, handsome withal,
But your pride owergangs your wit ;
If you do not your ways refrain,
In Pirie's chair you'll sit.

"In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,
The lowest seat o' hell ;
If you do not amend your ways,
It's there that ye must dwell !"

Wi' that he vanished frae her sight,
In the twinkling of an eye ;
And naething mair the lady saw,
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

YOUNG HUNTIN.

[Messrs. Kinloch, Motherwell, and Buchan have given versions of this ballad from recitation, called respectively, "Young Redin," "Earl Richard," and "Young Hunting." Scott gives a version in his "Minstrelsy" under the name of "Earl Richard," and another called "Lord William." Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun have compiled versions from various authorities, and I now venture upon another compilation.]

LADY MAISRY forth frae her bower cam,
And on her watch-tower stude,
She thocht she heard a bridle ring,
The sound did her heart gude.

She thocht it was her first true love,
That she had loved lang syne;
But it was her new love, Huntin,
Come frae hunting o' the hind.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
God mak ye safe and free;
I'm come to take my last fareweel,
And pay my last visit to thee."

"O stay, O stay then, young Huntin,
O stay with me this nicht;
Ye sall hae cheer, an' charcoal clear,
And candles burning bricht."

"I thank you for your licht, lady,
Sae do I for your coal,
But a fairer maid than ten o' thee
Waits me at Brannan's Well."*

"O gin your love be changed, my dear,
Since better canna be,
At least ye will, for auld lang syne,
Stay this ae night wi' me!"

When they were at the supper set,
And merrily drinking wine,
The ladie has ta'en a sair sickness,
And till her bed has gane.

* Brander's Well, in Kinloch's version. Brannan, which is substituted, was the name of a saint.

Young Huntin he has followed her,
And a dowie man was he,
He fand his true love in her bower,
And the tear was in her e'e.

When he was in her arms laid,
And gi'eing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's ta'en a little penknife,
And wounded him sae deep.

"O lang, lang is the winter nicht,
And slowly daws the day,
There is a slain knight in my bower,
And I wish he were away!"

And up then spak her bower-maiden,
An' she spak up wi' spite,
"An there be a slain knight in your bower,
It's yoursell that has the wyte!"

"O heal this deed on me, Catherine,
O heal this deed on me,
And the silks that were shapen for me, 'gain Pasche,
They sall be sewed for thee."

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he had been to ride;
A hunting horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

And they rade on, and further on,
A' the lang simmer's tide,
Until they cam to a wan water,
And a' men ca's it Clyde.

To the deepest part in Clyde water,
And there they flang him in,
And put a turf on his breast bane
To haud young Huntin doun.

Then up and spak the popinjay,
That sat aboon her heid,
"Ladye keep weel your green cleidin
Frae gude young Huntin's bleid."

"O I'll keep better my green cleidin
Frae ae drap o' his bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy chattering tongue,
That brattles in thy heid."

O it fell out upon a day,
The king was boun to ride;
And he has mist him, young Huntin,
Suld hae ridden by his side.
And he has sent to Maisry's bower,
To speir where he nicht bide.

And they hae called her Lady Maisry,
And she sware by the thorn,
That she saw not him, young Huntin,
Sin yesterday at morn.

The ladie turned her round about,
Wi' meikle mournfu' din,
"It fears me sair o' Clyde's water,
That he is drown'd therein."

"Gar douk,* gar douk," the king he cried,
"Gar douk for gowd and fee;
O wha will douk for Huntin's sake,
Or wha will douk for me?"

They[†] hae douked in at ae weil-head,[†]
And out aye at the ither;
"We can douk nae mair for young Huntin,
Although he were our brither."

It fell that in that ladie's castle
The king was boun to bed,
And out and spak the popinjay
That flew abune his heid.

"Leave off your douking on the day,
'And douk upon the nicht;
And where that saikless knight lies slain,
The candles they'll burn bricht.

"There are twa ladies in yon bower,
And even in yon ha',
And they hae killed him, young Huntin,
And casten him awa'.

* Dive.

† Eddy.

“They booted him, and spurred him,
As he'd been gaun to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

“In the deepest pot in Clyde's water,
It's there they flang him in,
Wi' a turf on his breist bane
To haud young Huntin down.”

They left their donking on the day,
And doukit on the nicht,
And where that saikless knicht lay slain,
The candles they burn'd bricht.

In the deepest pot o' Clyde water,
They found young Huntin in,
A green turf tied across his breist
To keep that gude lord down.

O white, white were his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout,
But when Lady Maisry she cam' near,
His wounds they gushed out.

“It's surely been my bower-woman,
O ill may her betide!
I ne'er wad slain him, young Huntin,
And thrown him in the Clyde.”

The king he called his hewers all,
To hew down wood and thorn;
For to put up a strong bale fire,
That fair May for to burn.

Then they hae made a big bane-fire,
The bower-woman to brin;*
It wadna light upon her cheek,
Nor would it on her chin,
But it took upon the cruel hands,
That put young Huntin in.

* Burn.

Then they've ta'en out the bower-woman,
 And put the ladie in,
 And first it lighted on her cheek,
 And syne upon her chin,
 And syne it took on the fause, fause arms,
 Young Huntin lay within.

FAIR ANNIE.

[Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Motherwell, and Mr. Jamieson give versions of this ballad. That in "The Minstrelsy" is called "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie;" Mr. Motherwell's is entitled "Fair Annie," a title which we retain; Mr. Jamieson recovered two versions from recitation, called respectively, "Lady Jane and Proud Helen," and from them he constructed his ballad. I agree with Professor Aytoun, in thinking that the ballad of "Lady Jane," as it stands, is the best version extant, and I have followed him in using it mainly in the compilation of the following. Mr. Jamieson tells us "that the tradition which commonly accompanies this tale, says that he was aware of his bride's being the sister of his mistress, and that he had courted her not with a view of retaining her as his wife, but of receiving from her father a portion for Lady Jane (Annie), whom he intended to marry." This is borne out by his behaviour as recorded in the version of "Lady Jane," recovered by Mr. Jamieson. He says:—

"Rise up, rise up, my bierly * bride,
 I think my bed's but cauld;
 I wadna hear my lady lament,
 For your tocher ten times tald.
 "O seven ships did bring you here,
 And ane sall tak ye hame;
 The lave I'll keep for your sister Janet,
 For tocher she gat nane."

Mr. Jamieson translates a ballad from the Spanish under the same title, the incidents being almost identical.]

"LEARN to mak' your bed, Annie,
 And learn to lie your lane;
 For I maun owre the saut seas gang,
 A braw bride to bring hame.
 "Wi' her I'll get baith gowd and gear,
 Wi' thee I ne'er gat nane;
 I got thee as a waif woman,
 I'll leave thee as the same.
 "But wha will bake my bridal bread,
 And brew my bridal ale?
 And wha will welcome my bricht bride,
 That I bring owre the dale?"

* Stately.

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bricht bride,
That ye bring owre the dale."

"But she that welcomes my bricht bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace her in her green cleiding,
And braid her yellow hair."

"O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane;
When I hae born ye seven sons,
And am wi' bairn again?"

He set his feet into his ship,
His cock-boat on the main;
He swore it would be a year and a day
Ere he returned again.

Fair Annie stood in her bower door,
And lookit owre the land;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Leading his bride by the hand.

She's drest her sons i' the scarlet red,
Herself i' the dainty green;
And tho' her cheek look'd pale and wan,
She weel might been a queen.

She called upon her eldest son:
"Look yonder what you see;
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your stepmother him wi'.

"You're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your halls but and your bowers;
You're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Sae is your bricht bride you beside,
She's fairer than the flowers!"

"O what'n a lady's that," she says,
"That welcomes you and me?
If I'm lang lady about this place,
Some good I will her dee.
She is sae like my sister Annie,
Was stown i' the bower frae me."

O she has served the lang tables,
Wi' the white bread and the wine ;
But ay she drank the wan water,
To keep her colour fine.

And as she gaed by the first table,
She leugh amang them a' ;
But ere she reach'd the second table,
She loot the tears down fa'.

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin ;
It was to dry her watery eyes,
As she ga'ed out and in.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun to bed ;
The bride but and the bonny bridegroom,
In ae chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,
To harp this twa asleep ;
And ay as she harpit and she sang,
Full sorely did she weep.

"O seven full fair sons hae I born
To the gude lord o' this place ;
And I wish that they were seven hares,
And them to rin a race,
And I mysel a gude greyhound,
And I wad gie them chase !

"O seven full fair sons hae I born
To the gude lord o' this ha' ;
And I wish that they were seven rattons
To rin frae wa' to wa',
And I mysel a gude grey cat,
And I would worry them a' !"

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
"My shoon are on my feet ;
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

"O wha was your father, Annie ?" she says,
"And wha was your mother ?
And had ye e'er a sister dear,
Or had ye e'er a brother ?"

"The Earl o' Richmond was my father,
His lady was my mother;
And a' the bairns beside mysel
Was a sister and a brother."

"O weel befa' your sang, Annie,
I wat ye hae sung in time:
Gin the Earl o' Richmond was your father,
I wat sae was he mine.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It ne'er was wrang'd for me;
I had but ae kiss o' his merry mouth,
As we cam' owre the sea.

"There were five ships o' gude red gowd
Cam' owre the seas wi' me;
It's twa o' them will take me hame,
And three I'll leave wi' thee.

"Three o' them I'll leave wi' thee,
For tocher gat ye nane;
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame!"

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

[In the English version of this ballad, the victory at Otterburn is all but claimed for Lord Percy, the redoubted Hotspur; and Sir Hugh Montgomery is claimed as a captive of the Percy, the fact being that it was the Percy who was taken prisoner and carried into Scotland, Montgomery making him pay for the building of Penoon Castle, in Ayrshire, as his ransom. The English version is a fine ballad, although I may not be called upon to agree with several English editors in accounting it superior to the Scottish ballad. As both versions are printed here, readers have the opportunity of judging for themselves.

The invasion of Northumberland by the Earl of Douglas took place in 1388, and a graphic account of it will be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." Douglas, accompanied by five thousand followers, had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, where he was met by the English under Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, sons of the Earl of Northumberland. In the fight which ensued, Douglas and Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) encountered personally, and in the struggle Douglas secured the spear of the Percy, to the end of which was attached a small pennon, ornamented with pearls and the lion of the Percies. Douglas shook the trophy aloft, and declared he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on the walls of his castle at Dalkeith. "That,"

said Percy, "thou shalt never do; I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back to Scotland." "Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent." During the retreat, the Scots army encamped at Otterburn, where they were attacked by the English under the command of Hotspur. Douglas was slain early in the fight, with his dying breath desiring that his fall should be hidden from his men, and declaring that an old prophecy regarding his family should be fulfilled—that a dead Douglas should win a field.]

It fell about the Lammastide,
When muirmen win their hay,
That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade
Into England to drive a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays licht,
With them the Gordons gay;
But the Jardines would not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has harried the dales o' Tyne,
And half o' Bambroughshire;
And the Otter-dale he burnt it haill,
And set it a' on fire.

And he march'd up to New Castel,
And rade it round about:
"O wha is the lord o' this castel,
Or wha is the ladie o't?"

But up spak proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spak hie:
"It's I am the lord o' this castel,
My wife is the ladie gay."

"If thou art the lord o' this castel,
Sae weel it pleases me;
For ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane* of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free;
And forth to meet the Douglas there,
He rade richt furiously.

But O how pale his ladie look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish speir
She saw proud Percy fa'!

* One.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,*
But your sword shall gae wi' me."

"But gae up to the Otterburn,
And bide there dayis three;
And gin I come not ere they end,
A fause knight ca' ye me!"

"The Otterburn is a bonnie burn,
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kail†
To feed my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at the Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee!"

They lichted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae broun;
They lichted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

Then up and spake a little boy
Was near of Douglas' kin:
"Methinks I see the English host
Come branking‡ us upon!"

* Skin.

† Scotch broth.

‡ Riding gallantly.

"Nine wargangs beiring braid and wide,
Seven banners beiring hie;
It wad do any living gude,
To see their colours flee!"

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leear loud,
Sae loud I bear ye lee;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight* my men and me.

"But if this be true, my little boy,
That thou tells unto me,
The brawest bour in Otterburn
Shall be thy morning fee.

"But if it be false, my little boy,
And a lee thou tells to me,
On the highest tree in Otterburn
Sune hangit shalt thou be.

"But I hae dream'd a drearie dream,
Ayont the Isle o' Skye;
I saw a deid man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braidsword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet strong,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain;
They swakkitt† swords till sair they swat,
Till the bluid ran down like rain.

But Percy wi' his gude braidsword,
That could sae sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
That he fell to the ground.

And then he call'd his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomerie.

* Fight, or beat.

† Crossed.

"My nephew gude!" the Douglas said,
"What recks the death o' ane?
Last night I dream'd a drearie dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain!"

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep!
Take thou the vanguard of the three;
And hide me in the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.

"O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blumin' brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies there!"

He lifted up that noble lord,
With the saut tear in his ee;
And he hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew;
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English bluid,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other was fain;
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
And the bluid ran doun like rain.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I will lay thee low!"
"To whom shall I yield," Earl Percy said,
"Sin' I see that it maun be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows upon yon lily lea!"

"I will not yield to a bracken bu.h,
 Nor yet will I to a brier;
 But I would yield to Lord Douglas,
 Or Hugh Montgomery if he were here."

As sune as be knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his sword-point in the grund:
 Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was dune at the Otterburn,
 About the breaking o' the day;
 Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
 And Percy led captive away.



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

ENGLISH VERSION.

THE FIRST FYTTE.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
 When husbands win their hay,*
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
 Into England to take a prey.

The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
 He bound him over Solway;
 The great would ever together ride,
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hill they cam in,
 And so down by Rotheley crag,
 Upon Green Leighton they lighted down,
 Styrande† many a stag;

And boldly brente‡ Northumberland,
 And harried many a town;
 They did our Englishmen great wrong
 To battle that were not boun.

* When husbandmen gather the hay harvest.

† Stirring.

‡ Burnt.

Then spake a berne* upon the bent,
Of comfort that was not cold,
And said, "We have brente Northumberland,
We have all wealth in hold.

"Now we have harried all Bamboroughshire,
All the wealth in the world have we;
I rede† we ride to Newcastle.
So still and stalworthlie."

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The standards shone full bright;
To the Newcastle they took the way,
And thither they came full right.

Sir Henry Percy lay at the Newcastle,
I tell you, withouten dread;
He has been a March-man all his days,
And kept Berwick-upon-Tweed.

To the Newcastle when they came,
The Scots they cried on hight:
"Sir Harry Percy, an thou bist within,
Come to the field and fight:

"For we have brente Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And syne my lodging I have take,
With my brand dubbed many a knight."

Sir Harry Percy came to the walls,
The Scottish host for to see:
"And thou hast brente Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me.

"If thou hast harried all Bamboroughshire
Thou hast done me great envy;
For the trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

"Where shall I bide thee?" said the Douglas;
"Or where wilt thou come to me?"
"At Otterburn, in the high way,
There mayst thou well lodged be.‡

* A child; a youthful warrior.

† Counsel

‡ Otterburn is about thirty miles from Newcastle.

"The roe full reckless there she rins,
To make thee game and glee;
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holtes* on hie.

"There mayst thou have thy wealth at will,
Well lodged there mayst thou be;
It shall not be long ere I come thee till,"
Said Sir Harry Percy.

"There shall I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"By the faith of my body."
"Thither shall I come," said Sir Harry Percy,
"My troth I plight to thee."

A pipe of wine he gave them over the walls;
For sooth as I you say,
There he made the Douglas drink,
And all his host that day.

The Douglas turn'd him homeward again,
Forsooth withouten nay;
He took his lodging at Otterburn
Upon a Wednesday;

And there he pyght† his standard down,
His getting‡ more and less;
And syne he warn'd his men to go
And get their geldings gress.

A Scottish knight hoved upon the bent,
A watch I dare well say;
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawning of the day.

He prick'd to his pavilion door,
As fast as he might ronne;
"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For His love that sits in throne.

"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For thou mayst waken with wyne;§
Yonder have I spied the proud Percy.
And seven standards with him."

* Woods.

† Pitched.

‡ Plunder.

§ Joy.

"Nay, by my troth," the Douglas said,
"It is but a feigned tale;
He durst not look on my broad banner,
For all England so hale.*

"Was I not yesterday at the Newcastle,
That stands so fair on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy had,
He could not garre me once to dyne."†

He stepp'd out at his pavilion door,
To look an it were less:
"Array you, lordyngs, one and all,
For here begins no peace.

"The Earl of Menteith, thou art my eme,‡
The forward I give to thee;
The Earl of Huntley cawte§ and keen,
He shall with thee be.

"The Lord of Buchan, in armour bright,
On the other hand he shall be;
Lord Johnstone, and Lord Maxwell,
They two shall be with me.

"Swynton fair field upon your pride
To battle make you bown;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone."

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Percy came before his host,
Which ever was a gentle knight,
Upon the Douglas loud did he cry,
"I will hold that I have hight;||

"For thou hast brente Northumberland,
And done me great envy;
For this trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

* So stout.

† The meaning here is obscure; we may presume it implies that the Percy could not stop him.

‡ Uncle.

§ Cautious.

|| Pledged.

The Douglas answer'd him again,
With great words up on hie,*
And said, "I have twenty against thy one,
Behold, and thou mayst see."

With that the Percy was grieved sore,
For sooth as I you say;
He lighted down upon his foot,
And shot his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That ryall was ever in rout;
Every man shot his horse him fro,
And light him round about.

Thus Sir Harry Percy took the field,
For sooth as I you say;
Jesu Christ in heaven on high,
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand, there was no more,
If chronicle will not layne;†
Forty thousand Scots and four
That day fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a knight,
Then letters fair forth hath he ta'en,
And thus he said full right:

"My lord, your father he greets you well,
With many a noble knight;
He desires you to bide,
That he may see this fight.

"The baron of Grastock is come out of the west,
With him a noble companie;
All they lodge at your father's this night,
And the battle fain would they see."

"For Jesu's love," said Sir Harry Percy,
"That died for you and me,
Wend to my lord, my father, again,
And say thou saw me not with ee;

* In a lofty tone.

† Tell an untruth.

"My troth is plight to yon Scottish knight,
It needs me not to layne,
That I should bide him upon this bent,
And I have his troth again ;

"And if that I wend off this ground,
For sooth unfoughten away,
He would me call but a coward knight,
In his land another day.

"Yet had I lever to be rynde* and rent,
By Mary that mykel may,†
Than ever my manhood should be reproved
With a Scot another day.

"Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake,
And let sharp arrows flee ;
Minstrels, play up for your warison,‡
And well quit it shall be.

"Every man think on his true love,
And mark him to the Trinitie ;
For to God I make mine a-vow
This day will I not flee."

The bloody heart in the Douglas arms,
His standard stood on hie,
That every man might full well know ;
Beside stood starres three.§

The white lion on the English part,
For sooth, as I you sayne,
The lúces and the crescents both ;
The Scots fought them again.

Upon Saint Andrew loud gan they cry,
And thrice they shout on hight,
And syne mark'd them on our Englishmen,
As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our Lady's knight,
To name they were full fain,
Our Englishmen they cried on hight,
And thrice they shout again.

* Torn.

† Great maid.

‡ Reward.

§ In the Douglas arms the heart is crowned by three stars.

With that sharp arrows began to flee,
I tell you in certàin;
Men of arms began to join;
Many a doughty man was there slain.

The Percy and the Douglas met,
That either of them was fain;
They schapp'd* together, while that they sweat,
With swords of fine Collayne;†

Till the blood from their basenets ran
As the roke‡ doth in the rain.
"Yield thee to me," said the Douglas,
"Or else thou shalt be slain;

"For I see by thy bright basenet,
Thou art some man of might;
And so I do by thy burnish'd brand,
Thou art an earl or else a knight."

"By my good faith," said the noble Percy,
"Now hast thou rede full right;
Yet will I never yield me to thee,
While I may stand and fight."

They swapped§ together, while that they sweat,
With swordes sharp and long;
Each on other so fast they beat,
Till their helms came in pieces down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
I tell you in this stound;
He smote the Douglas at the sword's length,
That he fell'd him to the ground.

The sword was sharp, and sore did bite,
I tell you in certàin;
To the heart he did him smite,
Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standards stood still on each side;
With many a grievous graen,
There they fought the day, and all the night,
And many a doughty man was slain.

* Crossed swords.

† Cologne.

‡ Literally, as the water runs down the face of a rock during rain.

§ Fought.

There was no freke* that there would flee,
But stiffly in stour did stand,
Each one hewing on other while they might drie,†
With many a baleful brand.

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth and certainlie,
Sir James of Douglas there was slain,
That day that he did dee.

The Earl of Menteith he was slain
Grysely groan'd upon the ground ;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fly ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With Douglas did he die.

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots,
Went but eighteen away.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth and certainlie,
A gentle knight, Sir John Fitzhugh,
It was the more pitie.

Sir James Harebotell there was slain,
For him their hearts were sore ;
The gentle Lovel there was slain,
That the Percy's standard bore.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of nine thousand Englishmen,
Five hundred came away ;

The others were slain in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe,
Seeing there were so few friends
Against so many a foe !

* Man.

† As long as they were able.

Then on the morn they made them biers
 Of birch and hazel gray;
 Many a widow with weeping tears
 Their maiks* they fetch away.

This fray began at Otterburn,
 Between the night and the day;
 There the Douglas lost his life,
 And the Percy was led away.

Then was there a Scottish prisoner ta'en,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was his name,
 For sooth as I you say,
 He borrow'd the Percy home again.†

Now let us all for the Percy pray,
 To Jesu most of might,
 To bring his soul to the bliss of heaven,
 For he was a gentle knight.

CHEVY CHASE; OR, THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

[There are two versions of this ballad. The first is the ancient ballad, originally published by Hearne, who reprinted it from the copy in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, which was written by Sheale of Tamworth, a reciter of ballads and stories. The second is a modernized version, supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth. The latter, although much inferior to the original, is a fine ballad, and is memorable from Addison's allusion to it in Nos. 70 and 74 of the *Spectator*. He was evidently ignorant of the original. Sir Philip Sidney says, in his "Defence of Poesy," "Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder,‡ with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dirt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it be trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

Addison's criticism is genial and hearty; in his first paper, in speaking of Percy's behaviour when the Douglas fell, he cautions his reader "not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought." He warms up in his second paper, feeling that this simplicity is the highest characteristic of the ballad, and speaks of its being "full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets," certainly a more enduring quality than "the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar."

In the ballad of the "Battle of Otterburn," the minstrel adheres to actual history as nearly as partisanship will admit, but this cannot be said of the incidents recounted in "Chevy Chase." It is undoubtedly of later date than the "Battle of Otterburn," from

* Husbands.

† Was exchanged for him.

‡ Singer, or fiddler.

the fact that actual incidents are introduced into it in almost the same words as occur in the ballad of that name. I am inclined to believe that it is an English version of the "Battle of Otterburn," with the position of parties reversed, a piece of partisanship as likely as it is pardonable. That the original version has more of the antique flavour about it than the ballad of the "Battle of Otterburn," is owing to its preservation through Sheale's copy.]

THE FIRST FYTTE.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let* that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty meany;†
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie:
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

The drivers through the woods went
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickert upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild‡ through the woods went
On every side shear;§
Greyhounds through the groves glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

* Hinder.

† Crew, company.

‡ Wild deer.

§ Entirely.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides shear;*
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail verament;''†
A great oath the Percy swear.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Look'd at his hand full nigh;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, bill, and brand.
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows look ye tak good heed;
For sith ye were o' your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne;
His armour glitter'd as did a glede;‡
A bolder baron was never born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

* On all sides.

† Truly, really.

‡ A burning coal.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall dee this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas! it were great pitie.

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl call'd within my country;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day;

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him on man for on."*

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wat ye be great lords twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on:
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day:
The first fytte here I find,
An you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

* On, one—man to man.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bows bent,
Their hearts were good enow ;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough ;
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought them both woe and wouhe.*

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a cheffe chieftain of pride ;
With sure spears of mighty tree
They come in on every side.

Thorough our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide ;
Many a doughty† they garred‡ to die,
Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,
And pull'd out brands that were bright ;
It was a heavy sight to see,
Bright swords on basenets light.

Thorough rich mail, and myne-ye-ple,§
Many sterne they stroke down straight ;
Many a freke, that was full free,
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and main ;
They swapt|| together till they both swat,
With swords that were of fine Milaine,

These worthy frekes for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basenets sprent,
As ever did hail or rain.

* Mischief.

† A brave man.

‡ Caused.

§ Cloth of many folds worn under the armour.

|| Exchanged blows.

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
"And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquer'd in field fighting."

"Nay, then," said the Lord Percy,
I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastilie
Forth of a mighty wane,*
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life days
He spake mo words but ane,
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life days ben gane."

The Percy leanèd on his hand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie."

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
Was call'd Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spende† a spear of trustie tree.

* A mighty man.

† Grasped.

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blane,*
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he the Percy bore,

At the tother side, that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair ;
Two better captains were not in Christiantie,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland,
Saw slain was the Lord Percy,
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree ;

An arrow, that a cloth-yard was lang,
To the hard steel halyde he ;
A dint that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sair
That he of Montgomerie set ;
The swan-feathers that his arrows bair,
With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might drie,†
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took on, on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

* Never slackened his pace.

† Were able.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie :

But all were slain Cheviot within ;
They had no strength to stand on hie ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir William the bold Heron.

Sir George the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wae,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
Sir Davy Liddle, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he ;

Sir Charles a Murray, in that place,
That never a foot would flee ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their maiks away.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March parts shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamie, the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he wail and wring,
He said, "Alas! and woe is me!
Such another captain Scotland within,"
He said, "i' faith shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
Till to the Fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, Lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul!" said King Harry,
"Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he;
But Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit* shall be."

As our noble king made his a-vow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Humbledon;†

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down:
Glendale‡ glitter'd in their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
That tear began this spurn;§
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

* Avenged.

† Fought Sept. 14th, 1402, in a field below the village of that name near Wooler, in Northumberland.

‡ Glendale Ward is situated in Humbledon.

§ This seems to be, according to Mr. Robert Bell, a proverb: "That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick."

There was never a time on the March parts
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood ran not,
As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our bayes bete,*
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot;
God send us all good ending.

CHEVY CHASE.

(MODERN VERSION.)

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

* Our ills abate.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"
"Then cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside:"
"Accursed be he," Lord Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
(Witherington was his name)
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stont earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions moved they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee ;
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart—
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these—
"Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land !

"O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all
Without all dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore ;
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

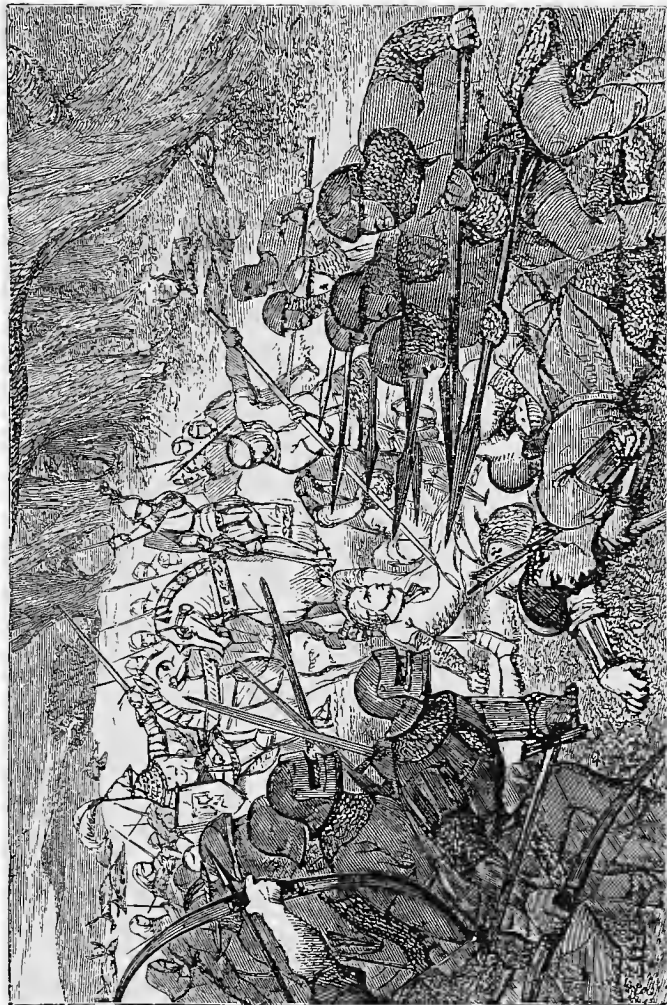
This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.



CHIEVY CHASE.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas die ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, batbed in purple blood,
They bore with them away :
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

" O heavy news !" King James did say ;
" Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

" Now God be with him," said our king,
" Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE; OR, THE DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

[Mr. Motherwell gives a version under the title of "Babylon; or, the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie;" and Mr. Kinloch gives another under the title of "The Duke of Perth's Three Daughters." Previous editors have endeavoured to find a local habitation for this tradition, and have associated it with the family of Drummond, of Perth. As a legend exactly similar is current in Denmark, this appears a bootless quest.]

THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And they went out to pu' a flower,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

They hadna pu'ed a rose but ane,
(Hey how bonnie!)
When up started to them a banisht man,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
He's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"Before I'll be called a rank robber's wife,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"I'll rather dee by your wee penknife,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

Then out he's ta'en his wee penknife,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the second ane by the hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
He's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"Before I'll be called a rank robber's wife,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"I'll rather dee by your wee penknife,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

Then out he's ta'en his wee penknife,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the youngest ane by the hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

- "It's I'll not be called a rank robber's wife,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
- "Nor will I dee by your wee penknife,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)
- "For I hae a brother in green wood tree,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
- "An' gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)
- "Come tell to me what's thy brother's name?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
- "My brother's name it is Burd alane!"*
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)
- "O sisters, sisters, what hae I done?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
- "O hae I done this ill to thee?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)
- "O since I've done this evil deed,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
- "Good sall never be seen o' me,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)
- And he's ta'en out his wee penknife,
(Hey how bonnie!)
- And twined himsel o' his ain sweet life,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWES.

[The following is the version of this ballad which appears in "The Border Minstrelsy." I have introduced several lines and phrases from those given by Mr. Buchan and Mr. Kinloch. The latter gives two versions under the titles of the "Laird of Ochiltree," and the "Laird of Lochnie."]

O THE broom, and the bonny broom,
And the broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
I' the bucht, milking the ewes.

* Burd alane—a solitary person. This is introduced instead of Babylon (perhaps Baby-lone) in Mr. Motherwell's version, which I follow pretty closely.

The hills were high on ilka side,
And the bucht i' the lisk * o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out ower the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Cam riding merrilie by,
And one o' them has rade out o' the way,
To the bucht to the bonny May.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knicht,
An' what's your will wi' me?"

"The nicht is misty and mirk, fair May,
And I hae ridden astray,
And will ye be sae kind, fair May,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride on, ride on, ye ramp rider,
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out o' the bucht I daurna come,
For fear that ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me, bonnie lass?
O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity my poor steed
Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Tho' it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the nicht,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken ye by your weel-buskit hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

"O I'm not the laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' richt aft in his companie."

* Hollow. In the vernacular this means literally the thigh.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
An' by the grass-green sleeve;
He's laid her down by the ewe-bucht wa',
An' speired at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
An' streeked her yellow hair;
"Now, tak ye that, my bonnie May,
O' me till ye hear mair."

Then he lap on his berry brown steed,
An' he rade after his men,
An' ane an' a' cried out to him,
"O, master, ye're tarried lang!"

"O I hae been east, an' I hae been west,
And I hae been far ower the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw,
Is i' the bucht milking the ewes."

She's ta'en her milk-pail on her head,
An' she's gane singing hame:
"O whaur hae ye been, my ae dochter?
Ye hae nae been your lane."

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The nicht is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door an' see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may be dee;
He loves the bucht at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frichted me.

"There cam a tod to the bucht door,
The like I never saw,
And ere he had taken the lamb he did,
I had loured * he had ta'en them a'."

When twenty weeks were come an' gane,
Twenty weeks an' three,
The lassie begoud to look thin an' pale,
And thocht lang for his twinkling e'e.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her kye,
She spied the same troop o' gentlemen,
As they were passing by.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie May,
Weel may ye save an' see,
Weel I wat ye be a very bonnie May,
But wha's aught that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
And never a word could the lassie say,
But, "I hae a gudeman at hame."

"Ye lee, ye lee, my weel-faured May,
Sae lond as I hear ye lee;
For dinna ye mind yon misty nicht
I was in the bucht wi' thee?"

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonnie lass o' the Cowdenknowes,
An' ye may weel seem to be."

He lichted aff his berry brown steed,
An' he's set that fair May on:
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursel,
I'll ne'er ca' them out again."

"I am the laird o' the Oakland hills,
I hae thirty plows an' three,
An' I hae gotten the bonniest May
That's in a' the south countrie."

SIR ALDINGAR.

[The subject of the two following ballads is the same; they are reprinted here from the "Reliques" and the "Minstrelsy." Similar legends are common to Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. In the English story the actors are King Henry, Queen Eleanor, and Sir Aldingar. Queen Eleanor is a name freely used in ballads, and it is possible the consort of Henry II. is the heroine. In introducing the ballad Percy says:—"This old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS., with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply

and complete the story. It has been suggested to the editor that the author of the poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor (?), and was married to the emperor (here called king) Henry."

The reader is referred, for a graphic sketch of the various legends, to an admirable introductory note appended to the ballad in Mr. Child's collection, vol. iii. p. 234.]

Our king he kept a false steward,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Served not in bower nor hall.

He would have lain by our comely queen,
Her dear worship to betray;
Our queen she was a good woman,
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,
With her he was never content,
Till traitorous means he could devise,
In a fire to have her brent.*

There came a lazar to the king's gate,
A lazar both blind and lame;
He took the lazar upon his back,
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

"Lie still, lazar, wheras thou liest,
Look thou go not hence away;
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound
In two hours of the day."

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hied him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tidings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the sooth to me."
"Our queen hath chosen a new, new love,
And she will have none of thee.

"If she had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blind and lame."

* Burnt.

'If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tidings thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich, rich knight,
Rich both of gold and fee.

"But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God now grant it be!
Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree."

He brought our king to the queen's chamber,
And opened to him the door:
"A lodlye* love," King Harry says,
"For our queen, dame Elinore!

"If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust die;
But a pair of new gallows shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on high."

Forth then hied our king, iwysse,†
And an angry man was he,
And soon he found queen Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.‡

"Now God you save, our queen, madame,
And Christ you save and see!
Here you have chosen a new, new love,
And you will have none of me.

"If you had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been your shame;
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blind and lame.

"Therefore a fire there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou be."—

"Now out, alack!" said our comely queen,
"Sir Aldingar's false to me.

"Now out, alack!" said our comely queen,
"My heart with grief will brast :§
I had thought swevens|| had never been true,
I have proved them true at last.

* Loathly. † I wis—certainly. ‡ Complexion. § Burst. || Dreams.

" I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve
In my bed wheras I lay
I dreamt a grype* and a grimly beast
Had carried my crown away ;

" My gorget and my kirtle of gold,
And all my fair head-gear ;
And he would worry me with his tush,†
And to his nest y-bear :

" Saving there came a little gray hawk,
A merlin him they call,
Which until the ground did strike the grype,
That dead he down did fall.

" Gif I were a man, as now I am none,
A battle would I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar :
At him I cast my glove.

" But seeing I'm able no battle to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
To maintain me in my right."

" Now forty days I will give thee
To seek thee a knight therin :
If thou find not a knight in forty days,
Thy body it must brenn."‡

Then she sent east, and she sent west,
By north and south bedeene ;§
But never a champion could she find,
Would fight with that knight so keen.

Now twenty days were spent and gone,
No help there might be had ;
Many a tear shed our comely queen,
And aye her heart was sad.

Then came one of the queen's damselles,
And knelt upon her knee :
" Cheer up, cheer up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet help may be.

* Griffin.

† Tusks.

‡ Burn.

§ Without stay ; constantly.

"And here I will make mine avow,
And with the same me bind,
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some help may find."

Then forth she rode on a fair palfrey,
O'er hill and dale about;
But never a champion could she find,
Would fight with that knight so stout.

And now the day drew on apace,
When our good queen must die;
All woe-begone was that fair damselle,
When she found no help was nigh.

All woe-begone was that fair damselle,
And the salt tears fell from her eye;
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tiny boy.

A tiny boy she met, God wot,
All clad in mantle of gold;
He seemed no more in mans likeness,
Than a child of four year old.

"Why grieve you, damselle fair?" he said,
"And what doth cause you moan?"
The damselle scant would deign a look,
But fast she prickèd on.

"Yet turn again, thou fair damselle,
And greet thy queen from me;
When bale is at highest, boot is nighest;
Now help enough may be.

"Bid her remember what she dreamt,
In her bed wheras she lay;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Would have carried her crown away,

"Even then there came the little gray hawk,
And saved her from his claws:
Then bid the queen be merry at heart,
For heaven will fend her cause."

Back then rode that fair damselle,
And her heart it leapt for glee :
And when she told her gracious dame,
A glad woman then was she.

But when the appointed day was come,
No help appeared nigh ;
Then woeful, woeful was her heart,
And the tears stood in her eye.

And now a fire was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree ;
And now queen Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herald he waved his hand,
And three times spake on high ;
“ Gif any good knight will fend this dame,
Come forth, or she must die.”

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No help appeared nigh ;
And now the fire was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must die.

And now the fire was lighted up,
As hot as hot might be ;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tiny boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comely queen :
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keen.”

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar ;
But when he saw the child,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his back,
And weened he had been beguiled.

“ Now turn, now turn thee, Aldingar,
And either fight or flee ;
I trust that I shall avenge the wrong,
Though I am so small to see.”

The boy pulled forth a well good sword,
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off' his legs by the knee.

"Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fight upon thy feet,
For, and thou thrive as thou beginn'st,
Of height we shall be meet."

"A priest, a priest," says Aldingar,
"While I am a man alive;
"A priest, a priest," says Aldingar,
"Me for to houze* and shrive.

"I would have lain by our comely queen,
But she would never consent;
Then I thought to betray her unto our king,
In a fire to have her brent.

"There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame;
I took the lazar upon my back,
And on her bed had him layn.

"Then ran I to our comely king,
These tidings sore to tell:
But ever alack!" says Aldingar,
"Falsing† never doth well.

"Forgive, forgive me, queen, madame,
The short time I must live:"
"Now Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive."

"Here take thy queen, our King Harry,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentie
A truer and fairer wife."

King Harry ran to clasp his queen,
And loosed her full soon;
Then turned to look for the tiny boy:—
The boy was vanished and gone.

* Give the sacrament.

† Lying.

But first he had touched the lazar man,
 And stroked him with his hand;
 The lazar under the gallows tree
 All whole and sound did stand.

The lazar under the gallows tree
 Was comely, straight, and tall;
 King Henry made him his head steward,
 To wait within his hall.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

[“The tradition upon which the ballad is founded is universally current in the Mearns; and the editor is informed that, till very lately, the sword with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the Queen was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century is proved by his having (1282) bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.”—*Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage.*]

“I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh le Blond* by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq., of Monboddie, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course, the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses.”—SCOTT.]

The birds sang sweet as ony bell,
 The world had not their make;
 The Queen she's gone to her chamber,
 With Rodingham to talk.

“I love you well, my Queen, my dame,
 'Bove land and rents so clear;
 And for the love of you, my Queen,
 Would thole* pain most severe.”

“If well you love me, Rodingham,
 I'm sure so do I thee;
 I love you well as any man
 Save the King's fair body.”

“I love you well, my Queen, my dame;
 'Tis truth that I do tell:
 And for to lie a night with you,
 The salt seas I would sail.”

“ Away, away, O Rodingham !
You are both stark and stour ;
Would you defile the King's own bed,
And make his Queen a whore ?

“ To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain ;
And I'd be burnèd at a stake,
Although I be the Queen.”

He then stepp'd out at her room door,
All in an angry mood ;
Until he met a leper-man
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet ;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his arms twa,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the Queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the Queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
Till he came to the very place
Where the King himself did go.

The King said unto Rodingham—
“ What news have you to me ?”
He said, “ Your Queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see.”

He hastened to the Queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the Queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He lookèd on the leper-man,
Who lay on his Queen's bed ;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said :

"Plooky,* plooky are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin;
And plooky are your arms twa,
My bonny Queen's lain in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lie in mine;
Since she has kissed your ugsome† mouth,
She never shall kiss mine.

In anger he went to the Queen,
Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me?"

The Queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her ee—
"There's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me."

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
For I a proof did make:
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burnèd at a stake.

"Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."

"Alas! alas!" then cried our Queen,
"Alas! and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me."

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathèd on her messengers,
Sent them to the north;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

* Pimpily.

† Loathsome.

When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the Queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
To fight for our lady.

"Put on the fire," the monster said:
"It is twelve on the bell."
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King';
"I heard the clock mysell."

Before the hour the Queen is brought,
The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her ee?
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me?"

Then up and spak the King himsell,
"My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsell,
As bold as e'er set out."

They then advanced to fight the duel
With swords of tempered steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear,
And he has pierced Rodingham
Till's heart-blood did appear.

"Confess your treachery now," he said,
"This day before you die?"
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lie:

" I like to wicked Haman am,
 This day I shall be slain."
 The Queen was brought to her chamber,
 A good woman again.

The Queen then said unto the King,
 " Arbattle's near the sea ;
 Give it unto the northern knight,
 That this day fought for me."

Then said the King, " Come here, Sir Knight,
 And drink a glass of wine ;
 And, if Arbattle's* not enough,
 To it we'll Fordoun join."

ROOKHOPE RYDE.

[Versions of this ballad, differing but slightly, appear in "The Minstrelsy," and in "The Bishopric Garland." The editor, Mr. Ritson, gives the following note:—

"A bishopric Border song, composed in 1569, taken down from the chanting of George Collingwood, the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighbourhood of Ryhope, who was interred at Stanhope, the 16th December, 1785.

"Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length; at the termination of which Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear, and is in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale."—RITSON.

The date was not 1569, as stated by Mr. Ritson, but 1572.]

ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,
 If the false thieves wad let it be;
 But away they steal our goods apace,
 And ever an ill death may they dee !

And so is the men of Thirlwall and Williehaver,†
 And all their companies thereabout,
 That is minded to do mischief,
 And at their stealing stands not out.

* Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot. Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.—S.

† Thirlwall, or Thirlitwall, is said by Fordun, the Scottish historian, to be a name given to the Picts' or Roman wall, from its having been thirled, or perforated, in ancient times, by the Scots and Picts.

Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Bewcastledale, in Cumberland, mentioned in the ballad of *Holie Noble*.—RITSON.

But yet we will not slander them all,
For there is of them good enow ;
It is a sore consumed tree
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God ! is not this a pitiful case,
That men dare not drive their goods to the fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
That fears neither heaven nor hell ?

Lord, send us peace into the realm,
That every man may live on his own !
I trust to God, if it be his will,
That Weardale men may ne'er be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
With borderers pricking hither and thither,
But the greatest fray that e'er they had,
Was with the men of Thirlwall and Williehaver.

They gather'd together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear ;
And he that rade not on a horse,
I wat he rade on a weel-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,
So weel I wot they broke their fast ;
In the [forenoon* they came] unto a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.

When they had eaten aye and done,
They say'd some captains here needs must be !
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,
And "Symon Fell," and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
With many a brank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
" I think this day we are men enew.

* This would be about eleven o'clock, the usual dinner-hour in that period.—
RITSON.

“ For Weardale-men is a journey ta'en ;
They are so far out o'er yon fell,
That some of them's with the two earls,*
And others fast in Bernard castell.

“ There we shall get gear enough,
For there is nane but women at hame ;
The sorrowful fend that they can make,
Is loudly cries as they were slain.”†

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
And there they thought tul a had their prey
But they were spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,
Soon upon Saint Nicolas' day.‡

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
They ran the forest but a mile ;
They gather'd together in four hours
Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,
But either ane or twa ;
And they gat them all but ane
That belang'd to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
With that he raised a mighty cry ;
The cry it came down Rookhope burn,
And spread through Weardale hastily.

* The two earls were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, who, on the 15th of November, 1569, at the head of their tenantry and others, took arms for the purpose of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion. They besieged Barnard Castle, which was, for eleven days, stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, who, afterward, being appointed the Queen's marshal, hanged the poor constables and peasantry by dozens in a day, to the amount of 800. The Earl of Northumberland, betrayed by the Scots, with whom he had taken refuge, was beheaded at York on the 22nd of August, 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland, deprived of the ancient and noble patrimony of the Nevils, and reduced to beggary, escaped over sea, into Flanders, and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his family.—RITSON. See *The Rising in the North*, and *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas*.

† This is still the phraseology of Westmoreland: a *poorly* day, a *softly* man, and the like.—RITSON.

‡ The 6th of December.

Then word came to the bailiff's house
 At the East gate,* where he did dwell;
 He was walked out to the Smale-burns,†
 Which stands above the Hanging-well.

His wife was wae when she heard tell,
 So weel she wist her husband wanted gear;
 She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
 And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

The bailiff got wit before his gear came,
 That such news was in the land;
 He was sore troubled in his heart,
 That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
 With limmer thieves that did him prick;
 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,
 What ferly‡ was't that he lay sick?

But yet the bailiff shrinked nought,
 But fast after them he did hie;
 And so did all his neighbours near,
 That went to bear him company.

But when the bailiff was gathered,
 And all his company;
 They were numbered to never a man
 But forty under fifty.

The thieves was numbered a hundred men,
 I wat they were not of the worst
 That could be choosed out of Thirlwall and Williehaver,
 [I trow they were the very first.]§

* Now a straggling village so called; originally, it would seem, the gate-house, or ranger's lodge, at the east entrance of Stanhope-park. At some distance from this place is West-gate, so called for a similar reason.—RITSON.

The mention of the bailiff's house at the East-gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of East-gath, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the bishop, long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, the chief town and borough of Weardale, and of Forster, &c., under successive prelates.—SURTEES.

† A place in the neighbourhood of East-gate, known at present, as well as the Dry-rig, or Smale-burns.—RITSON.

‡ What miracle.

§ The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imperfectly supplied.—RITSON.

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was i' Nuketon-cleugh,
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting enugh.

So sore they made them fain to flee,
As many was "a'" out of hand;
And, for tul have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the space of long seven years
As sore they mighten a' had their lives;
But there was never one of them
That ever thought to have seen their "wives."

About the time the fray began,
I trow it lasted but an hour,
Till many a man lay weaponless,
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
Four of the thieves were slain,
Besides all those that wounded were,
And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carrick, and his brother Edie,
Them two, I wot they were both slain;
Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
Bore them company in their pain.

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
Rowland Emerson his name hight;
I trust to God his soul is well,
Because he "fought" unto the right.

But thus they say'd, "We'll not depart
While we have one:—speed back again!"
And when they came amongst the dead men,
There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carrick slain,
I wot it went well near their "heart;"
Lord, let them never make a better end,
That comes to play them sicken a "part."

I trust to God, no more they shall,
Except it be one for a great chance;
For God will punish all those
With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
They nevir think to be o'erthrown ;
Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,
As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men, they have good hearts,
They are as stiff as any tree ;
For, if they'd every one been slain,
Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell
As I think you never heard the like ;
For he that bears his head so high,
He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
As many as are present here,
To pray for [the] singer of this song,
For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN YARROW.

[This sweet and pathetic ballad has been printed in various shapes. Mr. Buchan gives two versions, without noticing their connexion, called respectively "The Haughs o' Yarrow," and "Willie's drowned in Gamery." The following version is constructed as follows—Verses two, four, eleven, and twelve are from the "Tea-table Miscellany;" verses one, three, five, six, seven, eight, and nine are from Mr. Buchan's "Haughs o' Yarrow;" verse ten is from "Willie's drowned in Gamery," and is the only verse in it worthy of being placed side by side with the others. I have some confidence in believing that the version thus compiled is the best and the most perfect which has yet appeared.]

Down in yon garden, sweet and gay,
Where bonnie grows the lilie,
I heard a fair maid singing, say,
"My wish be wi' sweet Willie.

"Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny,
And Willie's hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Willie's gane where I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws mony a tear frae true love's ee,
When other maids are sleeping.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter night
I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

"Ye southlan' winds, blaw to the north,
To the place where he's remaining;
Convey these kisses to his mouth,
And tell him how I'm faining.

"O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And bid him nae be cruel,
And tell him not to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.

"O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And hear the mavis singing;
And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.

"The lav'rock there in her white breast,
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

"O! Leader Haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony.

"Willie's fair and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
There's nane wi' him that can compare,
I love him best o' ony.

"O cam' you by yon water-side?
Pu'd ye the rose or lily?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow-green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne, in the cleaving o' a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

ANNIE LAURIE.

[The following is from Mr. Sharpe's collection. The lines were composed by Douglas of Fingland in honour of Miss Laurie of Maxwelton, previous to 1688, who afterwards married Ferguson of Craigdarroch. The modern version of this ballad is too well known to require to be quoted here.]

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span ;
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay down my head and die.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE.

[Mr. Kinloch fancies that, "from the striking similarity of some of the incidents detailed in this ballad to those related by Pitscottie (the historian), to have occurred in the secret expedition of James V. to France in 1536 in search of a wife, a strong presumption arises that it relates to that event." If this be so, the title of Lord Thomas of Winesberrie was assumed. Pitscottie says that when James visited the Duke of Vendôme, to whose daughter he was in some measure betrothed, he "would not shew himself openly at that tyme, but disguysed himself as he had beine ane servant, to be unknowin to the duik or his wayff, or the gentlewoman who sould have beine his spous, thinkand to spy her beautie and behaviour unkend be her." Although "manie love tokenes" had passed between them, the lady, it would seem, did not please his fancy.—"Thairfore the king past in haist to the king of France (Francis I.), quhair he was for the tyme at hunting, accompanied with his wayff, his sone, and his dochter,

with maney uther lustie ladies, besydes deukes, earles, lordis, and barones." There he met Magdalene, the king's eldest daughter, at that time in a very delicate state of health. Notwithstanding that the consuls of France and Scotland did not favour the match, on account of the delicate health of the princess, they were so enamoured of each other that they were married. The objections to the marriage appear to have been well grounded, as the princess died about forty days after her arrival in Scotland.

Mr. Buchan will not admit that the ballad alludes to the marriage of James V. In his version, "Lord Thomas of Winesberry" is the real title of the hero, who was chamberlain to the King of France. By collating the two ballads some indelicate expressions, which are frequently repeated, have been got rid of without any injury to the narrative.]

It fell on a time, when the king o' France,
Went hunting five months and more,
His dochter fell in love wi' Winesberrie,
Frae Scotland newly come o'er.

But it fell ance upon a day,
The king he did come home;
She becked and she bowed him ben,
And did him there welcome.

"What ails thee, my dochter Janet?
What makes thee look sae wan?
Ye've either been sick, or very sick,
Or else ye love a man."

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father,
Ye're welcome hame to your ain;
For I ha'e been sick, and very sick,
Thinking lang for your coming hame.

"O pardon, O pardon, dear father!
A pardon ye'll grant me?"
"Nae pardon, nae pardon, my dochter!
Nae pardon I'll grant thee.

"O! is it to a man o' nicht,
Or is it to a man o' mean?
Or to onie o' thae rank robbers
That I sent hame frae Spain?"

"It is not to a man o' nicht,
Nor yet to a man that's mean;
It is to Thomas o' Winesberry,
And for him I suffer pain."

" If it be Thomas o' Winesberrie,
As I trust well it be,
Before I either eat or drink,
Hie hangit sall he be.

" O ! where are all my weel-wicht men,
That I pay meat and fee ;
That will gae for him true Thomas,
And bring him here to me."

She turned her richt and round about,
The tear blindit her ee :
" If ye do onie ill to Lord Thomas,
Ye'se never get gude o' me."

When Thomas was brocht afore the king,
His claithing was o' the silk ;
His yellow hair hung dangling doun,
And his skin was like the milk.

" It was nae wonder, Lord Thomas,
My dochter fell in love wi' thee,
For war I a woman, as I am a man,
My bed-fellow ye should be.

" O will ye marry my dochter Janet,
To be heir to a' my land ?
O ! will ye marry my dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' your richt hand ?"

" I will marry your dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' my richt hand ;
But I'll hae nane o' your goud or gear,
I've enench in fair Scotland.

" But I will marry your dochter Janet—
I care na' for your land ;
For she's be a queen and I a king,
When we come to fair Scotland."

HYNDE ETIN.

[Etin, in old Scottish popular poetry and tradition, signified giant, or ogre. Dr. Leyden says, "The Red Etin is still a popular character in Scotland; and, according to the vulgar etymology of his name, is always represented as an insatiable gormandizer on red or raw flesh." "Roaring like a Red Etin" is applied to any one who is

more than ordinarily clamorous. In Forfarshire they speak of a man who does a cruel or savage deed as being "fierce as a Red Etin." The legend is common to Norway, Sweden, and Germany.

Mr. Kinloch, Mr. Buchan, and Mr. Motherwell give versions of the ballad—the latter under the title of "Young Hastings the Groom." I have used them all in compiling the following, and have further to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun for several emendations.]

MAY MARGARET stood in her bower-door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond wood,
And wished she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
The needle to her tae,
And she's awa' to Elmond wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna' pu'd a nut, a nut,
A nut but barely ane,
Till up started the Hynde Etin,
Says, "Lady, lat alane !

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brak ye the tree ?
For I am forester o' this wood—
Ye sould speir leave o' me."

But aye she pu'd the ither berry,
Nae thinking o' the skaith,
And said, "To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,
I wad be unco laith."

But he has ta'en her by the yellow locks,
And tied her till a tree;
And said, "For slichting my commands,
An ill death ye sall dree."

He pu'd a tree out o' the wood,
The biggest that was there;
And he houkit a cave monie fathoms deep,
And put May Margaret there.

"Now rest ye there, ye saucy May !
My woods are free for thee;
And gif I tak' ye to mysel',
The better ye'll like me !"

Nae rest, nae rest May Margaret took,
Sleep gat she never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.

"O tak' me out," May Margaret cried;
"O tak' me hame to thee;
And I sall be your bounden wife
Until the day I dee."

He took her out o' the dungeon deep,
And awa' wi' him she's gane;
But sad was the day an Earl's dochter
Gaed hame wi' Hynde Etin.

O they hae lived in Elmond wood
For nine lang years and one;
Till six prettie sons to him she bore,
And the seventh she's brocht home.

These seven bairns, sae fair and fine,
That she did to him bring,
They never were in good church door,
Nor ever got good kirking.

And aye at nicht, wi' harp in band,
She harped them asleep;
And she sat down at their bedside,
And bitterlie did weep.

Said, "Ten lang years now have I lived
Within this cave o' stane;
And never was at gude kirk-door,
Nor heard the kirk bell ring.

It fell out ance upon a day,
Hynde Etin went frae hame;
And he's ta'en wi' him his eldest son,
To gang alang wi' him.

"A question I wad ask, father,
An' ye wadna angry be!"
"Say on, say on, my bonnie boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me."

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;"
"Nae wonder, nae wonder, my bonnie boy,
Though she should brast and die.

"Your mother was an Earl's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree,
And she might hae wed the first in the land,
Had she nae been stown by me.

"But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin' on the tree,
And ye'll carry them hame to your mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upon another day,
Hynde Etin he thocht lang;
And he is to the hunting gane,
As fast as he could gang.

"O I will tell to you, mither,
An' ye wadna angry be."
"Speak on, speak on, my bonnie boy,
Ask onything at me!"

"As we cam frae the 'hind hunting,
I heard the kirk bells ring."
"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy!
I wish I'd been there alane.

"My blessing on your heart, my boy,
O were I there alane!
I hae na been in the haly kirk,
Sin' twelve lang years are gane!"

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brithers also;
And they are on through Elmond wood
As fast as they could go.

They wist na weel whaur they were gaen,
Wi' the stratlins* o' their feet;
They wist na weel whaur they were gaen,
Till at her father's yett.

* Straddlings.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings hae three :
I'll gie them you, my eldest son,
And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,
And he will let you in ;
Ye'll gie the neist to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben ;

"Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel
That's harping in the ha' :
He'll play success to the bonnie boy,
That comes frae greenwood shaw."

He gied the first to the proud porter,
And he opened and loot him in,
He gied the neist to the butler boy,
And he has showed him ben ;

He gied the third to the minstrel,
That was harping in the ha',
And he played success to the bonnie boy,
That cam' frae greenwood shaw.

Now when he came before the Earl,
He fell low on his knee ;
The Earl he turned him round about,
And the saut tear blint his ee.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Gang frae my companie ;
Ye look sae like my dear dauchter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is nane ;
If I look like your dear dauchter,
For I am her eldest son."

"O tell me now, my little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be ?"
"She's just now standing at your yetts,
And my six brithers her wi'."

"O where are a' my porter boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come in to me?"

When she cam' in before the Earl,
She fell low on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Nae, but I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drap can I drink,
Till I see my mother and sister dear,
For lang for them I think.

"Ae bit I canna' eat, father,
Nor ae drap can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang on him I think."

"O where are a' my rangers bauld,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
And bring Etin to me?"

They searched the country wide and broad,
The forests far and near;
Till they found him into Elmond,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin,
Win up and boun with me,
We're messengers come frae our lord:
The Earl wants you to see."

"O lat him tak frae me the head,
Or hang me on a tree,
For since I've lost my dear ladie,
Life's nae pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Etin,
Nor hanged upon a tree:
Your lady's in her father's ha',
And a' he wants is thee."

When he cam in before the Earl,
He fell low on his knee;
"Arise, arise now, Hynde Etin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

As they were at the dinner set,
The young boy thus spak' he,
"I wish we were at haly kirk,
To get our Christendie!"

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be;
This day to gude kirk ye shall gang,
Your mither shall gang you wi'."

When into the gude kirk they cam',
She at the door did stan',
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She wadna come far'er ben.

Then out and spak' the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gae he;—
"Come ben, come ben, my lilie flower,
Present your babes to me."

And he has ta'en and sained them a',
And gi'en them Christendie;
And they staid in her father's ha',
And lived wi' mirth and glee.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

[Mr. Motherwell supposes that this ballad is probably a Lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, on 3rd October, 1594. Mr. Finlay recovered three stanzas of the ballad, which he gave in the preface to his collection. Mr. Smith, in his "Scottish Minstrel," prints a version somewhat different.]

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither
 Greeting fu' sair; '
 And out cam' his bonnie bride,
 Riving her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom* hame cam' the saddle,
 But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn
 My barn is to bigg,†
 And my babie's unborn."
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom cam' the saddle,
 But never cam' he!

THE TWA CORBIES.

[I give the Scottish version of this ballad as printed in the "Minstrelsy." Mr. Ritson's "Three Ravens" and a fuller version of "The Twa Corbies," recovered by Mr. Motherwell, are also given here. This latter is evidently a more modern composition than the others. "Corbie" is the Scottish for raven. The Scottish versions have the advantage of the English in point of horror—the desertion of the slain knight is most complete.]

As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies making a mean;
 The tane unto the t'other gan say,
 "Whaur sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,‡
 I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
 And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wildfowl hame,
 His lady's ta'en another mate,
 Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye sall sit on his white hause bane,
 And I'll pyke out his bonny blue een,
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
 We'll theek§ our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes mean,
 But nane sall ken whaur he is gane;
 O'er his white banes when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

* Empty.

† Build.

‡ Turf wall.

§ Thatch.



THE TWA CORBIES.

THE TWA CORBIES.

Another Version, from Motherwell's Collection.

THERE were twa corbies sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might be,
And one until the other gan say,
'Where shall we gang and dine to-day?
Shall we dine by the wild saut sea?
Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

"As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
I waved my wings, I beat my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie—one, two, and three;—
I shall dine by the wild saut sea."

"Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,—
And no one knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine 'neath the greenwood tree.

"Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theek your nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to row my young ones in!

"O! cauld and bare his bed will be,
When winter's storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maidens moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry!"

THE THREE RAVENS.

From Ritson's "Ancient English Songs."

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down, a down, hey down, hey down;
THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down;
THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
THEY were as blacke as they might be,
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie, down, down.

THE one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we our breakfast take?

DOWN in yonder green field,
THERE lies a knight slain under his shield.

HIS hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep.

HIS hawks they flie so eagerly,
THERE'S nae fowl dare him come nigh.

DOWN then comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

SHE got him up upon her back,
And carried him to Carthen lake.

SHE buried him before the prime;
SHE was dead herself ere even-song time.

GOD send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

KATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

[This ballad is of more than ordinary interest; as being the original of Sir Walter Scott's famous ditty of "Lord Lochinvar." In Sir Walter's ballad it is Lord Lochinvar who carries off the bride; in the original it is Lochinvar who loses his bride. Several versions exist; the following is compiled from that in the "Minstrely," and from Mr. Motherwell's "Katherine Johnstone," with a few verbal emendations from other sources. Johnstone is substituted for Janfarie, as in Motherwell's ballad. The "four-and-twenty bonny boys, all clad in the Johnstone grey," who were willing to recover the bride, settles the name of the lady beyond question.]

THERE was a may, and a weel-faur'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen;
Her name was Katherine Johnstone,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then cam' Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He tauld na her father, he tauld na her mother,
And he tauld na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
And did her favour win.

But up then cam' Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He tauld her father, he tauld her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he tauld na the bonnie may hersel',
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she should be.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain;
But or he read the letter through,
He was baith pale and wan.

And he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land,
And four-and-twenty armèd men
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them down on the lee,
And he's awa' to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
And there had lichted down;
Whole four-and-twenty belted knights
Sate at a table roun'

They all rose up to honour him,
For he was of high renown;
They all rose up to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the gude red wine
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lauderdale,
For with him she would go.

O meikle was the gude red wine
In silver cups gaed roun',
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"Now cam ye here to fight," they said,
"Or cam ye here for play?
Or cam ye here to drink gude wine,
On this her wedding-day?"

"I cam na here to fight," he said,
"I cam na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount and go my way."

They set her maidens behind her back,
To hear what they would say;
The first word that he asked at her,
Was always answered "Nay."
The neist question he asked at her
Was "Mount, and come away."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsel',
At her kinsmen speired nae leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
 A' clad in the Johnstone grey,*
 They said they would take the bride again,
 By the strong hand if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
 But they were na willing a';
 And four-and-twenty Leader† lads
 Bade them mount and ride awa'.

The whingers‡ flew frae gentle sides,
 The swords flew frae the shea's;
 And red and rosy was the blood
 Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down the Caddon bank,
 And down by Caddon brae;
 And meikle was the blood they shed
 Before they wan away.

"My blessing on your heart, sweet thing.
 Wae to your wilfu' will!
 There's mony a gallant gentleman
 Wha's blude ye have gar'd spill."

Now a' you lords of fair England,
 That are in England born,
 Come never here to seek a wife,
 For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
 Till on your wedding day;
 Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
 And play ye foul foul play.

BOTHWELL.

[A version of this ballad, in the "Minstrelsy," is called "Cospatrick;" another, in Mr. Buchan's collection, is entitled "Lord Dingwall." The following is from Herd's Collection, with the addition of several stanzas from Mr. Buchan's copy. The refrain in Mr. Buchan's copy is adopted instead of that in Herd's copy—"Hcy doune, and a doune."]

* The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.

† Lads from the banks of the Leader.

‡ Daggers.

As Bothwell was walking in the lawlands alane,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

He cast his lot amang them a',
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And on the yonngest his lot did fa'.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Unto his strongest castle and tower.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

But aye she cried, and made great moan,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And aye the tear cam' tricklin' down.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

"Come up, come up," said the foremost man ;
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
"I think our bride comes slowly on.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

"O lady, sits your saddle awry,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Or is your steed for you owre high ?"
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

"My saddle is not set awry,
Bowin' down, bowin' down,
Nor carries me my steed owre high ;
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

"But I am weary o' my life,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Sin' I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife."
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Up start the deer on every hill.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Up start the deer in gude green wood.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

His mother look'd owre the castle wa',
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And she saw them ridin' ane and a'.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

She's called upon her maids by seven,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To mak' his bed baith saft and even.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

She's called upon her cooks by nine,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To mak' their dinner fair and fine.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

When day was gane and night was come,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
"What ails my love on me to frown ?
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"Or does the wind blow in your glove ?
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Or runs your mind on another love ?"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Nor runs my mind on another love ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"But I not maid nor maiden am,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
For I'm wi' bairn to another man."
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and mild,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
But I have nought but a woman wi' child !"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

His mother's ta'en her up to a tower,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And locked her in her secret bower.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" Now daughter mine, come tell to me,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi' ?"
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" O mother dear, I canna learn,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha is the father o' my bairn ;
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" O we were sisters, sisters seven,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
The fairest women under heaven ;
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" And we kiest kevels* us amang,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha would to the greenwood gang,
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" For to pu' the finest flowers,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To put around our simmer bowers.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" I was the youngest o' them a' ;
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
The hardest wierd did me befa'.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" Into the greenwood I did gang,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" I hadna stayed an hour my lane,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Till I met a gentleman gallant and fine
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

* Cast lots.

" He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Till the evening set and birds they sang.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" And a' that he gi'ed me to my propine,*
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Was a pair o' green gloves, and a gay gold ring ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" And three locks o' his yellow hair,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Bade me keep them for ever mair."
And aye the birks a' bowing.

O she has ta'en her through the ha',
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And on her son began to ca'.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" Now son, now son, come tell to me,
Bowin' down, bowin' down :
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee?"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" I gied to a lady, sae fair and fine,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
The green gloves and a gay gold ring.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" But I wad gie my castles and towers,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
I had that lady within my bowers ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" But I wad gie my very life,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
I had that lady to be my wife!"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

" Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Ye have that lady within your bowers ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

“ Now keep, now keep your very life,
 Bowing down, bowing down ;
 You have that lady to be your wife.”
 And aye the birks a’ bowing.

O row my lady in satin and silk,
 Bowing down, bowing down ;
 And wash my son in the morning milk !”
 And aye the birks a’ bowing.

YOUNG WATERS.

[This ballad is reprinted from Herd’s Collection. Tradition is silent as to its having its origin in any real event.]

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,*
 And the round tables began,
 There came to wait in our King’s court
 Mony a weelfavour’d man.

The Queen lukit owre the castle wa’,
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw young Waters,
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind ;
 And a mantle o’ the burning gowd
 Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith’d his horse before,
 And siller shod behind ;
 The horse young Waters rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spoke a wylie lord,
 And to the Queen said he :
 “ O tell me wha’s the fairest face
 Rides in the companie ?”

“ I’ve seen lords, and I’ve seen lairds,
 And knights o’ hagh degree ;
 But a fairer face than young Waters’
 Mine eyne did never see.”

* Cool.

Out then spak the jealous King
(And an angry man was he) :
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me !"

"You're neither lord nor laird," she says,
"But the King that wears the crown ;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeas'd he wadna be ;
But for the words that she had said,
Young Waters he maun dee.

Sune they hae ta'en young Waters,
Put fetters on his feet ;
Sune they hae ta'en young Waters,
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind, but and the weat ;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind, but and the rain ;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town,
Ne'er to return again."

They hae ta'en to the heiding hill
That knicht sae fair to see ;
And for the words the Queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did dee.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

[This and the following ballad are from "The Border Minstrelsy." John Lord Maxwell was at deadly feud with the Laird of Johnstone, Warden of the East Marches, which was further embittered on account of Johnstone's attempting to apprehend Maxwell in pursuance of a royal commission granted in 1585 ; he having quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, the favourite of James VI. In one of the skirmishes which followed, Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain, burned Johnstone's Castle of Lochwood, and in a subsequent encounter Johnstone himself was defeated and made prisoner, dying shortly after of grief at the disgrace he had sustained. Maxwell,

having some time after regained the royal favour, a bond of alliance was entered into between the rival clans. In 1593 the feud was revived again. A marauding band of the Johnstones having driven a prey of cattle from the lands of the lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig (see next ballad), the injured parties, in order to enlist the sympathies of the clan Johnstone, entered into bonds of manrent, becoming liegemen to the chief of the clan; he, in return, giving them protection and assistance from their enemies. In a desperate conflict which ensued at Dryffe Sands, near Lockerby, the head of the house of Maxwell was slain. The Lord John Maxwell of the ballad, son to him who fell at Dryffe Sands, having avowed the deepest revenge for his father's death, was forbidden by the king to approach the Border, and, failing to obey the injunction, was for some time confined in Edinburgh Castle. Escaping from thence, on pretence of a friendly healing of all differences, he met Sir James Johnstone on the 6th of April, 1608, and shot him through the back with two poisoned bullets. The murderer fled to France, and, venturing back to Scotland, was apprehended, tried, and executed at Edinburgh on the 21st of May, 1613.]

“ ADIEU, madame, my mother dear
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see!
Adieu, my lady, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

“ Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains,—
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I labour'd oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I've got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.

“ Adieu, Drumlanrig! false wert aye—
And Closeburn in a band!
The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand!
They were three brethren in a band—
Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
Has twined my love and me.

“ Adieu, Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair!
Adieu, my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there!

Adieu, Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
The Langholm-holm, where birks there be !
Adieu, my lady, and only joy !
For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

" Adieu, fair Eskdale, up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell !
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come owre the sea ;
Adieu, my lady, and only joy !
For I may not stay wi' thee."

" Lord of the land," that ladye said,
" O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be !
There Hamiltons, and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee."
" Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee."

Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hang signets three ;
" Hae, tak' thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me :
But if thou take another lord,
Ere I come owre the sea—
His life is but a three days' lease,
Though I may not stay wi' thee."

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
That good lord went away ;
And most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they didna spair,
Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Goodnight.

THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

["The reader will find, prefixed to the foregoing ballad, an account of the noted feud betwixt the families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of the Teviotdale retains the name of the Galliard's Faulds (folds), being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called the Galliard. The word is still used in Scotland, to express an active, gay, dissipated character. Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party who should bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, He had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-merk-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. Willie of the Kirkhill, mounted upon a young grey horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward, by striking down their unfortunate chieftain, and cutting off his right hand."—SCOTT.]

'Twixt Girth-head and the Langwood end,
Lived the Galliard and the Galliard's men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,*
That drove the Crichton's gear away.

It is the lads of Lethenha',
The greatest rogues amang them a';
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the rigging.

The lads of Fingland, and Helbeck-hill,
They were never for good, but aye for ill;
'Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,
They steal'd the brokit† cow and the brandit‡ bull.

It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil's in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain

The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.

* Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray.—S.

† Speckled.

‡ Striped.

"Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride!
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."

Simmy Crichton's mounted then,
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane;
The Galliard trow'd his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.

As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard hae ta'en,
And nane wi' him but Willie alane.

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I'll never mair do a Crichton wrang!
O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o' gowd I'll gie to thee!

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand!"
But the Crichtons wadna let the Galliard be
But they hang'd him hie upon a tree.

O think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae;
"But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle's death avenged shall be!"

Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane;
Saying—"My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye shall a' be clad in the noble blue."

Back to Nithsdale they have gane,
And awa' the Crichtons' nowt* hae ta'en;
But when they cam to the Wellpath-head,†
The Crichtons bade them light and lead.

* Cattle.

† The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in Annandale. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale.—S.

And when they cam to the Biddes-burn,
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn ;
And when they cam to the Biddes-strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddes-law,
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw ;
“ We’ve done nae ill, we’ll thole* nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang.”

And out spoke Willie of the Kirkhill,
“ Of fighting, lads, ye’s hae your fill ;”
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnish’d brand in his hand he gat.

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man ;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddes-burn ran three days blood !

“ Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed,—
We have revenged the Galliard’s bleid ;†
For every finger of the Galliard’s hand,
I vow this day I’ve killed a man.”

As they cam in at Evan-head,
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abroad ;
“ Drive on, my lads ! it will be late ;
We’ll hae a pint at Wamphray gate.

“ For where’er I gang, or e’er I ride,
The lads of Wamphray are on my side ;
And of a’ the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad’s the king of men.”

LORD BEICHAN.

[The hero of this ballad is supposed to have been no less a personage than the father of Thomas à Becket, and the ballad is assumed to be a tolerably accurate account of his captivity and marriage. Young Becket had accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the holy wars. Hollinshed, speaking of the famous Thomas à Becket, says:—“This

* Stand; bear.

† Blood.

* Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan-water, which falls into the Annan below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in those days an alehouse.—S.

Becket was born in London, his father being called Gilbert, but his mother was a Syrian woman, and by religion a Saracen." Susie Pye is, in all likelihood, a corruption of the Eastern name of the heroine.

The present version is principally compiled from the versions of Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Kinloch.

Mr. Jamieson gives in his collection a ballad, entitled "Young Beike," in which, if it be not another version of the same story, the incidents are precisely similar.]

YOUNG Beichan was in London born ;
He was a man of high degree ;
He pass'd through mony kingdoms great,
Until he came to Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he ;
But to Mahound or Termagant
Wad Beichan never bend a knee,
Which made him to be taken straight,
And brocht afore their high jurie ;
The savage Moor did speak upricht,
And mak' him mickle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've putten a bore,
In ilka bore they've putten a tree ;
And they've made him draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born
And still a Christian was he ;
Sae they've cast him in a dungeon deep,
Both cauld and hunger sair to dree.

The Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was callit Susie Pye ;
And ilka day, as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

But ance it fell upon a day,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing ;
She listened to his tale of woe—
A happy day for young Beichan.

" My hounds they a' go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree ;
My younger brother will heir my land,
My native shore I'll never see !"

She went away unto her chamber,
All night she never closed her ee ;
And when the day begowd to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
I sune wad set this youth at large—
And send him to his ain countrie."

She's gied the keeper a piece o' gowd,
And mony pieces o' white monie ;
And he has thrawn the prison door,
And Susie Pye has got the key.

"O wha is this," young Beichan he says,
"That steers* me or my sleep is gane ?
O weel was me, out owre the sea,
For sure I dreim'd I was at hame !"

"O hae ye got ony lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie ?
And what wad ye gie to the ladie fair,
Frae prison strang wad set ye free ?"

"It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' mony a castle fair to see ;
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,
Frae prison strang wad set me free."

"Gie me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll nae lady wed,
Unless it be along wi' me."

"I'll gie ye the truth o' my right hand,
The truth o' it I'll freely gie—
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost shaw to me."

She took him out o' her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine ;
And a brave health she drank to him—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine."

* Stirs ; disturbs.

" It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true ;
If ye will na wed wi' anither woman,
It's I will wed nae man but you !"

She's broken a ring frae her finger,
And to Beichan half o' it gae she :
" Keep it, to mind ye o' that love—
The lady's love that set you free."

She's ta'en him to her father's port,
And gi'en to him a ship o' fame :
" Fareweel, fareweel, my young Beichan,
I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
And lowly, lowly loutit* he ;
" Ere seven years come to an end,
I'll tak' you to mine ain countrie."

Lord Beichan has come to London town ;
A happy, happy man was he !
The ladies a' around him thranged,
To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
And a' his brothers were dead but he ;
His lands they a' were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

Nae porter there stood at his yett,
Nae human creature could he see,
Except the screeching owls and bats,
Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd can weel mak' the castles grow,
And he had gowd and jewels free ;
And sune the pages round him thranged,
To cheer him wi' their companie.

Fair Susie Pye could get nae rest,
She langed sae sair her love to see ;
She thocht on him sae lang and sair,
That she grew sick and like to dee.

* Bowed ; saluted.

And for ever a voice within her breast,
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee;"
So she's set her foot on good ship board,
And turned her back on her ain countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came;
When a bonnie shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news! what news! thou bonnie shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was ne'er in this countrie.

"There is a weddin' in yonder ha',
Has lasted thirty days and three;
Lord Beichan winna bed wi' his bride,
For love o' ane that's ayont the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the red and the white monie;
"Hae, tak' ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the gude news thou tell'st to me."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That wi' her love she brak sae free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid him come and speak to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirl'd softly at the pin;
And sae ready was the proud porter
To open and let this ladie in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the ha' amang them a',
Aud this is the day o' his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighing, said that lady fair,
"I wish I were in my ain countrie.

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece o' bread,
But and a cup o' his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose him out o' pyne."

Then in and cam' the bauld porter,
I wat he gae three shouts and three:
"The fairest ladie stands at your yett,
That ever my twa e'en did see."

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her midfinger she has three;
And as meikle gowd aboon her brow
As wad an earldom buy to me."

It's out then spak the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she!
"Ye might hae excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three o' our companie!"

"My dame, your daughter's fair eneugh,
And aye the fairer mat she be;
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll uae compare wi' this ladie."

"My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
But and a cup o' your best wine;
And bids ye mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
I wat he made the table flee:
"I wad gie a' my yearly rent,
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea!"

Then quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave ye life and libertie?"

She lookit o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tear stood in her ee;
"Now fare ye weel, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think nae mair on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever will I wed but her
That's done and dree'd sae much for me!"

Syne up bespak the bride's mother;
She was never heard to speak sae free:
"Ye'll no forsake my ae daughter,
Though Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Take hame, take hame, your daughter madam,
For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
She cam' to me on horseback riding,
And she shall gang hame in chariot free."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milkwhite hand,
He's led her through his halls sae hie;
And aye as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, unto me!"

He's ta'en her by the milkwhite hand,
And let her to yon fountain stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's ca'd her his bonnie Lady Jane.

"Fye! gar a' our cooks make ready;
And fye! gar a' our pipers play;
And fye! gar trumpets sound thro' the toun,
For Lord Beichan's wedded twice in ae* day!"

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[Sir Walter Scott says:—"This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburn of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V. . . . They (the ruins of the castle) are situated near the mouth of the Meggat, which falls into St. Mary's Loch. . . . To the recesses of a neighbouring glen the wife of Cockburn is said to have retreated during the execution of her husband; and a place called the Lady's Seat is still shown,

where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence."

Cockburn's burial-place is still pointed out, the tombstone having the following inscription:—

"Here lyes Percy of Cockburn and his wife Margery."

Mr. Motherwell was the first to suggest that this ballad might be an adaptation from the English ballad of "The Lady turned Serving-man." Be this as it may, the ballad is as beautifully simple. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of its finding a place in any collection of ballad poetry.]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my maen,
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles* I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair:
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

* Sometimes.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

[The following is compiled from Mr. Pinkerton's copy and a version in Mr. Motherwell's Collection. The ballad commonly known by this title, and which was sold over the country as a broadside in my younger days, is modern, and was the composition of Michael Bruce.]

O HEARD ye o' Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Baleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
Whase friends are out to tak' him.

Now he has gane to the house o' Mar,
Whaur nane might seek to find him,
To seek his dear he did repair,
Weining* she would befriend him.

"Whaur are ye gaen,† Sir James," she said,
"Or where awa' are ye riding?"
"O I am bound to a foreign land,
For now I'm under hiding;

"Whaur shall I gae, whaur shall I run,
Whaur shall I gae to lay me'
For I hae kill'd a gallant squire,
And his friends they seek to slay me."

"O gae ye down to yon laigh house,
And I'll pay there your lawing;
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet ye at the dawning."

"I'll no gae down to yon laigh house,
For you to pay my lawing,
But I'll lie down upon the bent,
And bide there till the dawning."

He's turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan,‡
And he has gane to tak' a sleep,
In the lawlands o' Baleighan.

He wasna weel gane out o' sight,
Nor was he past Millstrethen,
When four-and-twenty belted knights
Cam' riding owre the Lethan.

* Believing.

† Going.

‡ Plaid.



SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

"O hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Baleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
And we're sent out to take him."

"O I hae seen Sir James," she said,
"He pass'd by here on Monday,
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the heights o' Lundie."

But as wi' speed they rade awa',
She loudly cried behind them,
"Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,*
I'll tell ye whaur to find him."

"O tell, fair maid, and by our faith
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."
"Seek ye the bank aboon the mill,
I' the lawlands o' Baleighan."

They sought the bank aboon the mill,
I' the lawlands o' Baleighan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Was lying in his brechan.

Then up spak' up Sir John the Græme,
Who had the charge in keeping,
"It shall ne'er be said, brave gentlemen,
We kill'd a man when sleeping."

They seized his braid sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
And when he waked out o' his sleep,
His senses were confounded.

"Rise up, rise up, Sir James," he said,
"Rise up, since now we've found ye,
We've ta'en the broadsword frae your side,
And angry men are round ye."

"O pardon, pardon, gentlemen,
Ha'e mercy now upon me!"
"Such as you gave, such shall you have,
And so we fall upon thee."

Now they've ta'en out his bleeding heart,
 And stuck it on a spear;
 Then took it to the house o' Mar,
 And show'd it to his dear.

"We couldna gie Sir James's purse,
 We couldna gie his brechan,
 But ye sall hae his bleeding heart,
 But and his bleeding tartan.

"Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake,
 My heart is now a-breaking;
 Curs'd be the day I wrocht thy wae
 Thou brave heir o' Baleighan!"

Then up she raise, and forth she gaes,
 And in that hour o' tein,*
 She wandered to the dowie glen,
 And never mair was seen.

LIZIE BAILLIE.

[There are several versions of this ballad; the following is from Herd, with the addition of the first stanza from Buchan's version, and several minor emendations from Jamieson's copy.]

It fell about the Lammas time,
 When flowers were fresh and green,
 Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
 To see her sister Jean.

Fair Lizie to Gartartan went,
 To see her sister Jean;
 And there she's met wi' Duncan Græme,
 And he's convoy'd her hame.

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
 I'll row ye in my plaidie;
 And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
 And be a Hieland lady."

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk cow nor yowe, sir."

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her Highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and satin;
And she's put on a tartan plaid
To row amang the bracken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was na ten miles frae the toun
When she began to weary;
She aften looked back and said,
"Fareweel to Castlecary.

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme,
Was near yon holly bush;
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

"But I wadna gie my Duncan Græme
For a' my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a' at my command!"

Now wae be to ye, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecary,
To let awa' sic a bonny lass,
A Hielandman to marry.

ROB ROY.

[The hero of this ballad was a son of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor. While under a sentence of outlawry for not appearing to stand his trial for murder, in 1753, he forcibly carried off Jane Kay, heiress of Edinbelly, in Stirlingshire, and retreated with her to the abode of one of his clan in Argyleshire, a mock ceremony of marriage being gone through. After some time the place of his retreat was discovered, the lady rescued and restored to her family, and the outlaw tried and executed. There are several versions of this ballad; the following is from Mr. Chambers's collection, and is the result of a collation of those of Burns, Maidment, and Kinloch.]

ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam
 Unto the Lawland Border,
 To steal awa a gay ladye,
 To haud his house in order

He cam ower the loch o' Lynn,
 Twenty men his arms did carry;
 Himsell gaed in and fand her out,
 Protesting he would marry.

When he cam he surrounded the house,
 No tidings there cam before him,
 Or else the lady would have gone,
 For still she did abhor him.

"O will ye gae wi' me?" he says,
 "O will ye be my honey?
 Or will ye be my wedded wife?
 For I loe ye best of ony."

"I winna gae wi' you," she says,
 "I winna be your honey;
 I winna be your wedded wife,
 Ye loe me for my money."

* * * * *

Wi' mournful cries and watery eyes,
 Fast hauding by her mother,
 Wi' mournful cries and watery eyes,
 They were parted frae each other.

He gied her nae time to be dress'd,
 As ladies do when they're brides,
 But he hastened and hurried her awa,
 And rowed her in his plaids.

He mounted her upon a horse,
Himsell lap on behind her,
And they're awa to the Hieland hills,
Where her friends may never find her.

As they gaed owre the Hieland hills,
The lady aften fainted,
Saying, "Wae be to my cursed gowd,
This road to me invented!"

They rade till they came to Ballyshine,
At Ballyshine they tarried;
He brought to her a cotton gown,
Yet ne'er wad she be married.

Two held her up before the priest
Four carried her to bed O;
Maist mournfully she wept and cried,
When she by him was laid O!

[*The tune changes.*]

"O be content, O be content,
O be content to stay, lady,
For now ye are my wedded wife
Until my dying day, lady.

"Rob Roy was my father call'd,
Macgregor was his name, lady;
He led a band o' heroes bauld,
And I am here the same, lady.

"He was a hedge unto his friends,
A heckle to his foes, lady,
And every one that did him wrang,
He took him by the nose, lady.

"I am as bold, I am as bold
As my father was afore, lady;
He that daurs dispute my word
Shall feel my gude claymore, lady.

"My father left me cows and yowes,
And sheep, and goats, and a', lady,
And you and twenty thousand merks
Will mak me a man fu' braw, lady."

MISTRESS MOUSE.

[A popular nursery ditty, which was first printed in Mr. Sharpe's Collection.]

THERE lived a Puddy in a well,
And a merry Mouse in a mill.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy cam' to the Mouse's wonne;
"Mistress Mouse, are you within?"

"Yes, kind sir, I am within;
Safely do I sit and spin."

"Madam, I am come to woo,
Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you nane,
Till uncle Rotten he comes hame."

Uncle Rotten he's come hame,
"Fye, gar busk the bride along."

Lord Rotten sate at the head o' the table,
Because he was baith stout and able

Wha is't that sits next the wa',
But lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma'?

Wha is't that sits next the bride,
But Puddy wi' his yellow side?

Syne cam' the dewke* but and the drake,
The dewke took Puddy, and gar't him squake!

Then cam' in the gude grey cat,
Wi' a' her kitlens† at her back.

The Puddy he swam down the brook,
The drake he catch'd him in his fluke.‡

The cat she pu'd lord Rotten down,
The kitlens they did claw his crown.

But mistress Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa';
"Squeak," quo' she, "I'm weel awa'!"

* Duck

† Kittens.

‡ Bill.

GLENLOGIE.

[This version of a very popular ballad was given by Mr. Sharpe, and adopted by Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun.]

FOUR-AND-TWENTY nobles sits in the king's ha';
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower amang them a'.

In cam' Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mang a' that was there.

She turned to his footman, and thus she did say:
"Oh, what is his name, and where does he stay?"

"His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home,
He is of the gay Gordons; his name it is John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,
My love is laid on you: I am telling my mind."

He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a'
"I thank you, Lady Jean; my love's promised awa."

She called on her maidens, her bed for to make;
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.

In cam' Jeanie's father, a wae man was he;
Says, "I'll wed you to Drumpfendrich; he has mair gold
than he."

Her father's own chaplain, being a man of great skill,
He wrote him a letter, indited it well.

The first line he looked at, a licht laugh laughed he;
But, ere he read through it, the tears blinded his ee.

Oh, pale and wan looked she, when Glenlogie cam in;
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat down.

"Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this side;
And I'll be the bridegroom, and ye'll be the bride."

Oh, it was a merry wedding, and the portion down told,
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old!

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

[The following is constructed from the copy in Mr. Herd's collection, and the version given by Mr. Motherwell. The ballad is founded upon a Scottish superstition as to the interchange of love tokens on the death of one of the lovers.]

THERE cam a ghost to Marjorie's door,
Wi' mony a grievous maen;
And aye he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she nane.

"O is't my father Philip?" she says,
"Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true-love, Willie,
From England new come home?"

"'Tis not your father Philip," he says,
"Nor yet your brother John
But 'tis your true-love, Willie,
From England new come home."

"Hae ye brocht me ony o' the scarlets red,
Or ony o' the silks sae fine?
Or hae ye brocht me ony precious things,
That merchants hae to tine?"

"I hae na brocht ony scarlets sae red,
Nor yet ony silks sae gay;
But I hae brocht you my winding-sheet,
Owre mony a bank and brae.

"Oh, sweet Marjorie! oh, dear Marjorie!
For faith and charitie,
Will ye gie to me the faith and troth,
That I gied once to thee?"

"Thy faith and troth I'll not gie to thee,
Nor yet shall our true love twin,*
Till that ye come within my bower,
And kiss me, cheek and chin."

"If I should come within your bower,
That am nae earthly man;
And should I kiss your rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

* Separate

"The cocks are crawling, Marjorie," he says,
"The cocks are crawling again ;
It's time the deid suld part frae the quick—
Marjorie, I must be gane.

"Oh, sweet Marjorie, dear Marjorie !
For faith and charitie,
Gie me my faith and troth again,
That I gied once to thee !"

"Thy faith and troth I'll ne'er gie thee,
Nor yet shall our true love twin,
Till you tak' me to your ain ha'-house,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"My house is but yon lonesome grave,
Afar out owre yon lee ;
And it is but my spirit, Marjorie,
That's speaking now to thee."

Now she has kiltit her robes o' green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter nicht,
The deid corpse followed she.

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she cam to yon kirkyard green ;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And William he lay down.

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That stand here at your heid ?"
"Oh, it's three maidens, Marjorie," he said,
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That stand close at your side ?"
"Oh, it's three babies, Marjorie," he says,
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That lie close at your feet ?"
"Oh, it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
"That's waitin' my saul to keep !"

Then she's ta'en up her white, white hand,
 And struck him on the breist;
 Saying, "Have there again your faith and troth,
 And I wish your saul good rest."

FAIR JANET.

[From Mr. C. K. Sharpe's *Ballad-book*, 1823. Eight lines are deleted as being superfluous, and two stanzas have been introduced from "Willie and Annie," as in Mr. Herd's collection, and "Sweet Willie," printed by Mr. Finlay.]

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet; Ye maun gang to him soon; Ye maun gang to your father, Janet, In case that his days are dune." Janet's awa to her father, As fast as she could hie; "O what's your will wi' me, father, O what's your will wi' me?" "My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said, "It is both bed and board; Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie, But ye maun wed a French lord." "A French lord maun I wed, father? A French lord maun I wed? Then by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet, "He's ne'er enter my bed." Janet's awa to her chamber, As fast as she could go; And wha's the first that tappit there, But sweet Willie, her jo! "O we maun part this love, Willie, That has been lang between; There's a French lord coming ower the sea, To wed me wi' a ring."	"If we maun part this love, Janet, It will cause mickle wo; If we maun part this love, Janet, I'll into mourning go." "But ye maun gang to your three sisters, Meg, Marion, and Jean; Tell them to come to Fair Janet, In case that her days are dune!" Willie's awa to his three sisters, Meg, Marion, and Jean; "O haste and gang to Fair Janet, In case that her days are dune!" Some drew to them their silken hose, Some drew to them their shoon; And they're awa to Fair Janet, By the hie licht o' the moon. * * * * "O I hae born this babe, Willie, Wi' mickle dule and pain; Tak hame, tak hame your babe, Willie, For nurse I daur be nane." He's ta'en his young son in his arms, And kissed him cheek and chin; And he's awa to his mother's bower, By the hie licht o' the moon.
---	--

"O open, open, mother," he says,
 "O open and let me in ;
 The rain rains on my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps o'er my chin.

"O open, open, my dear mother,
 O open and let me in ;
 And I hae my young son in my arms,
 I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma',
 She lifted up the pin ;
 And, with her arms lang and sma',
 She took the babie in.

"Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,
 And comfort your fair ladye ;
 For, where ye had but ae nourice,
 Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
 And the lady put to bed,
 When in and came her father dear,
 "Mak haste and busk the bride."

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
 There's a sair pain in my side ;
 And ill, oh ill, am I, father,
 This day to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonnie bride,
 And put a gay mantle on ;
 For she maun wed this auld French
 lord,
 Though she should dee the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
 And some put on the broun ;
 But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
 To shine foremost through the toun.

And some they mounted the black steed,
 And some mounted the broun ;
 But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
 To ride foremost through the toun.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet ?
 O wha will guide him best ?"
 "O wha but Willie, my true-love ?
 He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk,
 To tie the haly ban',
 Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
 And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,
 And dancing to begin
 "O we'll go tak the bride's maidens,
 And we'll go fill the ring,"

O ben then cam' the auld French lord,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"
 "Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,
 Your face I downa see."

O ben then cam' now sweet Willie,
 He cam' wi' ane advance ;
 "O I'll gae tak the bride's maidens,
 And we'll gae tak a dance."

"I've seen other days wi' you, Willie,
 And sae hae mony mae :
 Ye would hae danced wi' me yoursell,
 Let a' my maidens gae."

O up then spak now sweet Willie,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"
 "Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,
 Though my back should break in
 three !"

She hadna turned her through the dance,
 Through the dance but thrice,
 When she fell down at Willie's feet,
 And up did never rise.

She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
 Her garter frae her knee ;
 "Gie that, gie that, to my young son,
 He'll ne'er his mother see."

Willie's taen the key o' his coffer,
 And gi'en it till his man.
 "Bid her be kind to my young son,
 For father he has nane.

"Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he
 cried,
 "Gar deal, gar deal the wine—

This day hae seen my true-love's
 death.
 This night shall witness mine."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
 The tither in Marie's quire;
 Out of the tane there grew a birk,
 And the tither a bonnie brier.

AULD MAITLAND.

[There has been much discussion as to the genuineness of this ballad. To one who is thoroughly intimate with our legendary ballad poetry, the question for or against is more a matter of instinct than of argument: the trained ear will catch the ring of the spurious metal at once. Notwithstanding that Sir Walter Scott and Dr. John Leyden were both satisfied as to its authenticity, I am constrained to agree with Professor Aytoun in thinking that it is not a genuine traditionary ballad, but a modern production, which could only have passed muster with Scott and Leyden when they were in the full heat of their ballad hunting for "The Minstrelsy."

In his introduction to the ballad, Sir Walter says:—

"This ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition, and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr. James Hogg, who sings, or rather chants it with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge."

Professor Aytoun says:—

"My doubt as to the antiquity of this ballad is founded, as all such doubts ought to be, on intrinsic evidence. No man alive can be more fully impressed than I am with the reverence and respect which are due to the opinions of Scott and Leyden, who both considered it to be genuine; nevertheless, my convictions are so strong, that it would be cowardice to conceal them. The diction appears to me to be throughout imitative; but what weighs with me most is this—that the ballad is so defective in dramatic construction, that I cannot understand how it could have passed into, or been maintained by tradition. No ballad can possibly be transmitted orally for centuries unless it has a clear intelligible story, with a main plot, to which all the accessories tend. It must be made for the reciter, and so framed that each successive verse shall aid his memory. The ballad of 'Auld Maitland' is either very ancient, or it is purely modern. There are no manuscript copies to fall back upon. Now, let any one who feels sufficient interest in such a question as this try the following experiment. Let him con over the ballad until he has learned it by rote or by heart, and then, after the interval of a couple of months, let him attempt to recite it. I am perfectly confident that, unless he has acquired a *memoria technica*, he will break down. And why? Simply because the ballad was never made for recitation. It is singularly deficient in the very quality which tends most to the preservation of ancient song.

"Real evidence, however, must always overcome presumption; and if it were anywhere stated that Scott or Leyden had *heard* the ballad recited by old Mrs. Hogg, there

could be no room for doubt. But I find no such statement. On the contrary, it is expressly said that the ballad was written down from her recitation by 'a country farmer.'

We have no better evidence as to the authenticity of many of the ballads whose genuineness is accepted than that given in favour of "Auld Maitland;" but here internal evidence, such as Professor Aytoun leads, appear to me to settle conclusively that it is of modern origin. Let the reader compare the structure of this Ballad with that of "Kinmont Willie," "Jamie Telfer," "Johnnie Armstrong," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Jock o' the Side," and "The Battle of Otterburn," and he will be in a position to judge for himself.]

THERE lived a king in southern land,
King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
Was large o' blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,
And kneeled low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
I crave to ask o' thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
I fain hae wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled* wight men
You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall hae thae, thou sall hae mae;
I say it sicklerlie;
And I mysell, an auld gray man,
Arrayed your host sall see."

King Edward rade, King Edward ran—
I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwick†
Were all for battle bound,
*Who, marching forth wi' false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.*

* Chosen.

† North Berwick, according to some reciters.

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned baith up and down,
Until they came to a darksome house !
Some ca' it Leader-Town.

"Wha hands this house?" young Edward cried,
"Or wha gies't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit right crouselly :

"Of Scotland's king I haud my house ;
He pays me meat and fee ;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal ;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Amang them fast he threw ;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging auld Maitland keen,
Syne they hae left him, hail and feir,
Within his strength o' stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage ;
And what can us withstand,
Now we hae conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand ?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld King Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way.

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace,
There were auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at schule, alas !

The eldest to the youngest said,
" O see ye what I see ?
Gin a' be trew yon standard says,*
We're fatherlesse a' three.

" For Scotland's conquered, up and down ;
Landmen we'll never be :
Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy ?"

Then they hae saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse and a grey ;
And they are on to King Edward's host,
Before the dawn o' day.

When they arrived before the host,
They hovered on the lay—
" Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way ?"

" Where was thou bred ? where was thou born
Where, or in what countrie ?"
" In north of England I was born :
(It needed him to lee).

" A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renowne ;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

" He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an ee or bree ;
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see."

* Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.

"But sic a gloom on ae brow-head,
Grant I ne'er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain."

When Maitland heard his father's name,
An angry man was he!
Then lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down upon his knee—

He stabbed the knight the standard bore,
He stabbed him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast awa rade he.

"Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,
"Now, is't na time to flee?"
"Ay, by my sooth!" they baith replied,
"We'll bear you companie."

The youngest turned him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurred the grey into the path,
Till baith his sides they bled—
"Grey! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad!"

The captain lookit ower the wa',
About the break o' day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads
Pursued along the way.

"Pull up portcullize! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi' me to-night,
In spite of all England."

Whene'er they came within the yate
They thrust their horse them frae,
And took three lang spears in their hands,
Saying, "Here sall come nae mae!"

And they shot out, and they shot in,
Till it was fairly day;
When mony o' the Englishmen
About the draw-brigg lay.

Then they hae yoked carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes aboon the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night three o' the lads o' France
My standard stole away.

"Wi' a fause tale, disguised, they came,
And wi' a fauser trayne;
And to regain my gaye standard,
These men were a' down slayne."

"It ill befits," the youngest said,
"A crowned king to lie;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reprovèd sall he be."

He went before King Edward strait,
And kneeled low on his knee;
"I wad hae leave, my lord," he said,
"To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turned him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, "Man, thou's hae leave to speak,
Tho' thou should speak a' day."

"Ye said, that three young lads o' France,
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay:

"But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland's sons are we.

"Nor is there men, in a' your host,
Daur fight us three to three."

"Now, by my sooth," young Edward said,
"Weel fitted ye shall be !"

'Piercy sall wi' the eldest fight,
And Ethert Lunn wi' thee :
William of Lancaster, the third,
And bring the fourth to me !"

"Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot*
Has cow'rd beneath thy hand :
For every drap of Maitland blood,
I'll gie a rig of land."

He clankèd Piercy ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood o' his bodie
Came rinning down his hair.

"Now I've slayne ane ; slay ye the twa ;
And that's gude companie ;
And if the twa suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me."

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
Had many battles seen ;
He set the youngest wonder sair,
Till the eldest he grew keen—

"I am nae king, nor nae sic thing :
My word it shanna stand !
For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

He clankit Ethert ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood o' his bodie
Came rinning ower his hair.

"Now I've slayne twa ; slay ye the ane ;
Is na that gude companie ?
And tho' the ane suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help o' me."

* The two first lines are modern to supply an imperfect stanza.

The twa-some they hae slayne the ane;
They maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee;
"We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain wad fighting see!"

This boasting, when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he!
"I'll tak yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee!"

"Now God forbid," King Edward said,
"That ever thou suld try!
Three worthy leaders we hae lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

"If thou shouldst hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be!"
But, wi' the poll-axe in his band,
Upon the brigg sprang he.

The first stroke that young Edward gae,
He struck wi' might and mayn;
He clove the Maitland's helmet stout,
And bit right nigh the brayn.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
An angry man was he!
He let his weapon frae him fa',
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
Till on the grund he light,
Where he has halden young Edward,
Tho' he was great in might.

"Now let him up," King Edward cried
"And let him come to me!
And for the deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt hae erldomes three!"

"It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
 In Scotland, when I'm hame,
 That Edward once lay under me,
 And e'er gat up again!"

He pierced him through and through the heart;
 He maul'd him cruellie;
 Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
 Beside the other three.

"Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
 Make me a bed o' strae!
 I wish I hadna lived this day,
 To mak my heart sae wae.

"If I were ance at London tower,
 Where I was wont to be,
 I never mair suld gang frae hame,
 Till borne on a bier tree."

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

[*"Young Johnstone,"* as given by Messrs. Motherwell, Finlay, and Gilchrist, is evidently a more modern version of *"The Cruel Knight,"* which was first printed in Herd's collection. The latter is printed next in order. The following is the result of a collation of the versions mentioned above, with a stanza added and an emendation or two from Mr. Buchan's version of the same story—very nearly identical with Mr. Herd's—which he calls *"Lord John's Murder."* Neither history nor tradition throw any light upon the story.]

Young Johnstone and the young Cornel,
 Sat drinking at the wine;
 "O gin ye wad marry my sister,
 It's I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
 For a' your houses and land;
 But I'll keep her for my leman,
 When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
 For a' your gowd and fee;
 But I'll keep her for my leman,
 When I come o'er the sea."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair;
And he ritted it through the young Cornel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
And he's tirlèd at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late in coming in?"

"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late o' coming in?"
"I hae been at the schule, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And the young Cornel was dead."

"They are seeking me wi' hawks and hounds,
As I trow that weel may be,
For I hae kill'd the young Cornel,
And thy ain true-love was he."

"If ye hae kill'd the young Cornel,
O dule and woe is me!
I wish ye may be hang'd on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee!"

And he's awa to his true-love's door
And he's tirlèd at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late o' coming in?"

"Whare hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late o' coming in?"
"O I hae been at the schule," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I hae dream'd a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And my ae brither was dead."

"It's seeking me wi' hawks and hounds,
I trow that weel may be;
For I hae killed the young Cornel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae kill'd my ae brither,
O dule and wae is me!
But I care the less for the young Cornel,
If thy ain body be free."

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and tak' a sleep,
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully will thee keep."

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Cam riding to the door.

"O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he;
O did you see a bloody squire
Come riding o'er the lea?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she cried,
"What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds."

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds."

"But light ye down, now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the brig o' Tyne."

"We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pounds,
That bloody squire were ta'en!"

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and tak' a sleep,
For thine enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I'll thee keep."

But Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he's ritted it through his dear lady,
And wounded her sae sair.

"What aileth thee now, 'dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?
Hast thou not got my father's gowd,
But and my mother's fee?"

"Ohon, alas! my lady dear,
To come sae hastilie!
I thocht it was my deidly fae,
Ye had trysted unto me!"

"Now live, now live, my dear lady,
The space o' ae half-hour!
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland,
But shall be in thy bower."

"How can I live, my dear Johnstone?
How can I live for thee?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood,
Run trickling down my knee?"

"But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
And ride along the plain,
And ne'er think mair o' thy true love,
Than she had never been."

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

[The following is Herd's version of the same tragic story, with a few emendations from Pinkerton's.]

THE knight stands in the stable-door,
As he was bound to ride,
When out there cam his fair lady,
Desiring him to bide.

"How can I bide, how daur I bide,
How can I bide wi' thee?
Have I not killed thy ae brither?
Thou hadst nae mair but he."

"If thou hast killed my ae brither,
Alas, and woe is me!
But if I save thee from the pain,
The better you'll like me."

She's ta'en him to her secret bower,
Steik'd* wi' a siller-pin,
And she's up to the highest tower,
To watch that nane come in.

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in the tower,
When four-and-twenty armed knights
Cam riding to the door.

"Now God you save, my fair lady,
Declare to me, I pray,
Did you not see a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?"

"Yes; bluidy, bluidy was his sword,
And bluidy were his hands;
But if the steed he rides be gude,
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

"Light down, light down then, gentlemen,
And tak' some bread and wine:
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine."

* Shut.

"We thank you for your bread, lady,
 We thank you for your wine :
 I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
 Your fair body was mine !"

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 But out he drew his bluidy sword,
 And wounded her fu' deep.

"What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire,
 To wreak itself on me ?
 Have I not saved thy life from foes,
 And saved for sic a fee ?"

"Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 O live bnt half an hour,
 There's ne'er a leech in all Scotland
 But shall be at thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live,
 How can I live for thee ?
 See ye not where my red heart's blude
 Runs trickling down my knee ?"

* * * * *

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

[This ballad was first printed in Mr. Herd's collection. Another version appeared in Johnson's "Museum," with two additional verses, which are printed first in the present version. The remainder of the version in the "Museum" differs very slightly from the ballad as printed by Mr. Herd.]

"THE love that I hae chosen, I'll therewith be content,
 The saut sea shall be frozen, before that I repent ;
 Repent it shall I never, until the day I dee,
 But the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

"My love lies in the saut sea, and I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart, wha lately was a bride ;
 Wha lately was a bonnie bride, and pleasure in her ee ;
 But the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

"My love hae built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
Wi' seven-score good mariners to bear her companie;
There's three-score is sunk, and three-score dead at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

"My love, he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins about.

"There shall neither coif come on^{*} my head, nor kaim come in my
hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair;
Nor will I love another ane, until the day I dee,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye needna sair lament."

"O there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

[In the year 1532, King James V., who did so much to suppress the turbulent spirit of the Border freebooters, visited the Borders on the pretext of hunting, but really to execute justice on delinquents. Acting on the evil counsel of some false friends, Johnie was tempted to present himself before James, arrayed and attended in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Lindesay of Pitscottie, the historian, gives the following graphic account of the meeting and its consequences:—

"After this hunting he hanged John Armstrong, Laird of Gilnockie, and his complices to the number of thirty-six persons. For the which many Scottishmen heavily lamented, for he was the most redoubted chieftain that had been, for a long time, on the Borders either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottishman. But it is said that, from the Borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king with his foresaid number richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of the free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants that knave that a king should have?' But John Armstrong made great offers to the king. That he would sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly: 'It is folly

to seek grace at a graceless face. But, had I known this, I should have lived on the Borders in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know that king Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.”

There are two versions of this ballad, but the following is the most historically accurate.]

SOME speik of lords, some speik of lairds,
And sic-like men of high degree,
I sing a sang of a gentleman,
Some time call'd laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a luvng letter,
Wi' his ain hand sae tenderlie;
And he has sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To come and speik with him speedilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant cumpanie:
“We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.”

“Make kinnen* and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll welcome hame our royal king,
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!”

They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows:
“God bring our men weel back again!”

When Johnie cam before the king,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see;
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He ween'd he was a king as weel as he.

“May I find grace, my sovèrign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And subject of yours, my liege,” said he.

“Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!”

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gie to thee;
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foal'd in a yeir to me.

"I'll gie thee all these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicher* at a speir;
With as meikle gude English gilt†
As four o' their braid backs dow‡ bear."

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gie to thee;
Gude four-and-twenty ganging§ mills,
That gang through a' the yeir to me.

"These four-and-twenty mills complete,
Shall gang for thee through a' the year;
And as meikle of gude red wheat
As a' their happers dow to bear."

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee;
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons
Shall for thee fecht, though a' should flee!"

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All between here and Newcastle town
Shall pay their yeirly rent to thee."

* Neigh.

† Gold.

‡ Able to.

§ Going.

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Ye lee, ye lee, now, king!" he says,
"Although a king and prince ye be;
For I've lo'ed naething in a' my life,
I weel daur say't, but honestic:—

"Save a fleet horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir;
But England should have found me meal and maut,
Gif I had lived this hundred year.

"She should have found me meal and maut,
And beef and mutton in a' plentie;
But nevir a Scots wife could have said
That e'er I skaith'd her a poor flee.

"To seek het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit follie?
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

"But had I kenn'd, ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me,
I would have keepit the Border-side,
In spite of all thy peers and thee.

"Wist England's king that I was ta'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For ance I slew his sister's son,
And on his breist-bane brak a tree!"

Johnie wore a girdle about his middle,
Embroider'd owre wi' burning gold,
Bespangled wi' the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hung nine targats* at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
"What wants that knave a king should have,
But the sword of honour and the crown?"

* Tassels.

"O whaur gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly* abune thy bree?"

"I gat them in the field fechtin,
Whaur, cruel king, thou durstna† be!

"Had I my horse, and my harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It should have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting o' my king and me!

"God be with thee, Christy,‡ my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang mayst thou live on the Border-side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down.

"And God be with thee, Christy, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But an' thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

"Fareweel, my bonnie Gilnock-ha',
Where on Esk side thou standest stout;
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

Johnie murder'd was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee.

Because they saved their countrie dear
Frae Englishmen: nane were sac bauld;
While Johnie lived on the Border-side,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

[Mr. Child reprints this ballad, and gives the following introductory note:—

"From Richard Johnson's 'Crown-Garland of Gouden Roses' (1612), as reprinted by the Percy Society, vi. 45. It is there simply entitled 'A Song of a Beggar and a King.' Given in Percy's 'Reliques,' i. 202, 'corrected by another copy.'

"This story, and it would appear this very ballad, is alluded to by Shakespeare and others of the dramatists.

"Thus, the 13th verse is partly quoted in 'Romeo and Juliet,' A. ii. sc. 1:—

* Glance so bravely.

† Dare not.

‡ Christopher.

'Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.'

"Again in 'Love's Labour's Lost' (printed in 1598), A. i. sc. 2 :

"'Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

"'Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found."

"See also 'Henry Fourth,' p. ii. A. v. sc. 3, 'Richard Second,' A. v. sc. 3, and Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' act iii. sc. 4,—all these cited by Percy.

"In 'A Collection of Old Ballads,' i. 138, is a *rifacimento* of this piece, in a different stanza, but following the story closely and preserving much of the diction. It is also printed in Evans's 'Old Ballads,' ii. 361."]

I READ that once in Africa,
A prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign.
From Nature's works he did incline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdain.
But mark what happen'd by the way ;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
Which did increase his pain.

The blinded boy that shoots so trim
From heaven down so high,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie :
Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looketh as he would die.
"What sudden change is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defy?"

Then from his window he did come,
And laid him on his bed ;
A thousand heaps of care did run
Within his troubled head.
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove
How he his fancy might remove,

And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lie,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company,
That so did maze his eyes.
"In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
The gods shall sure snuffice."
Then from his bed he "soon" arose,
And to his palace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knows
When she the king espies.*

"The gods preserve your majesty,"
The beggars all gan cry;
"Vouchsafe to give your charity,
Our children's food to buy!"
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hie.
The king he called her back again,
And unto her he gave his chain;
And said, "With us you shall remain
Till such time as we die.
"For thou," quoth he, "shalt be my wife,
And honoured like the queen;
With thee I mean to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seen:
Our wedding day shall appointed be,
And everything in their degree;
Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee clean.
What is thy name?—go on," quoth he.
"Penelophon, O King," quoth she;
With that she made a low curtesy;
A trim one as I ween.

* Espied.



KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

Thus hand in hand along they walk
Unto the king's palace!
The king with courteous, comely talk
This beggar doth embrace.
The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
And straight again as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voice,
And said, "O King, I do rejoice
That you will take me for your choice,
And my degree so base!"

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queen to wait.
And she behaved herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which she did wear of late.
The proverb old is come to pass,
The priest, when he begins the mass,
Forgets that ever clark he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through fancy long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed;
He did that lover's looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
In stories as we read.
Disdain no whit, O lady dear,
But pity now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year
As to the king it did,

And thus they lead a quiet life
During their princely reign,
And in a tomb were buried both,
As writers show us plain.

The lords they took it grievously,
 The ladies took it heavily,
 The commons cried piteously,
 Their death to them was pain.
 Their fame did sound so passingly,
 That it did pierce the starry sky,
 And throughout all the world did flie
 To every prince's realm.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

[From Guthrie's "Peerage," as quoted by Percy, we have the following account of the incident on which this ballad is founded:—

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time [A.D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship [called by Hall the Bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames (Aug. 2nd, 1511.)"]

THE FIRST PART

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
 And Neptune with his dainty showers
 Came to present the month of May,
 King Henry rode to take the air,
 Over the river of Thames past he;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And down they knelt upon their knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchànts,
Good sailors, welcome unto me:"
They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,
But rich merchànts they could not be.
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a robber that lies on the seas,
Who robs us of our merchant ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And thus they did their answer frame;
"He is a proud Scott, that robs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name."

The king looked over his left shoulder,
And an angry look then looked he;
"Have I never a lord in all my realm,
Will fetch yond traitor unto me?"
"Yea, that dare I," Lord Charles Howard says;
"Yea, that dare I, with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myself will be the only man."

"Thou art but young," the king replied,
"Yond Scott hath numbered many a year:"
"Trust me, my liege, I'll make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appear."
"Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realm so free;
Besides good mariners, and ship-boys,
To guide the great ship on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Though he was threescore years and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
"Peter," says he, "I must to the sea,
To bring home a traitor live or dead;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners to be the head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your main-mast tree,
If I miss my mark one shilling bread."*
My lord then chose a bowman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame;†
In Yorkshire was this gentleman born,
And William Horsley was his name.

"Horsley," said he, "I must with speed
Go seek a traitor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowmen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee."
"If you," quoth he, "have chosen me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
On your main-mast I'll hanged be,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread."

With pikes, and guns, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valiant heart and a pleasant cheer,
Out at Thames mouth sailed he.
And days he scant had sailed three,
Upon the journey he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shew me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came."
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth he,
With a heavy heart, and a careful mind;
"I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, now, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Of a Scottish robber on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"

* If he missed his mark by the breadth of a shilling.

† From the printed copy.

Then ever he sighed, and said "Alas!"

With a grieved mind, and well-away,
"But over-well I know that wight;
I was his prisoner yesterday.

"As I was sailing upon the sea,
A Bordeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hatch-board* he clasped me,
And robbed me of all my merchant ware.
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his own,
And I am now to London bound,
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'

"That shall not need," Lord Howard says;
"Let me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe†
It shall be doubled shillings three."
"Now God forefend," the merchant said,
"That you should seek so far amiss!
God keep you out of that traitor's hands!
Full little ye wot what a man he is.

"He is brass within and steel without,
With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along.
And he hath a pinnace dearly dight,
St. Andrewes crosse, that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen cannons on each side.

"Were ye twenty ships, and he but one,
I swear by kirk, and bower, and hall,
He would overcome them every one,
If once his beams they do down fall."‡

* The MS. has here archborde, but in Part II. v. 5, hachebord.

† From.

‡ It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies' ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked triremes, or otherwise damaging them.—PERCY.

"This is cold comfort," says my lord,
"To welcome a stranger thus to the sea :
Yet I'll bring him and his ship to shore,
Or to Scotland he shall carry me."

"Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sink his pinnace into the sea,
Or else he never o'ercome will be.
And if you chance his ship to board,
This counsel I must give withal,
Let no man to his topcastle go
To strive to let his beams down fall.

"And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to me,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glass I'll set, that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night ;
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant set my lord a glass
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the clock,
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton, knight."
His hatchboard it was hatched with gold,
So dearly dight it dazzled the ee ;
"Now by my faith," Lord Howard says,
"This is a gallant sight to see.

"Take in your ancients, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see ;
And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea."
But they stirred neither top nor mast ;*
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by ;
"What English churls are yonder," he said,
"That can so little courtesy ?

* i.e., Did not salute.

"Now by the rood, three years and more
I have been admiral over the sea,
And never an English nor Portingall*

Without my leave can pass this way."
Then called he forth his stout pinnace;
"Fetch back yond pedlars now to me:
I swear by the mass, yon English churls
Shall all hang at my main-mast tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off;
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For it struck down my lord's fore-mast,
And killèd fourteen of his men.
"Come hither, Simon," says my lord,
"Look that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my main-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou miss thy mark one shilling bread."

Simon was old, but his heart it was bold;
His ordinance he laid right low,
He put in chain full nine yards long,
With other great shot, less and moe,†
And he let go his great gun's shot;
So well he settled it with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
He see his pinnace sunk in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Now cut my ropes, it is time to be gone;
I'll fetch yond pedlars back mysell."
When my lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart he was full fain;
"Now spread your ancients, strike up drums,
Sound all your trumpets out amain."

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"Weale,‡ howsoever this gear will sway;
It is my lord admiral of England,
Is come to seek me on the sea."
Simon had a son, who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed threescore of his men of war.

* Portuguese.

† More.

‡ Well.
U

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side ;
Soon he drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killèd fourscore men beside.
" Now, out alas ! " Sir Andrew cried,
" What may a man now think or say ?
Yonder merchant thief, that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

" Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast ready at my call ;
I will give thee three hundred pounds,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall. "
Lord Howard he then called in haste,
" Horsely, see thou be true in stead ;
For thou shalt at the main-mast hang,
If thou miss twelvescore one penny bread. "

Then Gordon swarved* the main-mast tree,
He swarvèd it with might and main ;
But Horsely with a bearing arrow,
Struck the Gordon through the brain ;
And he fell unto the hatches again,
And sore his deadly wound did bleed :
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

" Come hither to me, James Hamilton,
Thou art my only sister's son ;
If thou wilt let my beams down fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won. "
With that he swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarvèd it with nimble art ;
But Horsely with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hamilton through the heart.

And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream amain :
Then every Scott cried, " Well-away !
Alas a comely youth is slain ! "
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did swell ;
" Go fetch me forth my armour of proof,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

* Swerved ; bent.

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proof,
That gilded is with gold so clear;
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls he it ware."
And when he had on this armour of proof,
He was a gallant sight to see;
"Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with living wight,
My dear brother, could cope with thee."
"Come hither, Horsley," says my lord,
"And look your shaft that it go right;
Shoot a good shoot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight."
"I'll shoot my best," quoth Horsely then,
"Your honour shall see, with might and main;
But if I were hanged at your main-mast,
I have now left but arrows twain."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then;
Upon his breast did Horsely hit,
But the arrow bounded back again.
Then Horsely spied a privy place,
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
Under the spole* of his right arm
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"And never flinch before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
Until you hear my whistle blow."

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts wax sore adread:
Then Horsely said, "Aboard, my lord,
For well I wot Sir Andrew's dead."
They boarded then his noble ship,
They boarded it with might and main;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slain.

* Shoulder.

Lord Howard took a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrew's head ;
" I must have left England many a day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchboard into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crowns :
" Wherever thou land, this will bury thee."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
And back he sailèd o'er the main ;
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came again.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seal and ring ;
" Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace
As never did subject to a king.

" Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,
A braver ship was never none ;
Now hath your grace two ships of war,
Before in England was but one."
King Henry's grace with royal cheer
Welcomed the noble Howard home ;
" And where," said he, " is this rover stout,
That I myself may give the doom ?"

" The rover, he is safe, my liege,
Full many a fathom in the sea ;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day.
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory we have won ;
These are William Horsely, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his son."

To Henry Hunt, the king then said,
" In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrew's jewels and his chain.
And Horsely thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store ;
Howard shall be Earl Surrey hight,
As Howards erst have been before.

“ Now, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintain thee and thy son ;
 And the men shall have five hundred marks
 For the good service they have done.”
 Then in came the queen with ladies fair,
 To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight ;
 They ween'd that he were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,
 And eyes so hollow in his head,
 “ I would give,” quoth the king, “ a thousand marks,
 This man were alive as he is dead.
 Yet for the manful part he played,
 Which fought so well with heart and hand,
 His men shall have twelvepence a day,
 Till they come to my brother king's high land.”

LADY MARY ANN.

From Johnson's "Museum."

O LADY MARY ANN looks owre the castle wa',
 She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba',
 The youngest he was the flower amang them a' ;
 My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

“ O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the college yet ;
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.”

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
 Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
 And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew ;
 For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout o' an aik,
 Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make ;
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa' that we ha'e seen ;
 But far better days I trust will come again,
 For my bonny laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

[The only version of this ballad known to exist was first printed in "The Minstrelsy." Sir Walter says it is chiefly given from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS. Its authenticity was confirmed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses.]

KING EASTER has courted her for her lands,
 King Wester for her fee ;
 King Honour for her comely face,
 And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
 As I have heard them tell,
 Until the nobles of the land
 Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevels* them amang,
 And kevels them between ;
 And they cast kevels them amang,
 Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
 Their words did not agree ;
 Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
 And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bound to bed,
 King Honour and his gay ladye
 In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
 When a' were fast asleep,
 And slew the porter in his lodge,
 That watch and ward did keep.

* Lots.

O four-and-twenty silver keys
Hang hie upon a pin ;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behin'.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din ?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in ?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee :
"O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage !
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage !
Until I lightier be !
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left me wi'."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursèd it sall be ;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He shall be hangit hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie, hie kin ;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He shall mount the gallows pin."

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard ;
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lightier be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birl'd these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow is this window,
And big, big am I grown!"
Yet thro' the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and on;
And at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast keivils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee:
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says;
"What needs this courtesie?"

"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to back a steed;
And I shall learn your turtle-doo
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I shall learn your turtle-doo
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avow,
But—'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'
'Madame, how does my doo?'"

When days were gane, and years cam' on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
O' it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth I canna see;
For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
Ye'd do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light."

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna take ye hame."

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk:
Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And free my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,
 Frae me ye shanna flee,"
 Syne pierc'd him thro' the fause, fause heart,
 And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
 Wi' the best half o' his land;
 And sae has he the turtle-doo,
 Wi' the troth o' his right hand.

LORD RANDAL.

[I have adopted Sir Walter Scott's title to this ballad, and have collated his version with that of Mr. Kinloch, where we have the legacies which do not appear in the copy in "The Minstrelsy." This has been done advisedly, so that the resemblance of the ballad to similar ballads of German and Swedish origin may be the more apparent. In the introductory note to "The Wife of Auchtermuchty" allusion has been made to the similarity of the traditional tales and ballads of various nations. Scott suggests that the ballad may have originally related to the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, governor of Scotland, who died suddenly, with grave suspicions of poisoning, at Musselburgh, in 1332, when his valuable services were most necessary to his country, an English invasion being threatened.

Ballads dealing with the same incidents current in Germany and Sweden are entitled "The Snake Cook" and "The Child's Last Will." Translations of them will be found in vol. ii. p. 363 of Child's "English and Scottish Ballads." Mr. Chambers prints one under the title of "The Croodlin' Doo," which I cannot refrain from introducing here:—

"O whaur hae ye been a' the day,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"*
 "O I've been at my grandmother's;
 Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"O what gat ye at your grandmother's,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"
 "I got a bonnie wee fishie;
 Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"O whaur did she catch the fishie,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"
 "She catched it in the gutter-hole;
 Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"And what did she do wi' the fishie,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"
 "She boiled it in a brass pan;
 Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"And what did ye do wi' the banes o't,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"
 "I gied them to my little dog;
 Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"And what did your little doggie do,
 My little wee croodlin' doo?"
 "He stretched out his head, his feet,
 and dead;
 "Mak' my bed, mammie, noo."]

"O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
 O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
 "I hae been awa courtin; mither, mak my bed sune,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?"
"I dined with my true-love ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What gat ye for your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
What gat ye for your dinner, my handsome young man ?"
"A dish o' sma' fishes ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What like were your fishes, Lord Randal, my son ?
What like were your fishes, Lord Randal, my son ?"
"Black backs and speckled bellies ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"Where gat ye the fishes, Lord Randal, my son ?
Where gat ye the fishes, my handsome young man ?"
"In my father's black ditches ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son ?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ?"
"O they swell'd and they died ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son !
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man !"
"O yes ! I am poison'd ! mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What will ye leave to your father, Lord Randal, my son ?
What will ye leave to your father, my handsome young man ?"
"Baith my houses and land ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Randal, my son ?
What will ye leave to your brither, my handsome young man ?"
"My horse and my saddle ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son ?
What will ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man ?"
"Baith my gold box and rings ; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What will you leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?
 What will you leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?"
 "The tow* and the halter for to hang on yon tree,
 And lat her hang there for the poisoning o' me."

HUGHIE GRÆME.

[There are three versions of this ballad—one contributed to the "Scots Musical Museum" by Burns; one communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr. William Laidlaw; and one in Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," called "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime." Verse six is from the latter; while verses fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen are from Burns's version; the remainder is from the version in "The Minstrelsy." I venture to think that this is the most graphic form in which the ballad has appeared.]

GUDE Lord Scoop's to the huntin' gane,
 He has ridden owre moss and muir;
 And he has grippit† Hughie Græme,
 For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, gude Lord Scoop, this may not be!
 Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
 And if that thou canst conquer me,
 The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid o' a traitor thief;
 Although thy name be Hughie Græme,
 I'll mak' thee repent thee o' thy deeds,
 If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your warst now, gude Lord Scoop,
 And deal your blows as hard as you can!
 It shall be tried within an hour,
 Which o' us twa is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows sae free,
 And baith sae bluidy at the time,
 Owre the moss cam' ten yeomen sae tall,
 All for to tak' brave Hughie Græme.

He set his back against a tree,
 And the yeomen compast him round;
 His mickle sword frae his hand did flee,
 And they brocht Hughie to the ground.

* Rope.

† Seized.

Then they hae grippit Hughie Græme,
And brocht him up through Carlisle town ;
The lasses and lads stude on the walls,
Crying, " Hughie Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down ! " *

Then they hae chosen a jury o' men,
The best that were in Carlisle town ;
And twelve o' them cried out at once,
" Hughie Græme, thou must gae down ! "

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
" Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie Græme to me. "

" O na, O na, my gude Lord Hume !
Forsooth and sae it maunna be ;
For were there but three Græmes o' the name,
They suld be hangit a' for me. "

" Twas up and spak the gude Lady Hume !
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
" A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If ye'll grant Hughie Græme to me. "

" O na, O na, my gude Lady Hume !
Forsooth and sae it mustna be ;
Altho' ten Græmes were in his coat,
He suld be hangit hie for me. "

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He lookit to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

He looked ower his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see ;
There was he aware o' his auld father,
Cam' tearing his hair most piteously.

" O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be ;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

* *Gae down*—be hanged.

"Here, Johnie Armstrang, tak' thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine ;
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death o' Hughie Græme.

"Remember me to Maggie, my wife,
The neist time ye gang owre the muir ;
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
And wi' the bishop play'd the whore.

"And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blude ;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
To mak' it shorter by the hood."



THE DUKE OF ATHOLL'S NURSE.

[The following is compiled from Mr. Buchan's and Mr. Kinloch's version, with an emendation or two from the copy in Professor Aytoun's collection. The Professor had the benefit of a manuscript of Mr. Kinloch's in collating his version, but I am inclined to think that any advantage derived from this is more than lost in the omission of the two racy and humorous verses as to the kissing and kicking of the hero in his assumed character of housemaid.]

As I gaed in by the Duke o' Atholl's yett,
I heard a fair maid singing ;
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
That all the woods were ringing.

"O it's I am the Duke o' Atholl's nurse,
And I wat it weel does set me ;
But I wad gie a' my half-year's fee,
For ae sicht o' my Johnie."

"Keep weel, keep weel your half-year's fee,
Ye'll sune get a sicht o' your Johnie ;"
"O here is my hand, but anither has my heart,
And I daurna mair come near ye."

"Ohon, and alace, if anither hae your heart,
These words hae fair undone me ;
But let us set a tryst to meet again,
Then in gude friends ye'll twine me.

"Ye'll do' ye down to yon change-house,
And drink till the day be dawing,
And as sure as I ance had a love for you,
I'll come there, and clear your lawing.

"Ye'll spare not the wine, altho' it be fine,
Nae Malago, tho' it be rarely,
But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health,
That's to clear your lawing fairly."

Then he's done him down to yon change-house,
And drank till the day was dawing,
And aye he drank the bonnie lassie's health,
That was coming to clear his lawing.

And aye as he birl'd, and aye as he drank,
The gude beer but and the brandy,
He spared not the wine, altho' it was fine—
The sack nor the sugar-candy.

He's dune him to the shot-window
To see gin she were coming;
And there he spy'd her nine brithers bauld,
That ower the hill cam' running.

"Where sall I rin, where sall I gang,
Or where now sall I lay me?
For she that ance was my ain true-love,
Has sent nine men to slay me!"

He's gane to the landlady o' the house,
Says, "O can ye supply me:
She that was to meet me in friendship this day
Has sent nine men to slay me?"

She gae him a suit o' her ain female claes:
"Your life sall no be taken;"
The bird ne'er sang mair sweet on the bush,
Nor the knight sang at the baking.

Sae loudlie as they rappit at the yett,
Sae loudlie as they were ca'ing;
"Had ye a young man here yestreen,
We'll shortly clear his lawing?"

"He drank but ae pint, and he paid or he went,
 And there's naething to clear o' his lawing ;"
 They searchit the house a' round and round,
 And they spared na the curtains to tear them.

They stabbed the house, baith but and ben,
 The curtains they spared nae riving ;
 And for a' that they did search and ca'
 For a kiss o' the knicht they were striving.

A lad amang the rest, being o' a merry mood,
 To the young knicht fell a talking ;
 The wife took her foot, and gae him a kick,
 Says, "Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking."

While the landlady stude upon the stair head,
 Crying, "Maid, be busy at your baking."
 They gaed as they cam', and left a' undone,
 And left the bonnie maid at her baking.

FLODDEN FIELD.

[This ballad is reprinted from Ritson's "Ancient Songs," who gives the following introductory note:—

"The battle of Flodden, in Northumberland, was fought the 9th of September, 1513, being the fifth year of King Henry the Eighth (who, with a great army, was then before Terouen in France), between Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, commander-in-chief of the English forces, and James the Fourth, King of Scots, with an inferior army of 15,000 men, who were entirely routed with great slaughter, their heroic sovereign being left dead upon the field.

"The following ballad may possibly be as ancient as anything we have on the subject. It is given from 'The most pleasant and delectable history of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newberry,' written by Thomas Deloney, who thus speaks of it: 'In disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the commons of England made this song, which to this day is not forgotten of many.'"]

KING JAMIE hath made a vow,
 Keep it well if he may !
 That he will be at lovely London
 Upon Saint James his day.

"Upon Saint James his day at noon,
 At fair London will I be,
 And all the lords in merry Scotland,
 They shall dine there with me."

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,
The tears fell from her eye !
“ Leave off these wars, most noble king,
Keep your fidelity.

“ The water runs swift and wondrous deep
From bottom unto the brim ;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win.”

“ Away,” quoth he, “ with this silly fool !
In prison fast let her lie :
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die.”

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
The Queen’s chamberlain that day ;
“ If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.”

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
“ Away with this foolish mome !
He shall be hang’d, and the other burn’d,
So soon as I come home.”

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain ;
At Bramstone-green this battle was seen,
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind ;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our soldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain
That to the fight did stand,
And many a prisoner took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor,
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sate weeping in her bower.

Jack with a fether was lapt all in lether,
 His boastings were all in vain;
 He had such a chance with [a] new morrice-dance
 He never went home again.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

[This ballad was first printed in "The Reliques," from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland; the present version is made up from Percy's and that of Mr. Jamieson, with additions and emendations from Mr. Chambers's copy. Both Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Chambers entitle the ballad "Fair Willie and Sweet Annie."]

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
 Sat a' day on a hill,
 Whan night was cum, and the sun was
 set,
 They had na talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in haste,
 Fair Annet took it ill;
 "I winna wed a tocherless lass,
 Against my ain friends' will."

"Gif ye will never wed a wife,
 A wife will ne'er wed ye."
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee.

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
 "A gude rede gie to me;
 O sall I tak' the nut-brown bride,
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and
 gear,
 Fair Annet she's gat nane,
 And the little beauty fair Annet has,
 O it wull sune be gane."

And he has till his brother gane;
 "Now, brother, rede ye me,
 O sall I marry the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has owsen,
 brother,
 The nut-brown bride has kye;
 I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown
 bride,
 And cast fair Annet by."

"Her owsen may dee i' the house, billie,
 And her kye into the byre,
 And I sall hae naething to mysell,
 But a fat fadge by the fire."

And he has till his sister gane;
 "Now, sister, rede ye me;
 O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,
 And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye tak' fair Annet, Thomas,
 Let the nut-brown bride alane,
 Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
 What is this we brought hame?"

"No! I will tak' my mither's counsel,
 And marry me out o' hand;
 And I will tak' the nut-browne bride,
 Fair Annet may leave the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
 Twa hours or it were day,
 And he is gane into the bower,
 Wherein fair Annet lay.



LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he sava,
 "Put on your silken sheen,
 Let us gae to Saint Marie's kirk,
 To see this gay weddin."

"Ye mauna put on the black, the black,
 Nor yet maun ye the broun;
 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches
 sae white,
 And your bonnie locks hanging
 down."

"I will gae to Lord Thomas' wedin,
 And in that gear sae fine;
 I will gae to Lord Thomas' wedin,
 I had rather the mass it was mine."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-roome
 And dress to me my hair,
 Where'er ye laid a plait before,
 See ye lay ten times mair."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my smock,
 The ae half is o' the holland fine,
 The ither o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
 Hé amblit like the wind,
 Wi' siller he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
 Were a' tied to his mane,
 Wi' ae tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights,
 Rade by fair Annet's side,
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
 As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam' to Marie's kirk,
 She sat on Marie's stane,
 The cleiding that fair Annet had on,
 It skinkled* in their e'en.

And when she cam' into the kirk,
 She skimmer'd like the sun;
 The belt that was about her waist,
 Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
 And her e'en they were sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 And he gave it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak' the nut-brown bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite;
 "And whaur gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak' ye sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
 Whaur ye will ne'er get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water,
 Into my mither's wambe.†

"Where I did get that rose-water,
 Ye wull ne'er get the like;
 For ye've been washed in Dunnie's well,
 And dried on Dunnie's dyke.

"Tak' back and wear your rose, Thomas,
 As lang as it will last;
 For, like your luvie, its sweetness a'
 Will sune be gane and past."

When nicht was come, and day was
 gane,
 And a' men boun' to bed,
 Lord Thomas and the nut-brown bride
 In their chamber were laid.

They were na weel lain down,
 And scarcely fa'n asleep,
 When up and stands she, fair Annet,
 Just at Lord Thomas' feet.

* Glittered; glistened.

† Womb.

"Weel brook ye o' your nut-brown
bride,
Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding-sheet,
That suits me best ava.

"Weel brook ye o' your nut-brown
bride,
Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black, black kist,*
That has neither key nor lock!

"Weel brook ye o' your nut-brown
bride,
And o' your bridal bed;
And sae will I o' the cauld, cauld
mools,
That sune will hap my head."

Lord Thomas rase, put on his claes,
Drew till him his hose and shoon;
And he is on to Annet's bower,
By the lee light o' the moon.

The firsten bower that he cam' till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters,
Were makin' to Annet a sark.

The nexten bower that he cam' till,
There was right dowie cheer;
Her father and her seven brethren,
Were makin' to Annet a bier.

The lasten bower that he cam' till,
O heavy was his care,
The dead candles were burning bright,
And fair Annet streekit† there.

"It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin;
And I will kiss your clay-cauld lip,
But I'll ne'er kiss woman again.

"This day ye birl at Annet's wake,
The white bread and the wine;
Before the morn at twal o'clock,
They'll birl the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tither in Marie's quire,
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
As they would fain be near,
And every ane that pass'd them by,
Said, "Thae's been lovers dear!"

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

[In the year 1640, James, Earl of Airlie, a devoted royalist, passed to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to sign the Covenant. He left his castles of Airlie and Forter, which were well garrisoned, in charge of his son, Lord Ogilvy. When summoned to surrender the place he made answer that, as "his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him as to render his house to any subjects, he would defend the samen to his power, till his father returned from England."

The Committee of Estates, being determined at all hazards to get these strongholds into their hands, issued a commission to the Earl of Argyle, authorizing him to take and destroy the castles. As there had been a long-standing feud between Argyle and the Ogilvies, he readily undertook the task. Lord Ogilvy, seeing that resistance was hopeless, withdrew from the castle. Argyle fulfilled his instructions with fierce fidelity, burning the castle and razing the walls. Gordon of Rothiemay, in an account of the

* Coffin.

† Stretched.

Civil Wars, states that Argyle "was seen taking a hammer in his hand, and knocking down the hewed work of the doors and windows, till he did sweat for heat at his work."

From Airlie he marched to Forfar, where Lady Ogilvy was, being then near her confinement. He treated her with much cruelty, turned her out of doors, refusing permission to her grandmother, the Lady Drummie, to receive her into her house of Kelly. The King Charlie of the ballad is Charles II.

There are many versions of this ballad, several of them of some merit. The following, with some trifling emendations from other versions, is Mr. Sharpe's, and is the best and most spirited.]

It fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer-day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute.
'Tween gleyed* Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle has raised an hunder men,
An hunder harness'd rarely;
And he's awa' by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the castle o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower window,
And O, but she looks weary,
And there she spied the great Argyle,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly."
"O, I wadna kiss the fause Argyll,
Though ye shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie."

He has taken her by the left shoulder,
Says, "Dame, where lies thy dowry?"†
"O it's east and west yon water-side,
And it's down by the banks o' the Airlie."

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
They hae sought it maist severely;
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree,
That stands on the bowling-green o' Airlie.

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
And O, but she grat sairly!
And laid her down by the bonny burnside,
Till they plundered the castle o' Airlie.

* Squinting.

† Riches; jewels.

"O, I hae seven braw sons," she says ;
 "The youngest ne'er saw his daddie ;
 But though I had an hundred mae,
 I'd gie them a' to King Charlie !

 "But gin my gude lord had been at hame,
 As this nicht he is wi' Charlie,
 There durst na a Campbell in a' Argyle,
 Hae plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie !

 "Gif my gude lord was now at hame,
 As he is wi' King Charlie,
 The dearest blude o' a' thy kin
 Wad slocken the burning o' Airlie !"

GLASGOW PEGGIE.

[Mr. Kinloch's copy of this ballad, of which there are several versions, is the best. The following is almost a reprint of it, with a few variations from other versions. Mr. Buchan's version, which he entitles "Donald of the Isles," is very spirited.]

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But the Hieland lads are brisk and gawcy,
 And he is on to Glasgow toun,
 To steal awa' a bonnie lassie.

 "O I wad gie my gude brown steed,
 And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,
 That I war fifty miles frae the toun,
 And nane wi' me but my bonnie Peggie."

 But up then spak' the auld gudeman ;
 And wow, but he spak' wondrous saucie ;
 "Ye may steal awa' our cows and ewes,
 But ye sanna* get our bonnie lassie."

 "I hae got cows and ewes enow,
 I've got gowd and gear already ;
 Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,
 But I will hae your bonnie Peggie."

 But up then spak' the auld gudewife ;
 And wow, but she look'd wondrous yellow,—
 "Now since I've brocht ye up this length,
 Wad ye gang awa' wi' a Hieland fellow ?"

* Shall not.

" I'll follow him owre moss and muir,
I'll follow him owre mountains many,
I'll follow him through frost and snaw,
I'll stay nae langer wi' my daddie."

He's set her on his gude broun steed,
Himsel' upon his gude grey naigie;
And they're owre hills and owre dales,
And he's awa' wi' his bonnie Peggie.

As they rade out frae Glasgow toun,
And by the side o' Achildounie,
There they met the Earl o' Hume,
And his young son were riding bonnie.

Out bespak' the Earl o' Hume,
And O but he spak' wondrous sadly;
"The bonniest lass in a' Glasgow toun,
This day is awa wi' a Hieland laddie!"

As they rade by auld Drymen toun,
The lasses leuch, and lookit saucy,
That the bonniest lass they ever saw,
Sud be riding awa' wi' a Hieland laddie.

They rade on through moss and muir,
And sae did they owre mountains many,
Until that they cam' to yonder glen,
And she's lain down wi' her Hieland laddie.

Gude green hay was Peggie's bed,
And brakens war her blankets bonnie;
Wi' his tartan plaid aneath her head,
And she's lain down wi' her Hieland laddie.

"There's beds and bousters in my father's house,
There's sheets and blankets and a' thing ready,
And wadna' they be angry wi' me,
To see me lie sae wi' a Hieland laddie?"

"Tho' there's beds and beddin in your father's house,
Sheets and blankets and a' made ready;
Yet why should they be angry wi' thee,
Though I be but a Hieland laddie?"

"There are fifty cows in my father's byre,
 They're a' tied to the stakes already;
 Five thousand pounds I hae ilk year,
 Although I be but a Hieland laddie.
 "My father has fifty weel shod horse,
 Forbye your steed and my gray naigie;
 I am Donald o' the Isle o' Skye,
 And why sud na Peggy be ca'd a ladie?
 "See ye na a' yon castles and towers?
 The sun shines owre them a' sae bonnie,
 It's I am Donald, the Lord o' Skye,
 I think I'll mak' ye as blythe as ony."
 A' that Peggie left behind
 Was a cothouse and a wee kail-yardie;
 Now I think she is better by far
 Than tho' she had gat a Lawland lairdie.

THE LAIRD OF DRUM.

[We are indebted to Mr. Buchan and Mr. Kinloch for two admirable versions of this ballad of real life, and the following version is the result of a careful collation of both. Professor Aytoun says, in his introduction to the ballad—

"Few families in the north of Scotland can boast of 'redder blood' than the Irvines of Drum, who still remain in possession of the estates granted for loyal service to their ancestor by King Robert the Bruce. Inflexible 'kingsmen,' their names appear in the records of almost every stirring period, from the battle of the Harlaw, when they were represented by,

'Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
 The much-renowned Laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better seen,
 When they were semblit all and some,'

down to the great rebellion, when another Alexander received the compliment of ex-communication at the hands of the Covenanters on account of his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and was under sentence of death when rescued by the Marquis of Montrose. This latter Alexander is the Laird of Drum celebrated in the following ballad. His first wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Huntly; but in his advanced years he took to himself a second of humble degree, Margaret Coutts by name, an alliance which gave great offence to his kindred, but which seems rather to have gratified the commons, with whom the ballad is still a favourite."]

THE Laird o' Drum is a-hunting gane,
 All in a morning early,
 And he did spy a weel-faur'd* May,
 Was shearing at her barley.

* Well favoured.

"My bonny May, my weel-faur'd May,
O will ye fancy me, O ;
And gae and be the Lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing a-be, O ?"

"It's I canna fancy you, kind sir,
Nor let my shearing a-be, O ;
For I'm owre low to be Lady Drum,
And your miss I'd scorn to be, O."

"But ye'll cast aff that gown o' grey,
Put on the silk and scarlet ;
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
Ye'll be neither miss nor harlot."

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speir at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O—
"I am come to marry your ae daughter,
If ye'll gie me your good-will, O."

"My dochter can neither read nor write,
She ne'er was brocht up at scheel,* O ;
But weel can she milk baith cow and ewe.
And mak' a kebbuck† weel, O."

"She'll win in your barn at bear‡ seed-time,
And gang to kiln and mill, O ;
In time o' need she'll saddle your steed,
And draw aff your boots hersell, O."

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O ;
She shall neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersell, O."

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O ;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

* School.

† Cheese.

‡ Barley.

Four-and-twenty gentle knights
Gaed in at the yetts o' Drum, O;
But nae a man has lifted his hat,
When the Lady o' Drum cam' in, O.

But he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her but and ben, O;
Says, "You're welcome hame, my Lady Drum,
For this is your ain land, O."

For he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her through the ha', O;
Says, "You're welcome hame, my Lady Drum,
To your bowers ane and a', O."

"Peggy Coutts is a vera bonnie bride,
And Drum is big and gawsy;*
But he might hae chosen a higher match
Than ony shepherd's lassie!"

Then up bespak his brother John,
Says, "Ye've done us meikle wrang, O;
Ye've married a wife below your degree,
She's a mock to a' our kin, O."

Out then spak the Laird o' Drum,
Says, "I've done you nae wrang, O;
I've married a wife to work and win,
And ye've married ane to spend, O.

"The first time that I married a wife,
She was far abune my degree, O;
And I durstna' gang in the room where she was,
But my hat below my knee, O!

"For the first wife that I did wed,
She was far abune my degree, O;
She wadna hae walked to the yetts o' Drum,
But the pearlin† abune her bree, O.

"And she was adored for as much gold,
As Peggy is for beauty, O;
She micht walk to the yetts o' Drum,
Amang gude companie, O!"

* Jolly.

† Lace.

There were four-and-twenty gentle knights
Stude at the yetts o' Drum, O ;
There was na ane amang them a'
That welcomed Peggy in, O !

He has taen her by the milkwhite hand,
And led her in himsel', O ;
And in through ha's, and in through bowers,—
“ And ye're welcome, Lady Drum, O.”

Then he has kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O,
And twenty times her comely mou',—
“ And ye're welcome, Lady Drum, O !”

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' men bound for bed, O,
The Laird o' Drum, and his Lady fair,
In ae bed they were laid, O.

“ Gin ye had been o' high renown,
As ye're o' low degree, O ;
We might hae baith gane down the streets,
Amang gude companie, O.”

“ I tauld ye weel ere we were wed,
Ye were far abune my degree, O ;
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
And just as gude as ye, O.

“ For an I were dead, and ye were dead,
And baith in ae grave had lain, O ;
Ere seven years were na at an end,
They'd no ken your dust frae mine, O.”

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

[This ballad is reprinted from Percy. Its subject is the insurrection of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in 1569. These noblemen were the leaders of the Catholic party in England, and were parties to most of the plots for restoring Mary, Queen of Scots, to liberty. They entered zealously into the proposed marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. Being summoned to Court by Queen Elizabeth to answer to the charge of intended rebellion, and fearing to place themselves in the Queen's power, they immediately raised the standard of insurrection. Percy says :—

“ Their common banner (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five

wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-Conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford Moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's Castle, which Sir George Bowles held out against them for eleven days.

"The Fate of the Nortons forms the subject of Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone.'"

Northumberland fled to the Scots, by whom, as we shall see by the next ballad, he was betrayed.]

LISTEN, lively lordlings all,
Lithe and listen unto me,
And I will sing of a noble earl,
The noblest earl in the north countrie.

Earl Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walks his fair ladie:
"I heard a bird sing in mine ear,
That I must either fight or flee."
"Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee;
But go to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honesty."

"Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas! thy counsel suits not me;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not be."

"O go to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee;
And if any dare to do you wrong,
Then your warrant they may be."

"Now nay, now nay, thou lady fair,
The court is full of subiltie;
And if I go to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see."

"Yet go to the court, my lord," she says,
"And I myself will ride wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithful borrow I will be."

"Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
Far lever* had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruel foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

"But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto me;
To maister Norton thou must go
In all the haste that ever may be.

"Commend me to that gentleman,
And bear this letter here from me;
And say that earnestly I pray,
He will ride in my company."

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Until he came to his journey's end
The little foot-page never blan.†

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee,
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And let the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was read,
Afore that goodly company,
I-wis, if you the truth would know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He said, "Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to be;
What doest thou counsel me, my son,
Now that good earl's in jeopardy?"

"Father, my counsel's fair and free;
That earl he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I would not have you break your word."

"Gramercy, Christopher, my son,
Thy counsel well it liketh me,
And if we speed and 'scape with life,
Well advancèd shalt thou be.

* Rather.

† Stopped; stayed.

"Come you hither, mine nine good sons,*
Gallant men I trow you be :
How many of you, my children dear,
Will stand by that good earl and me?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
"O father, till the day we dee
We'll stand by that good earl and thee."

"Gramercy now, my children dear,
You show yourselves right bold and brave ;
And whethersoe'er I live or dee,
A father's blessing you shall have.

"But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton ?
Thou art mine oldest son and heir ;
Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast ;
Whatever it be to me declare "

"Father, you are an aged man ;
Your head is white, your beard is gray ;
It were a shame at these your years
For you to rise in such a fray."

"Now fie upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of me ;
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee?"

"But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarmed and naked will I be ;
And he that strikes against the crown,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodly band,
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

* The Act of Attainder, 13th Elizabeth, only mentions Richard Norton, the father, and seven sons, and in "a list of the rebels in the late Northern rebellion that are fled beyond seas," the same seven sons are named. Richard Norton, the father, was living long after the rebellion in Spanish Flanders. See Sharp's "Bishoprick Garland," p. 10.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Earl of Westmoreland was he :
At Wetherby they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmoreland his ancient raised,
The Dun Bull he raised on hie,*
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there set out most royally.

Earl Percy there his ancient spread,
The Half-Moon shining all so fair :†
The Nortons ancient had the cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did bear.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose,
After them some spoil to make ;
Those noble earls turned back again,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled he ;
The uttermost walls were eathe‡ to win,
The earls have won them presently.

The uttermost walls were lime and brick,
But though they won them soon anon,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock of stone.

Then news unto leevess London came,
In all the speed that ever might be,
And word is brought to our royal queen
Of the rising in the North country.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royal queen she swore,
“ I will ordain them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.”

* The supporters of the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland were two bulls argent, ducally collar'd gold, armed or, &c.

† The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens.—P.

‡ Easy.

§ Dear ; pleasant.

She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
With horse and harness fair to see ;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earls i' th' North country.

Wi' them the false Earl Warwick went,
Th' Earl Sussex and the Lord Hunsden ;
Until they to York Castle came,
I-wis they never stint ne blan.*

Now spread thy ancient, Westmoreland,
Thy dun bull fain would we spy :
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now raise thy half-moon up on high.

But the dun bull is fled and gone,
And the half-moon vanished away :
The earls, though they were brave and bold,
Against so many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sons,
They doom'd to die, alas ! for ruth !
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
Nor them their fair and blooming youth.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruelly bereaved of life :
And many a child made fatherless,
And widowed many a tender wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

[The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, after the dispersion of their followers, as related in the previous ballad, took refuge in Scotland. Northumberland, relying on his plighted word, took up his residence with Hector of Harlaw, one of the Armstrongs, who basely handed him over to the Regent Murray, who had him confined for three years in Lochleven Castle, from whence he was conveyed to York, and executed. Percy says :—

“ ‘The interposal of the Witch-Lady (v. 53)’ hath some countenance from history ; for, about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the

* Nor stayed.

pretended crime of witchcraft, who, it is presumed, is the witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

"The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures."}]

"How long shall fortune fail me now,
And harrow me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

"To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavy lot;
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

"One gentle Armstrong I do ken,
A Scot he is, much bound to me;
He dwelleth on the Border side,
To him I'll go right privilie."

Thus did the noble Percy 'plain,
With a heavy heart and well-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherously;
For they did strip that noble earl,
And ever an ill death may they dee!

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide,
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,*
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched† him right courteouslie;
Said, "Welcome, welcome, noble earl,
Here thou shalt safely bide with me."

* Lochleven Castle.

† Greeted.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day,
To the regent the lord warden sent,
That banished earl for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see,
Saying, "Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banished man to me."

Earl Percy at the supper sate,
With many a goodly gentleman;
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte* with him began.

"What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfully?
To-morrow a shooting will be held
Among the lords of the North country.

"The butts are set, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royalty;
And I am sworn into my bille,†
Thither to bring my Lord Percy."

"I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas
And here by my true faith," quoth he,
"If thou wilt ride to the world's end
I will ride in thy company."

And then bespake a lady fair,
Mary à Douglas was her name;
"You shall bide here, good English lord,
My brother is a traitorous man.

"He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitie;
For he hath tane liverance of the earl,‡
Into England now to 'liver thee."

"Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord;
Ne for the gold in all England
The Douglas would not break his word.

* Remonstrate.

† I have pledged myself in writing.

‡ Hath taken money to deliver him up.—Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.—P.

"When the regent was a banished man,
With me he did fair welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

"Between England and Scotland it would break truce,
And friends again they would never be,
If they should 'liver a banished earl,
Was driven out of his own countrie."

"Alas! alas! my lord," she says,
"Now mickle is their traitorie;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
And tell those English lords from thee.

"How that thou cannot with him ride,
Because you are in an ile of the sea,*
Then ere my brother come again,
To Edinboro' castle I'll carry thee.

"To the Lord Hume I will thee bring;
He is well known a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word."

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy said,
"When I think on my own countrie,
When I think on the heavy happ†
My friends have suffered there for me.

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy said,
"And sore my mind those wars distress;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherless.

"And now that I a banished man
Should bring such evil happ with me,
To cause my fair and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie,

"This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever‡ had I die this day,
Than think a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray."

* *i.e.*, Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea. Edinburgh was at that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—P

† Mishap.

‡ Rather.

"If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto me no credence yield,
Yet step one moment here aside,
I'll show you all your foes in field."

"Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wile;*
But evermore held the highway
Of truth and honour, free from guile."

"If you'll not come yourself, my lord,
Yet send your chamberlain with me;
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee."

James Swynyard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme† of her ring
How many English lords there were
Waiting for his master and him.

"And who walks yonder, my good lady,
So royally on yonder green?"
"O yonder is the Lord Hunsden:‡
Alas! he'll do you dree and teene."§

"And who beth|| yonder, thou gay lady,
That walks so proudly him beside?"
"That is Sir William Drury,"¶ she said,
"A keen captain he is and tried."

"How many miles is it, madame,
Betwixt yond English lords and me?"
"Marry, it is thrice fifty miles,
To sail to them upon the sea."

"I never was on English ground,
Ne never saw it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth me,
And through my ring I may descry."

* Private wiles.

† Hollow.

‡ The Lord Warden of the East Marches.—P.

§ Wrong and injury.

|| Is.

¶ Governor of Berwick.—P.

"My mother she was a witch lady,
And of her skill she learned me;
She would let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie."

"But who is yond, thou lady fair,
That looketh with sic an austerne* face?"
"Yonder is Sir John Foster,"† quoth she,
"Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace."

He pulled his hat down over his brow;
He wept, in his heart he was full of woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

"Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladie;
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to me.

"I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yet have I never had no outrake,‡
Ne no good games that I could see.

"Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light." †

He writhe§ a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that gay ladie:
Says, "It was all that I could save,
In Harley woods where I could be."

"And wilt thou go, thou noble lord?
Then farewell truth and honestie,
And farewell heart, and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see."

The wind was fair, the boatman called,
And all the sailors were on board;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

* Austere.

† Warde of the Middle-march.—P.

‡ No riding out; no freedom to go about.

§ Twisted.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, "Gentle lady, fare thee well!"
The lady fett* a sigh so deep,
And in a dead swoon down she fell.

"Now let us go back, Douglas," he said,
"A sickness hath taken yond fair ladie;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall be."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he says,
"Come on, come on, and let her be;
There's ladies enow in Lough-leven
For to cheer that gay ladie."

"If you'll not turn yourself, my lord,
Let me go with my chamberlain;
We will but comfort that fair lady,
And we will return to you again."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he says,
"Come on, come on, and let her be;
My sister is crafty, and would beguile
A thousand such as you and me."

"When they had sailed fifty mile,
Now fifty mile upon the sea,
He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they should that shooting see."

"Fair words," quoth he, "they make fools fain,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen;
You may hap to think it soon enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween."

Jamie his hat pulled over his brow,
He thought his lord then was betrayed;
And he is to Earl Percy again,
To tell him what the Douglas said.

"Hold up thy head, man," quoth his lord,
"Nor therefore let thy courage fail;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he could make it quail."

* Fetched.

When they had other fifty sailed,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,
 Lord Percy called to Douglas himself,
 Said, "What wilt thou now do with me?"

"Look that your bridle be wight, my lord,
 And your horse go swift as ship at sea;
 Look that your spurs be bright and sharp,
 That you may prick her while she'll away."

"What needeth this, Douglas?" he saith;
 "What needest thou to flyte with me?
 For I was counted a horseman good
 Before that ever I met with thee."

"A false Hector hath my horse,
 Who dealt with me so treacherouslie;
 A false Armstrong hath my spurs,
 And all the gear belongs to me."

When they had sailed other fifty mile,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,
 They landed low by Berwick side,
 A deputed* laird landed Lord Percy.†

Then he at York was doomed to die,
 It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;
 Thus they betrayed that noble earl,
 Who ever was a gallant wight.

THE MERMAID.

[The following is from Mr. Finlay's collection, and "was recovered from the recitation of a lady, who heard it sung by the servants in her family fifty years ago." This was in 18—. It is believed to be very ancient, and was very popular on the coast of Ayrshire.]

To yon fause stream that, near the sea,
 Hides mony an elf and plum,‡
 And rives wi' fearful din the stanes,
 A witless knight did come.

* A laird carried back for trial.

† Fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the followin stanza.

‡ Plum—a deep hole in a river.

The day shines clear—far in he's gane
Whar shells are silver bricht,
Fishes war loupin' a' aroun',
And sparklin' to the licht.

Whan, as he laved, sounds cam' sae sweet
Frae ilka rock an' tree;
The brief* was out, 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she raise,
And stately on she swam,
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang
To him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links
That round her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine;

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleechd;†
Out shot his hand—alas! alas!
Fast in the swirl he screeched.

The mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,
And kelpie's blast was blawin',
Fu' low she diked,‡ ne'er raise again,
For deep, deep was the fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen,
Warlocks tirdled lang at gloamin';
That e'en was coarse, the blast blew hoarse,
Ere lang the waves war foam'in'.

* The sentence, or doom, had gone forth.

† Flattered.

‡ Dived.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

[The following was first published in Mr. Herd's collection. It is supposed to be a mere fragment of a larger piece, the major portion of which has been lost. Mr. Ritson alludes to a Northumbrian poem on the same subject which exists in MS. in the Cotton collection in the British Museum. He supposes that this is the original of the present fragment.]

As I was walking all alane,
Between a water and a wa',
And there I spied a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's* length,
And thick and thimber was his thie;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang 't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften 't to my knee.

"O, wee wee man, but thou art strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down by yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

* Various explanations of this word have been given. Some suppose it to be a measure of six inches. "It appears to me," observes Mr. Finlay, "to be a relic of the Celtic language in the Lowlands, and still to exist, in a varied form, in one of its dialects; the Bretonne, *scalf*; at least, is thus explained by Pelletier:—'Séparation de tout ce qui se devise en forme de fourche. *Scalf au dorn*, séparation du pouce d'avec les autres doigts, mot à mot, séparation de la main.'"

When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
 But in the twinkling o' an ee,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.

GILDEROY.

[The real name of Gilderoy, or Gillie Roy, was Patrick MacGregor, of the same clan as Rob Roy. "Gilderoy," along with several of his following, were hanged at Edinburgh in June, 1636. He was a miserable thief and cateran, and not at all worthy of the honours he has received in verse and prose. In a work entitled "Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates, and Robbers," by Captain Charles Johnson, Gilderoy figures as a thief of European celebrity, and is represented as practising his art both in France and Spain.]

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
 Had roses till his shoon,
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging down:
 It was, I ween, a comely sight,
 To see so trim a boy;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My winsome Gilderoy,

O sic twa charming een he had,
 Breath as sweet as ony rose;
 He never ware a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes;
 He gained the love of ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy;
 Ah, wae is me! I mourn this day
 For my dear Gilderoy,

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in one toun together,
 We scant were seven years befor
 We 'gan to luv' ilk ither;
 Our daddies and our mammies they
 Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luv' of mine
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought;
 And he gied me a wedding-ring,
 Which I received with joy.
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsam time
 Amang the leaves sae green:
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 And sweetly kiss and toy;
 While he wi' garlands decked my
 hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life!
 But ah, his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife.
 And he in many a venturous deed
 His courage bauld would try:
 And now this gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy,

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine ee;
I gied him sic a parting look:
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed thee weel, mine ain dear
heart,

For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my love let me want;
For cow and ewe he to me brought,
And e'en when they were scant:
All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy
Who never failed to pay their cess,
To my love Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare awa' the gear*
Of mony a lawland loun:
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the
laws,
To hang a man for gear;
To reive of life for sic a cause,
As stealing horse or mare!

Had not these laws been made sae
strick,

I ne'er had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

If Gilderoy had done amiss,
He might have banished been.
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy—
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
Wi' irons his limbs they strung,
To Edinburgh led him there,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy;
There died the youth whom I lu'ed
best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comelie clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lu'ed boy;
And now for ever I maun weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

BARBARA ALLAN.

[I have collated Ramsay's version of this ballad with that in "The Reliques." Professor Aytoun speaks of Percy's version as being inferior to Ramsay's. I must join issue with him here. Besides, he has not printed Ramsay's text faithfully: he makes the dead-bell "toll" instead of "jow," a much less effective word under the circumstances.]

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves were a-fallan,
That Sir John Græme o' the west countrie,
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the plaice where she was dwellan :
" O haste and cum to my maister dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lyen ;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
" Young man, I think ye're dyen."

" O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan !"
" O the better for me, ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were spillan ?

" Remember ye not in the tavern, sir,
Whan ye the cups were fillan,
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ?"

He turned his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan :
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan !"

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death o' life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellan ;
And every jow that the deid-bell gied,
Cried, " Wae to Barbara Allan !"

" O mither, mither, mak' my bed,
O mak' it fast and narrow ;
Since my love died for me to-day
Ise die for him to-morrow."

EARL RICHARD'S WEDDING.

[The following ballad is the result of a collation of the various versions extant. Mr. Buchan gives two versions, called respectively "Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother," and "Earl Lithgow." Mr. Kinloch's version is made up of two distinct pieces taken down from recitation.

There is an English ballad, called "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter," in Percy's "Reliques;" but it is very inferior to the Scottish versions.]

EARL RICHARD he's a hunting gane,
Upon a summer's day,
And he's ga'en in a weel-faured May,
Was gathering at the slae.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
He led her to the foot o' a tree,
Of her he spier'd nae leave.

The lady frown'd, and sadly blushed,
And O but she thought shame!
Says, "If ye are a knight at all,
Ye'll surely tell your name."

"Whiles they call me Jock, he says,
"And whiles they call me John;
But when I'm in the Queen's hie court,
It's Lithcock is my name."

"Lithcock! Lithcock!" the lassie said,
And spell'd it ower again;
"Lithcock may be a Latin word,
Earl Richard is your name."

O jumpit he upon his horse,
And said he wad gae ride;
Then kilted she her green clathing,
And said she wadna bide.

She has kilted her green clathing
A little abune her knee,
And ay he rade, and ay she ran,
Till they cam' to the water o' Dee.

And when they cam' to the water o'
Dee,
Down by the narrow side,
He turn'd about his high horse head,
Says, "Lassie, will ye ride?"

"Ye needna stop for me," she says,
"I've learn'd it for my weel,
That when I come to a deep water
I can swim like ony eel.

"I learn'd it in my mither's bower,
It's few hae learn'd it better,
For be the water ne'er so wan,
I'll swim like ony otter."

"Turn back, turn back, ye weel-faur'd
May,
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-
side,
When ye wadna let me be!"

She has kilted her green clathing,
A little abune the knee;
And he has rode, and she has swam,
Across the water o' Dee;
And or that he was halfway thro',
On the other side was she.

And there she sat, and preen'd hersell,
And sat upon a stone,
And there she sat to rest hersell,
And see how he'd come on.

"How mony miles hae ye to ride ?
How mony hae I to gang ?"

"I've thirty miles to ride," he says,
"And ye hae as mony to gang."

"If ye've thirty miles to ride," she says,
"And I've as mony to gae,
Ye'se get leave to gang yoursell,
It will never be gane by me."

She's gane unto the Queen's hie court,
And tirl'd at the pin,
Wha was sae ready as the proud porter
To let this lady in ?

She took a ring frae aff her finger,
And gied it for his fee ;
Says, "Tak' ye that, my gude porter,
And bid the Queen speak wi' me."

Now she's gane ben thro' ae lang room,
And she's gane ben thro' twa,
And she's gane ben a lang, lang trance,
Till she cam' to the ha'.

And when she cam' before the Queen,
She fell low down on her knee ;
"Win up, win up, my fair woman,
What means this courtesie ?"

"My errand it's to thee, O Queen,
My errand it's to thee,
There is a knight into your courts,
This day has robbed me."

"O has he ta'en your purse ?" she says,
"Or has he ta'en your fee ?
Or robbed ye of the flowery branch,
The flower o' your bodie ?"

"He hasna ta'en my purse," she says,
"Nor yet has he ta'en my fee,
But he robbed me o' the flowery branch,
The flower o' my bodie."

"O gin he be a single man,
Your husband he shall be,
But gin he be a married man,
High hangit shall he be !

"There's no a knight in a' my court,
That thus has robbed thee,
But ye'll hae the truth o' his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll dee ;

"Tho' it were Earl Richard, my ain
brither ;
And oh ! forbid that it be !"
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
"I wot the same man is he."

"O wad ye ken your fause love,
Amang a hundred men ?"
"That wad I," said the bonnie lass,
"If there were hundreds ten."

The Queen madea' her merry men pass
By aye, and twa, and three,
Earl Richard used to be the first,
But the hindmost man was he.

And he cam' hauping* on ae foot,
And winking wi' ae ee ;
"Aha !" then cried the bonnie lass,
"That same young man are ye !"

He's taken out a hundred pound,
And told it in his glove,
Says, "Tak' ye that, my lady fair,
And seek anither love."

"O na ! O na !" the lady cried,
"That's what shall never be ;
I'll have the troth o' your right hand,
The Queen she gave it me."

"I wish I had drank o' your water, sister,
When I did drink your wine !
That for a carle's fair daughter,
It gars me dree this pyne."

* Hopping ; halting.

" Maybe I am a carle's daughter,
And maybe never nane;
When ye met me in the greenwood,
Why let ye me not alane !"

" Now will ye wear the short claithing,
Or will ye wear the syde ?*
Or will ye walk to your wedding,
Or will ye till it ride ?"

" I will not wear the short claithing,
But I will wear the syde ;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lassie him behin' ;
It's cauld and eerie were the words,
They twa had them between.

And he has gi'en to her the ring,
A waeful man was he ;
And he has mounted at the kirk-door,
Rade aff wi' his ladie.

And there was never word but ane,
In a' that companie ;
" O ill it sets a beggar's brat,
At a gude knight's back to be !"

Then by there cam' a beggar wife ;
The ladie flang her a crown ;
" Tell a' your niebours when ye gae
hame,
Earl Richard's your gude-son."†

" O haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three !"
" And sae did mine on yon bonny hill-
side,
When ye wadna let me be."

And when they came to Marykirk,
The nettles grew on the dyke ;
" Gin auld carline my mother were here,
" Sae weel's she wad you pyke !

" Sae weel she wad you pyke," she says,
" She wad you pyke and pu',
She wad boil you weel, and butter you
weel,

And sup till she were fu'."

" O haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three !"

" And sae did mine on yon bonnie
hillside,
When ye wadna let me be."

And when they cam' to the water o'
Tyne,

The mills were ganging free ;
" Gude luck, ye mills o' Tyne water,
I wish ye aye gude luck," says she.

" Weel may ye clap, weel may ye gang,
And better be your luck ;
For I wot my minnie ne'er gae'd by you,
But she has filled her pock."‡

He's drawn his hat out owre his face,
And meikle shame thocht he :
She's drawn her cap out owre her locks,
And a licht laugh gied she.

Sae they hae come to Earl Richard's
house,
And were at dinner set ;
Then out and spak' the bonnie bride,
And she spak' never blate.

" Gae, tak' awa the china plates,
Gae, tak' them far frae me ;
And bring to me a wooden dish,
It's that I'm best used wi'.

" And tak' awa thae siller spoons,
The like I ne'er did see ;
And bring to me the horn cutties,
They're gude enuch for me."

* Long, as applied to garments.

† Son-in-law.

‡ Bag.

When they were dined, and served weel,
And a' men boun' to rest,
Earl Richard and his bonnie bride,
In ae chamber were placed.

"O haud away the linen sheets,
They are o' Hollands fine:
And bring to me the linsey clouts,*
That lang I hae lain in."

"O haud your tongue, you beggar's brat!
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-
side,
When ye wadna let me be.

"Lay a pock o' meal beneath my head,
Anither beneath my feet,
And ye may keep your Holland sheets
And soundly will I sleep."

"Haud far awa', ye carline's brat,
Haud far awa' frae me!
It doesna suit a beggar's brat,
My bed-fellow to be."

"It's maybe I'm a carline's get,
It's maybe I am nane:
But when we met in the greenwood,
Why let you me not alane?"

"Let a body rest," said the Billy Blin',
"The ane may serve the other:
The Earl of Stockford's ae daughter,
And the Queen o' Scotland's brother."

"O fair fa' you, ye Billy Blin',
And weel aye may ye be!
For I've sought her lang, and I hae her
now
And my ain dear wife is she!"

GIL MORRICE.

[The popularity this beautiful ballad acquired on account of its having suggested the plot of Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, made it the subject of much tinkering on the part of clever verse mongers of the time, and it is difficult to decide what is and what is not genuine. Bishop Percy states that, in 1755, the ballad had been twice printed in Scotland, and that prefixed to both there was a note, stating that the preservation of the poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printer with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses. . . . Any reader that can render it more complete is desired to oblige the public with such improvements." Percy strongly suspected the improvements to be interpolations, and refers to a very old but imperfect copy in his collections, which differs materially from the other versions. Mr. Jamieson, through the courtesy of the bishop, gave that version to the public, and this, together with two versions recovered by Mr. Motherwell, entitled respectively "Chield Maurice" and "Child Noryce," make the work of collation tolerably easy, and strip the ballad of the modern tinsel which had been so cleverly worked into the ancient fabric. Professor Aytoun gave an admirably collated version in his "Ballads of Scotland," and his labours have been of great assistance to me; and although I may well hesitate to impugn his judgment as to the character of all the verses he rejects or retains, I trust I may be pardoned for having, after mature deliberation, differed from him as to the value of certain verses. Tradition gives the scene of the story in Stirlingshire; the green wood of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff. The parish minister of St. Ninian's, in his account of his parish, contributed to "The Statistical Account of Scotland," says:—"It has been thought, though it cannot be certainly determined, that the Earl's Burn, the Earl's Hill—a

* A coarse woollen cloth.

hill and rivulet in the muirland part of the parish—derived their names from the residence of some feudal baron or earl in the neighbourhood of the Carron. It is natural to suppose that Gillie's Hill derived its name from the name Gill, or Gillies. The names both of Gillies and Morrison occur in the muirlands." With the limited opportunities of search at my disposal, I have not been able to trace a similar legend in the oral tradition of any other country; and it is quite possible that in a wild state of society an incident of the like horrible nature may have transacted itself.]

GIL MORRICE was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It wasna for his great riches,
Nor for his meikle pride;
But it was for a lady gay,
That lived on Carron side.

"Where sall I get a bonnie boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come?"

"O Willie, my man, my errand rin,
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horseback ye sall ride.

"Gae bid her tak this gay mantle,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem:
Bid her come to the gude greenwood,
And ask the leave o' nane.

"And here it is, a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
And bid her come to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

One while this little boy he rade,
Another while he ran;
Until he cam to Lord Barnard's ha',
I wis he never blan.*

He did na ask the porter's leave,
Tho' he stood at the gate:
But straight into the ha' he cam
Where they were sat at meat.

* Stopped.

"Hail, hail, my gentle sir and dame,
My errand winna* wait:
Dame, ye maun to the gude greenwood,
Afore it be too late.

"Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem:
Ye maun gae to the gude greenwood,
And ask the leave o' nane.

"And there it is a silken sark,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stampit wi' her foot,
And winkit wi' her ee;
But a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wadna† be.

"It's surely to my bower-woman,
It ne'er could be to me:"
"I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow that ye be she."

Then up and spak the wylie nurse
Was sitting by her knee.
"If this be come from Gil Morrice
It's dear welcome to me."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye wylie nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee:
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow ye binna‡ she."

Then up and spak the bauld baron,
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till siller cup and ezar dish
In flinders he garred§ flee.

"Gae bring a robe o' your cleiding,||
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude greenwood,
And speak wi' your leman."

* Will not.

† Would not.

‡ Be not.

§ Made.

|| Clothing.

"O bide at hame noo, Lord Barnard,
I warde* ye bide at hame;
Neir wyte† a man for violence.
That neir wate‡ ye wi' nane."

The baron cam to the greenwood,
Wi' meikle dule and care;
And there he spied Gil Morrice
Kaiming his yellow hair.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,
My lady lo'es thee weel;
For the whitest part o' my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

"Yet ne'er the less noo, Gil Morrice,
For a' thy gay beautie;
Ye'se rue the day ye e'er was born,
Thy head sall gae wi' me.

Noo he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the grass,
And through Gil Morrice' fair bodie
He's garred could iron pass.

And he has ta'en Gil Morrice' head
And stuck it on a spear;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

The lady sat on the castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there she saw Gil Morrice' head
Come trailing to the toun.

Says he, "Dost thou know Gil Morrice' head,
If that thou dost it see?
Then lap it saft and kiss it aft,
For thou lovedst him better than me."

"Far better I loe that bloody head,
But and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands
As they lig here and there."

* Advise.

† Blame.

‡ Wronged.

And she has ta'en that bloody head,
And kissed baith mouth and chin.

"I was ance as fu' o' Gil Morrice
As the hip is o' the stane.

"I gat ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle grief and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude greenwood,
Aneath the heavy rain."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill death mat* ye dee,
Gin I had kenned he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me."

THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

[The following version of this ballad, which is popular in various forms both in England and Scotland, is constructed mainly from the versions given by Mr. Buchan, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Kinloch. Mr. Robert Bell, in his "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," gives a very fine version under the title of "The Merry Broomfield; or, the West Country Wager," and speaks of it as the original of that in "The Minstrelsy," and consequently of all the Scottish versions. The existence of the ballad in so many forms in Scotland goes far, to my thinking, to prove the contrary.]

THERE was a knight, and a lady bright,
Set trysts amang the broom;
The ane gaed early in the morning,
The other in the afternoon.

"I'll wager, I'll wager wi' you," he said,
Five hundred merks and ten,
That ye winna gae to yon bonny greenwood,
And a maid return again."

"I'll wager, I'll wager with you," she said,
"Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maiden shall go to yon bonny greenwood,
And a maid return again."

The lady stands in her bower door,
And thus she made her maen,
"O shall I gang to the Broomfield hill,
Or shall I stay at hame?"

" If I do gang to the Broomfield hill,
A maid I'll not return;
And if I stay frae the Broomfield hill,
I'll be a maid mis-sworn."

Then out and speaks an auld witch woman,
Sat in the bower aboon;
"O, ye shall gang to Broomfield hill,
Ye shall not stay at hame.

" For, when ye gang to the Broomfield hill,
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
And a broom-cow* at his feet.

" Ye'll pu' the blossom frae aff the broom,
Strew't at his head and feet,
And aye the thicker that ye strew,
The sounder he will sleep.

" Tak ye the rings aff your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he does wake,
His love was at his command."

She pu'd the bloom frae aff the broom,
And strew't on's white hals bane,
To let him know when he does wake
That 's true love's come and gane.

" O, where were ye, my gude greyhound,
That I paid for sae dear,
Ye didna waken me frae my sleep
When my true love was near."

" I scrapit wi' my foot, master,
Till a' my collars rang,
But still the mair that I did scrape,
Waken would ye nane."

" O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here?"

* Bush.

" I stampit wi' my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring ;
But na kin' thing wad waken ye,
Till she was past and gane."

" And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,
That I did love so dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here."

" I clappit wi' my wings, master,
And aye my bells I rang,
And aye, I cry'd, Waken, gude master,
Before the ladye gang."

" O whaur were ye, my merry young man,
That I pay meat and fee ;
Ye wouldna waken me out o' my sleep
When my love ye did see."

" Ye'll sleep mair in the night, master,
And wake mair in the day ;
Gae sooner down to Broomfield hill
When ye've sic pranks to play."

" If I had seen an armèd man
Come riding owre the hill ;
But I only saw a fair ladye
Come quietly you until."

" When she gaed out right bitter she wept,
But singing cam she hame ;
Says, ' I hae been at Broomfield hill,
And maid returned again.' "

" But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds, o' gude greenwood,
O' your flesh shall have their fill."

" Ye needna hurst your gude white steed,
Wi' racing o'er the howm ;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
Than she fled through the broom."

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

[The circumstances which gave rise to this ballad are thus stated by Mr. Chambers : "James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married at Edinburgh, 7th September, 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, 'the tutor,' and sometimes 'the laird of Blackwood.' Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain, or factor, to the Marquis of Douglas—a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, . . . he completely succeeded in breaking up the affections of the unfortunate couple.

"Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The marquis himself was so much overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her, but the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness. Regarding the ultimate fate of the marchioness, I am altogether ignorant. It is, however, very improbable that any reconciliation ever took place between her and her husband such as is related in the ballad."

Like Mr. Chambers, I have compiled the present version from various sources; the first ten verses being the old song printed, in the "Tea-Table Miscellany," under the title of "Waly, waly, gin love be bonnie." The verse which is the fourth in Mr. Chambers' version, forms, more appropriately as I think, the twentieth in this copy; the remainder of the ballad—some seven verses, counting backwards from the second last verse—are compiled from Motherwell, Finlay, and Kinloch. The seven verses alluded to are from Mr. Chambers's version, and were chiefly taken from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch. I have discarded the last verse in Mr. Chambers's copy, and substituted that from Mr. Kinloch's; thinking it better to kill the false Blackwood at the end of the ballad than the lady at the very moment of her returning happiness. I need hardly say, that as it is not recorded in history that the marquis and marchioness ever met again, there is no historical warrant for the fate of Blackwood. I have deleted several lines which appear in Mr. Chambers's copy, and have introduced and substituted others to the best of my judgment; but the main incidents of the ballad are in no way altered.

Arthur's Seat is a romantic hill immediately to the south of Edinburgh. St. Anton's Well is near the ruins of the chapel of St. Anthony, on the hillside overlooking Holyrood Palace.]

O Waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae;
And waly, waly, by yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

Hey nonnie, nonnie! but love be bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when it's auld it grows mair cauld,
And fades awa like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me.

O wherefore need I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kaim my hair ?
For my gude lord has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Gin I had wist, or I had kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win ;
I had locked my heart wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

When we cam in by Glasgow toun
We were a comely sicht to see ;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

Now Arthur seat sall be my hed ;
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me ;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Marti-mas wind when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis nae sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

And oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were deid and gane,
And the green grass growing over me.

When lads and lasses cam to the toun,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
I took my young son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

But when lords and lairds cam neist to the toun,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
I must sit in the dark alane,
And the babbie on the nurse's knee.

Awa, awa, thou false Blackwood;
Aye, and an ill death may thou dee.
Thou wert the first and occasion last
Of parting my gude lord and me.

When I lay sick, and very sick,
When I lay sick and like to dee,
A gentleman of good account
He cam on purpose to visit me.
Blackwood whispered in my lord's ear,
He was owre lang in chamber wi' me.

When I was sick, and very sick,
When I was sick, and like to dee,
I drew me near to my stair head,
And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.

"Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,
And drink the orange wine wi' me;
I'll set thee on a chair o' gowd,
And serve thee on my bended knee."

"When sea and sand turn far inland,
And mussels grow on ilka tree;
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee."

What ails ye at our youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee?
I'm sure he's never done any harm,
An' it's not to his ain nurse and me.

My mither tauld me when I was young,
That young man's love was ill to trow;
But until her I would give nae ear,
And, alas! my ain wand dings me now.

If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was sae ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek
For onie man or woman's son,

But when my father cam to hear
That my gay lord had forsaken me,
He sent some score o' his archers bauld,
To tak me safe to my ain countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My bonnie palace for to lea',*
I knock'd at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

"Fare ye weel then, Jamie Douglas,
I need care as little as ye care for me,
The Earl of Mar is my father dear:
I soon will see my ain countrie.

"Ye thocht that I was like yoursel,
And loving ilk ane I did see;
But here I swear by the heavens clear
I never loved a man but thee."

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he doun;
And when he saw me sit on my horse,
He made his drums and trumpets sound.

When I upon my horse was set,
My tenants all were wi' me tane;
They sat them doun upon their knees,
And they begged me to come back again.

"It's fare ye weel my bonnie palace,
And you my bonnie children three.
God grant your father grace to be kind,
And love thee better than he has loved me.

"But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
Aye, and an ill death may ye dee.
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my gude lord and me."

When I cam in through Edinburgh town,
My loving father cam to meet me,
With trumpets sounding on every side;
But it was nae comfort at a' to me,
For nae mirth nor music sounds in my ear
Since my gude lord has forsaken me.

* Leave.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave aff your weeping, let it be;
For I'll send to him a bill of divorce,
And I'll get as gude a lord to thee."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And o' sic talking let me be;
For I wadna gie ae look o' my lord's face
For a' the lords in the haill countrie."

When she cam to her father's land,
The tenants a' cam her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons aff her claes did flee.

The lintie is a bonnie bird,
And aften flees frae aff its nest;
Sae all the world may plainly see
They're far awa' that I love best.

As she was sitting at her bower-window,
Looking afar owre hill and glen,
Wha did she see but four-score soldiers,
That cam to tak her back again.

Out bespak the foremost man,
And whaten a weel-spoken man was he,
"If the Lady Douglas be within,
Bid her com' down and speak wi' me."

But out bespak her father then,
I wat an angry man was he,
"Ye may gang back the gate ye cam,
For her face again ye'll never see."

"Now haud your tongue, my father," she says,
"And of your folly let me be,
For I'll gae back to my gude lord,
Since his love has come back to me."

She has dressed hersel fu' braw,
And mounted on her dapple grey,
And, like a queen wi' her men behind,
She has ridden gaily out the way.

She laughed like ony new-made bride,
 When she took fareweel o' her father's towers;
 But the tear, I wat, stude in her ee
 When she cam in sicht o' her lover's bowers.

As she cam by the orange gate,
 Whaten a blythe sicht did she see,
 Her gude lord coming her to meet,
 And in his hand her bairnies three.

"O come awa', my lady fair,
 O come awa' now alang wi' me,
 For I hae hanged fause Blackwood
 At the very place where he tauld the lee!"

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

[“This battle took place at Harlaw, near Aberdeen, on the 24th of July, 1411. The conflict was occasioned by a dispute concerning the succession to the Earldom of Ross, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the son of the Regent, Robert Duke of Albany, whose claim was supported by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar. . . . The *Battle of Harlaw* is one of the old ballads whose titles occur in the ‘Complaynt of Scotland,’ 1584.”

No printed copy of this ballad is known to exist anterior to that which was printed in Ramsay’s “*Evergreen*,” although Mr. Laing, in his *Early Metrical Tales*, speaks of an edition printed in the year 1688 as being “in the curious library of old Robert Mylne.” Some commentators assert that if Ramsay did not write the ballad himself, he took considerable liberties with the text. This latter charge is very likely not without foundation. Ramsay rendered great service in preserving many of the traditionary ballads, but he was not scrupulous as to taking liberties with the texts of any that might to him appear rude and defective.

Professor Aytoun points out the great similarity between this ballad in form of expression and rhythmical mechanism to that of *The Raid of the Redswire*, and assumes that they have been written by the same hand. As *The Raid of the Redswire* appeared in the “*Evergreen*,” the assumption that he was the author, or that he took liberties with the text, would account for this. One thing is certain, that there was a version of the ballad current long before Ramsay’s time; and we can only hope that in its form and manner this is that version, after it passed through the tinkering hands of honest Allan.

Professor Aytoun, in his collection, prints for the first time a very spirited version, supplied by Lady John Scott. “It is sung to a beautiful air, with the following refrain to each stanza:—

“Wi’ a drie, drie, dredidronilie, drie.”

The ballad is evidently ancient, and is of a higher class than many of the north-country songs. We take the liberty of reprinting it here:—]

As I cam in by Garioch land,
 And doun by Netherha’,
 There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
 A’ marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
 And doun, and by Balquhaim,
 O there I met Sir James the Ross,
 Wi’ him Sir John the Græme.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave aff your weeping, let it be ;
For I'll send to him a bill of divorce,
And I'll get as gude a lord to thee."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
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"Ye may gang back the gate ye cam,
For her face again ye'll never see."

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 A' marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
 And down, and by Balquhaim,
 O there I met Sir James the Ross,
 Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

"O cam ye frae the Highlands, man?
O cam ye a' the way?
Saw ye MacDonnell and his men,
As they cam frae the Skye?"

"Yes, we cam frae the Highlands, man,
And we cam a' the way;
And we saw MacDonnell and his men,
As they cam in, frae Skye."

"O was ye near MacDonnell's men?
Did ye their numbers see?
Come, tell to me, John Hielandman,
What might their numbers be?"

"Yes, we was near, and near enough,
And we their numbers saw;
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw."

"Gin that be true," said James the Ross,
"We'll no come meikle speed;
We'll cry upon our merry men,
And turn our horses' head."

"O na, O na!" says John the Græme,
"That thing maun never be;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam on, and further on,
And down and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straits ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straits ye never saw;
For ilka sword gaed clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw!

The Hielandmen wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us fu' sair;
And they drave back our merry men,
Three acres breadth and mair.

Brave Forbes to his brother did say,
"O brother, dinna ye see;
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee!"

"O na, O na! my brother dear,
O na, that maunna be!
You'll tak your gude sword in your hand,
And ye'll gang in wi' me."

Then back to back the brothers brave,
Gaed in amang the thrang,
And they swept down the Hielandmen,
Wi' swords both sharp and lang.

The first ae straik that Forbes strack,
He gar'd MacDonnell reel;
And the neist ae straik that Forbes
strack,
The brave MacDonnell fell.

And siccan a Pitlarichie,*
I'm sure ye never saw;
As was amang the Hielandmen,
When they saw MacDonnell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
They turn'd and ran awa';
And they buried him in Legate's Den,
A large mile frae Harlaw.

Some rade, some ran, and some did
gang,
They were o' sma' record;
But Forbes and his merry men,
They slew them a' the road.

On Mononday at morning,
Thé battle it began;
On Saturday at gloamin',
Ye'd scarce ken'd wha had wan.

And sic a weary buryin',
I'm sure ye never saw,
As was the Sunday after that,
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.

Gin onybody speer at ye,
For them we took awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and very plain,
They're sleeping at Harlaw!

FRAE Dunidier as I cam through,
Down by the hill of Banachie,
Alangst the lands of Garioch,
Great pitie was to hear and see

* An Aberdeenshire phrase for a row, a tumult.

The noise and dulsum harmonie,
(That evir that dreary day did daw!)
Cryand the coronach on hie,
Alas, alas, for the Harlaw!

I marvelit what the matter meant;
All folks war in a fiery farrie :*
I wist nocht wha was fae or friend;
Yet quietly I did me carrie.
But sin' the days of auld King Hairy,
Sic slauchter was not heard nor seen;
And there I had nae time to tarry,
For business in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requesting him to mak' me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw :
Then he entreated me to tak' tent,†
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Great Donald of the Isles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour he cam,
Them for to haif, gif that he micht;
Wha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfor answerit wi' disdain.
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodword‡ back again.

But Donald, richt impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowed to God omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
Or eles be graithit in his grave.
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abusit like a slave;
That bargin sould be dearly bocht.

* Confusion.

† Notice.

‡ Reply.

Then hastylic he did command,
That all his weir-men sould convene;
Ilk ane weel-harnessèd frae hand,
To meet and hear what he did mean.
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein;*
Swearand he wald surpryse the North,
Subdue the bruch of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Isles,
Wha war aye at his bidding bown';
With mony mae, with force and wiles,
Richt far and near, baith up and down;
Through mount and muir, frae toun to toun,
Alangst the lands of Ross, he roars;
And all obeyed at his bandoun,
Evin frae the north to suthern shores.

Then all the countrie-men did yield,
For nae resistans durst they mak',
Nor offer battle in the field,
By force of arms to bear him back.
But they resolvit all, and spak',
That best it was for thair behove,
They sould him for their chiftain tak',
Believing weel he did them lue.

Then he a proclamation made,
All men to meet at Inverness;
Through Murray-land to mak' a raid,
Frae Arthursyre unto Speyness:
And further-mair he sent express
To show his colours and ensenzie,†
To all and sundry, mair and less,
Throughout the bounds of Boyne and Enzie.

And then through fair Straithbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursue;
And whasoever durst gainstand,
That race they sould full sairly rue;
Then he bad all his men be true,
And him defend by force and slicht;
And promisit them rewards anew,
And mak' them men of meikle micht.

* Revenge.

† Ensigns.

Without resistance, as he said,
Through all these parts he stoutly past,
Where sum war wae, and some war glad,
But Garioch was all agast.
Through all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never seen,
And then, forsuith, he langed at last,
To see the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this proud enterprise,
The stout and michty Earl of Marr,
With all his men in arms did rise,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
And down the side of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene,
To ficht, or Donald cam sae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Earl of Marr
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir his enemie was awar,
His banner bauldly did display;
For weel eneuch they ken'd the way,
And all their semblance weel they saw;
Without all danger or delay,
Cam haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the brave Lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff principall;
The Constable of gude Dundee,
The vanguard led before them all;
Suppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldly did pursne,
And made their faes before them fall,
Wha then that race did sairly rue.

And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,
The stalwart Laird of Lawriestoun,
With ilk their forces all and sum;
Panmuir, with all his men, did cum;
The Provost of brave Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuck of drum,
Cam shortly in their armour scheen.

These with the Erle of Marr cam on,
 In the rear-ward richt orderlie,
 Their enemies to set upon
 In awfull manner, hardily;
 Together vowit to live and dee
 Since they had marchit mony miles,
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of douted Donald of the Isles.

But he, in number ten to ane,
 Right subtilie alang did ride,
 With Malcomtosh, and fell Maclean,
 With all thair power at thair side;
 Presumeand on thair strenth and pride,
 Without all fear or ony awe,
 Richt bauldly battle did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums aloud did tuck:
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the fields sould bruik;
 Nae help was therfore, nane wald jouk,*
 Fierce was the ficht on ilka side,
 And on the ground lay many a bouk,†
 Of them that there did battle bide.

With doubtsome victorie they dealt;
 The bludy battle lastit lang;
 Each man his neibours force there felt,
 The weakest aft-tymes gat the wrang;
 There was nae mowis‡ there them amang,
 Naething was hard but heavy knocks;
 That Echo made a dulefull sang
 Thereto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gave hack,
 For they were all out of array;
 The Erle of Mar's men through them brak,
 Pursueing sharply in their way,
 Their enemies to tak or slay,
 By dint of force to gar them yield;
 Wha were richt blyth to win away,
 And sae far feardness tint the field.

* Stoop to avoid a blow.

† Body.

‡ Jestings.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich, for all his might;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht:
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Though mony men with him he brocht;
Towards the Isles fled day and nicht,
And all he won was dearlie bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did hear and know;
Though my discourse be sumthing short,
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.*
Contrarie God and the King's law,
There was spilt meikle Christian blude,
Into the battle of Harlaw;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

But yet a bonnie while abide,
And I sall mak thee clearly ken,
What slauchter was on ilka side,
Of Lawland and of Highland men,
Wha for their awin have ever been;
These lazie loons nicht weel be spair'd,
Chasit like deers into their dens,
And gat their wages for reward.

Malcomtosh, of the clan head-chief,
Maclean with his grit haughty head,
With all their succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid;
And now we are afraid of their feid,†
And will not lang to cum again;
Thousands with them, without remeid,
On Donald's side, that day war slain.

And on the other side war lost,
Into the field that dismal day,
Chief men of worth (of meikle cost),
To be lamentit sair for aye;
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of might and meikle main,
Great dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappyie was slain.

* True narrative.

† Feud.

Of the best men among them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie;
For he had few fallows in the field,
Yet fell by fatal destinie,
For he naeways would grant to yield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddop, knicht,
Great Constable of fair Dundee,
Unto the dulefull death was dicht;
The King's chief bannerman was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Whais predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude King William frie,
'Gainst Murray, and Macduncan's race.

Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
The much renownit laird of Drum
Nane in his days was better seen;
When they war semblit all and sum;
To praise him we sould not be dumb,
For valour, wit, and worthyness;
To end his days he there did cum,
Whose ransom is remeidyles.

And thar the Knicht of Lawriestoun
Was slain into his armour scheen;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Wha Provost was of Aberdene,
The Knight of Panmure as was seen,
A mortal man in armour bricht;
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and keen,
Left to the warld their last gude nicht.

There was not sin' King Kenneth's days,
Sic strange intestine cruel stryf
In Scotland seen, as ilk man says,
Where mony likelie lost their life;
Which made divorce 'tween man and wife,
And mony children fatherless,
Which in this realme has been full rife:
Lord! help these lands, our wrangs redress!

In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four-and-twenty dismal day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
 Of years sin' Christ, the suthe to say;
 Men will remember as they may,
 When thus the veritie they know;
 And mony a ane may mourn for ay,
 The grim battle of the Harlaw.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE.

[Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, is the most renowned name preserved to us through mere tradition; his prophecies are household words throughout Scotland. The following ballad, which in its entire state consists of three parts or fyttes, bears out the popular notion as to his dealings with fairyland. After being in fairyland for seven years, he returns, and upon parting with the queen of elfinland, he beseeches her to show him some ferlies (wondrous things). She tells him all the wonderful events which would take place for the succeeding twenty years. The popular belief is that after he had disseminated the prophecies he returned to elfinland, where he still remains, leading a life of everlasting summer and youth, and that he is still expected to revisit the earth. The manner of his departure was supposed to be as follows:—“While making merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return.” I quote the above from the “Minstrely of the Scottish Border,” vol. iii., where a most exhaustive account of the prophet, both traditionary and historical, is to be found. The ballad I give is the first fytte of Thomas of Ercildoune, with five verses added from the second and third fyttes to give it completeness. The second and third fyttes are lengthy, and somewhat tedious, occupied as they are with the various prophecies, and their omission need not be lamented.

Ercildoune is a village upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. Thomas lived towards the latter end of the thirteenth century. A charter exists, dated 1299, by which his son, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Goltie the tenement which he possessed by inheritance in Ercildoune.

Some of Thomas's prophecies bear their own fulfilment in their conditions. There is the one with reference to his own family:—

“When the hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth stane,
 There will ne'er be a laird Learmont again.”

As Thomas's property consisted only of his tower, when it had reached such a state of desolation as to harbour the timid hare, there could be no laird Learmont any more. Spottiswoode says, “Boethius, in his story, related his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out, saying, ‘that before the next day at noon such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt for many years before.’ The next morning, the day being clear and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an



THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE.

impostor. He replied that noon was not yet passed, about which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold, and so it shall prove to Scotland.' The king when out riding was killed, horse and man having fallen from a cliff. Another famous prophecy ran thus :—

"Tyde what may betide,
Haig shall be laird of Bemerside."

A Haig is still, or was recently, a laird of Bemerside. The lady of one of the proprietors had twelve daughters before she bare a son to inherit the name; and the common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer.

In my native district (Forfarshire) many prophecies were current, which have, so far as I know, never been printed. Three predictions ran thus :—

"The Dee and Don shall run in one,
The Forth shall run in Tay,
And the bonnie water o' Ury
Shall bear the Bass away."

The first prophecy is fulfilled, a canal uniting the waters of the Dee and the Don. The second is not yet fulfilled; and if it be the Bass rock which is alluded to in the third, it will of necessity be a tremendous spate which will enable a small river in Aberdeenshire to dislodge the Bass from its moorings in the Firth of Forth. Thomas was generally careful in dealing with probabilities, and the above may be a corrupted version of the prophecies.]

As I me went this Andyr's day,
Fast on my way making my moan,
In a merry morning of May,
By Huntly banks myself alone,

I heard the jay, and the throstle,
The mavis menyed* in her song,
The wodewale beryd† as a bell,
That all the wood about me rung.

Alone in a longing thus as I lay,
Underneath a seemly tree,
Saw I where a ladye gay,
Came riding over a lonely lea.

If I should sit till Domisday,
All with my tongue to know and see,
Certainly all her array
It never shall be scryed‡ for me.

Her palfrey was of dapple grey;
Like it saw I never none;
As does the sun on summer's day,
The comley ladye herself shone

* Lamented.

† Made a noise.

‡ Described.

Her saddle it was of royal bone,*
Seemely was that sight to see!
Stiffly set with precious stone,
Compass'd about with cramoisie.

Stones of orience, great plentie;
Her hair about her head it hung:
She rode over that lonely lea,
Awhile she blew, and awhile she sung.

Her girths of noble silk they were,
Her buckles they were of beryl stone;
Her stirrups were of crystal clear,
And all with pearl o'er begone.

Her paytrell was of irale fine,
Her crupper was of orfarie;
Her bridle was of gold sae fine;
On every side hung belles three.

She led seven greyhounds in a leash,
Seven raches† by her foot ran.
To speak with her I would not press;
Her bree was as white as any swan.

She bare a horn about her halse,‡
And under her girdle many a flonne.§
Forsooth lordings, as I you tell,
Thus was this ladye fair begone.

Thomas lay, and saw that sight,
Underneath a seemly tree;
He said, "Yon is Mary of might,
That bare the child that died for me.

"But I speak with that ladye bright,
I hope my heart will burst in three;
But I will go with all my might,
Her for to meet at Eildon tree!"

Thomas rathely up he raise,
And ran over that mountain hie,
And certainly, as the story says,
He her met at the Eildon tree.

* Her saddle was of pure ivory.

† Neck.

‡ Dogs that hunt by scent.

§ Arrow.

He kneelèd down upon his knee,
Underneath the greenwood spray ;
And said, " Lovely ladye, reive on me,*
Queen of heaven, as thou well may !"

Then said that ladye, mild of thought :—
" Thomas, let such wordès be,
Queen of heaven am I not,
I took never so high degree.

" But I am ladye of another countrie,
If I be parell'd most of price ;
I ride after the wildè fee,†
My raches rinnin at my device."

" If thou be parell'd most of price,
And rid'st here in thy follie,
Lovely ladye, as thou art wise,
Do give me leave to lie by thee."

" Do way, Thomas ! that were follie !
I pray thee heartily let me be,
For I say thee full sèkerly‡
That sin will fordo all my beautie."

" Lovely ladye, reive thou on me,
And I shall ever with thee dwell ;
Here my troth I plight to thee,
Whether thou wilt to heaven or hell !"

Doun then lighted that ladye bright
Underneath a greenwood spray ;
And as the story tells full right,
Seven times by her he lay.

She said, " Thomas, thou likes this play ;
What bride in boure may duel with thee ?
Thou marrows me here this live long day ;
I pray thee, Thomas, let me be."

Thomas stood up in that stead,
And beheld that ladye gay ;
The hair that hung upon her head,
The half was black, the half was gray.

* Have pity.

† Deer.

‡ Certainly.

And all her clothes were away,
That he before saw in that stead;
Her eyes seemed out, that were so gray,
And all her body like the lead.

Then Thomas said, "Alas, alas!
In faith this is a doleful sight;
That thou art faded in the face,
That shone before as the sun so bright!"

"Take thy leave of sun and moon,
And also of grass and every tree;
This twelvemonth shalt thou with me gone,
And middle earth thou shalt not see."

He kneelèd down upon his knee,
To Mary mild he made his moan:
"Ladye, but that thou reive on me,
All my games frae me are gone!"

"Alas!" he said, "and woe is me!
I trow my deeds will work me woe:
Jesu! my soul betече* I thee,
Wheresoever my bones shall go!"

She led him in at Eildon hill,
Underneath a derne† lee,
Where it was dark as midnight mirk,
And ever in water to the knee.

There the space of dayès three,
He heard but souging‡ of the flood;
At the last, he said, "Woe is me;
Almost I die, for fault of food!"

She led him in to a fair herbere,
Where fruit was growing in great plentie;
Pears and apples both ripe they were,
The date, and also the damason tree.

The fig, and also the wine-berry,
The nightingale bigging her nest;
The papinjays fast about 'gan fly,
And throstles song, would have no rest.

* Recommend to.

† Secret, subterranean.

‡ Sounding.

He press'd to pull the fruit with his hand,
As man for food was near faint;
She said, "Thomas, thou let that stand,
Or else the fiend will thee attain.

"If thou pull, the sooth to say,
Thy soul goes to the fire of hell;
It never comes out till Domisday,
But there in pain aye for to dwell."

She said, "Thomas, I thee hight;
Come lay thy head on my knee,
And thou shalt see the fairest sight,
That ever saw man of thy countrie!"

He did in haste as she him bad,
His head upon her knee he laid;
For her to please he was full glad,
And then that ladye to him she said—

"Seest thou yonder is fair way,
That lies over yonder high mountayne?
Yon is the way to heaven for aye,
When sinful souls have dree'd their pain.

"Seest thou now, Thomas, yonder way,
That lies so low beneath yon rise?
Yon is the way, the sooth to say,
Unto the joy of Paradise.

"Seest thou yet yonder third way,
That lies over yon green plain?
Yon is the way, the sooth to say,
That sinful souls shall pass to pain.

"But seest thou yonder fourth way,
That lies over yonder fell,
Yon is the way, the sooth to say,
Unto the burning fire of hell!

"Seest thou now yonder fair castell,
That stands upon yon fair hill?
Of town and tower it beareth the bell,
In middle earth is none like ther' till.

“ In faith, Thomas, yon is mine own,
And the king's of this countrie;
But me were better be hanged and drawn,
Than he wist that thou lay by me!

“ When thou comest to yon castell gay,
I pray thee courteous man to be;
And what so e'er any man to thee say,
Look that thou answer none but me.

“ My Lord is served at every mess,
With thirty knights fair and free;
And I shall say, sitting at the dais,
I took thy speech beyond the sea.”

Thomas he stood still as a stone,
And beheld that ladye gay;
Then was she fair and rich anon,
And also rode on her palfrey.

Her greyhounds filled with deer's blood,
Her raches coupled, by my fay;
She blew her horn with main and mood,
And to the castle she took her way.

Into a hall soothly she went,
Thomas followed at her hand;
Ladies came both fair and gent,
Full courteously to her kneeland.*

Harp and fiddle both they fand,
Ghittern, and also the sautry,
The lute and rebeck, both gangand,
And all manner of minstrelsy.

Knights were dancing, by three and three;
There was revel, both game and play;
Lovely ladies, fair and free,
Dancing with them in rich array.

The greatest ferlie there Thomas thought,
Then thirty harts lay upon the floor,
And as many deer in were brought,
That was largely long and store.

* Kneeling.

Limones lay lappand in deer's blood,
The cooks they stood with dressing-knife,
Brittling the deer as they were wode,
Revel was among them rife.

There was revel, both game and play,
More than I you say, pardie ;
Till it fell upon a day
My lovely ladye said to me—

“Busk thee, Thomas, for thou must be gone,
For here no longer may'st thou be ;
Hie thee fast, with might and main,
I shall thee bring to the Eildon tree.”

Thomas answered with heavy cheer,
“Lovely ladye, thou let me be,
For certainly I have been here
But the space of days three !”

“For sooth, Thomas, I thee tell,
Thou hast been here seven year and more ;
For here no longer may thou dwell,
The skill I will thee tell wherefore.

“To-morrow of hell a foul fiend,
Among these folk shall choose his fee ;
Thou art a fair man and a hend,
I trow full well he will choose thee !

“For all the gold that ever might be,
Frae heaven unto the worlds' end,
Thou beest never betray'd for me ;
Therefore with me I rede thee wend.”

She brought him again to the Eildon tree,
Underneath the greenwood spray ;
In Huntly banks therefore to be,
Where birds sing both night and day !

“For out of yon mountain gray,
Thomas, a fawken* maks her nest ;
A fawken is an earn's† prey,
For thee in place will have no rest.

* Falcon.

† Eagle.

"Farewell, Thomas; I wend my way;
I may no longer stand with thee."

"Give me some token, lady gay,
That I may say I spake with thee."

"To harp and carp, wheresoever ye gone,
Thomas, take thee these with thee."

"Harping," said he, "ken I none,
For tongue is the chief of minstrelsie!"

"If thou wilt spell, or talès tell,
Thomas, thou never shall make lee:
Wheresoever thou go, to frith or fell,
I pray thee speak never no ill of me."

Then True Thomas a sorry man was he,
The tears ran out of his een gray—
"Lovely ladye, yet tell to me
If we shall part for ever and aye?"

"Nay; when thou sittest at Ercildoune,
To Huntly bank thou take thy way,
And then shall I be ready boun'
To meet thee, Thomas, if that I may."

She blew her horn on her palfray,
And left Thomas at Eildon tree:
Till Helmesdale she took her way,
And thus parted that ladye and he.

TRUE THOMAS.

[The following, which is from "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," is the popular version of 'Thomas the Rhymer, as taken down from recitation. Thomas's refusal to eat the apple, because it would debar him from speaking falsely, is a humorous conceit.]

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntly bank;
A ferlie* he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladie bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

* A wonder; a marvel.

Her skirt was made o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine,
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven,
For thy peer on earth I never did see!"

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee!"

"Harp and carp, True Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp, along wi' me;
And if ye daur to kiss my lips,
Sure o' your body I shall be!"

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me!"
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as chance may be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and further on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide, and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye na that braid braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the path o' wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not yon narrow road,
Sae thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon bonny road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the way to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

But, Thomas, ye maun hauld your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfin land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie!"

O they rade on, and further on,
And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae stern-light,*
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that will never lee!"

"My tongue is my ain!" True Thomas said,
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither docht† to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryste where I might be.

"I docht neither speak to prince or peer
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"
"Now hauld thy peace!" the lady she said,
"For as I say, so it must be."

* Starlight.

† Dared.

He has gotten a coat o' the even cloth,
 And a pair o' shoon o' the velvet green;
 And till seven years were gone and past,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

THE NUT-BROWN MAIDE.

[We are indebted to Arnold's "Chronicle," printed about 1502, for the preservation of this fine old ballad. There is said to be preserved at Oxford a list of books for sale in 1520, among which is "The Nut-brown Maide," as a separate publication, price one penny.

The ballad would appear to have dropped out of sight, when it was revived in *The Muses' Mercury* for June, 1707, where Prior saw it, and, pleased with its merit, appropriated the story for his "Henry and Emma," although he failed in appropriating its simplicity, sweetness, and pathos. Attempts have been made to find a historical basis for the ballad without much success, and space need not be taken up with details I have purposely adhered to the old spelling.]

BE it right, or wrong, these men among
 On women do complaine;
 Affirmyng this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man agayne;
 For lete a man do what he can,
 Their favour to attayne,
 Yet, yf ā newe do them pursue,
 Their first trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
 It is both writ and sayde
 That woman's fayth is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayed;
 But, nevertheless, right good witnès
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love trew, and contynew,
 Record the Nut-browne Maide:
 Whiche from her love, whan her to prove,
 He cam to make his mone,
 Wolde not departe; for in her harte
 She lovyd but hym allone.

Then betweene us lete us discusse
What was all the maner
Betwene them too : we wyl also
Tell all the peyne, and fere,
That she was in. Nowe I begynne,
So that ye me answere ;
Wherefore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, geve an eare.
I am the knyght ; I cum be nyght,
As secret as I can ;
Saying, " Alas ! thus stondyth the case,
I am a banysshed man."

SHE.

And I your wylle for to fulfyll
In this wyl not refuse ;
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ille use
(To their owne shame) wymen to blame,
And causeles them accuse :
Therefore to you I answer now,
Alle wymen to excuse,—
Mine owne herte dere, with you what chiere ?
I pray you, tell anoon ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you allon.

HE.

It stondesth so ; a deed is do
Whereof moche harme shal growe ;
My desteny is for to dye
A shamful dethe, I trowe ;
Or ellis to flee : the one must be.
None other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore, adieu, my own hert trewe
None other red I can :
For I muste to the grene wode go ;
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse,
That chaungeth as the mone,
My somer's day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.
I here you saye, farewel: Nay, nay,
We dèparte not so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfāre to sorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shal you greve,
And somewhat you distrayne;
But, afterwarde, your paynès harde
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal sone aslake; and ye shal take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;
For I must to the greene wode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde,
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wole not leve behynde;
Shal never be sayd, the Nut-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkind:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Although it were anoon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyl think and say :
Of yonge and olde it shal be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll,
In greene woode you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyte
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
Be called an ill womàn,
Yet wolde I to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Though it be sunge of old and yonge,
That I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurting of my name :
For I wyl prove, that, feythful love
It is devoyd of shame ;
In your distresse, and heavynesse,
To parte wyth you, the same :
And sure all tho, that do not so,
Trewe lovers ar they none ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remembre how,
It is no mayden's lawe,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlawe ;
For ye must there in your hande bere
A bowe, to bere and drawe ;
And, as a theef, thus must you lyeve,
Ever in drede and awe ;
Whereby to you gret harme meghte grow :
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the greene wode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

I thinke not nay, but as ye saye,
It is no mayden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte, and shote
To gete us mete and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to parte, it makith my herte
As colde as ony ston;
For, in my mynd, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde;
Without pitee, hangèd to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had neede (as God forbede!)
What rescue coude ye finde?
For sothe, I trow, ye and your bowe
Shuld drawe for fere behynde.
And no merveyle; for lytel avayle
Were in your councel than:
Wherefore I to the woode will go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee
But febyl for to fyght;
No womanhed is it indeede
To bee bolde as a knight:
Yet, in suche fere yf that ye were
Among enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde with bowe in hande,
To greeve them as I myght,
And you to save; as wymen have
From deth men many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the deep vallèys,
The snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete : for drye, or wete,
We must lodge on the playn ;
And, us aboove, none other roof
But a brake bussh, or twayne :
Whiche sone shuld greve you, I beleve ;
And ye wulde gladly than
That I had to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here been partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must alsò parte of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre ;
And, shortly, it is this :
That, where ye bee, me semeth, perdè,
I colde not fare amyssè.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche,
That we were soon agone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf ye go thyder, ye must consider,
Whan ye have lust to dine,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, nor wine.
No shetis clene, to lye betwene,
Made of thred and twyne ;
None other house, but levys and bowes,
To kever your hed and myn ;
So myne herte swete, this evil diète
Shuld make you pale and wan ;
Wherfore I will to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye bee,
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè.
And watir cleere of the ryvère
Shal be ful swete to me;
Wyth whiche in hele* I shal right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or too
I can provide anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyl go with me:
As cutte your here up by your ere,
Your kirtle by the knee;
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
Your enmys, yf nede be;
And this same nyght before day-light,
To wood-ward wyl I flee.
And yf ye wyl all this fulfyllen,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Ellis wyl I to the greene wode go
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

I shal as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete moder, before all other
For you have I most drede:
But now adiew, I must ensue,
Wher fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now lete us flee;
The day cums fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

* Health.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so ; ye shal not go,
And I shal telle you why,——
Your appetyte is to be lyght
Of love, I wele aspie.
For, like as ye have sayd to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answèr whosoever it were,
In way of companÿ.
It is sayde of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;
And so is a womàn.
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Suche wordis to say be mee ;
For oft ye preyd, and long assayed,
Or I you lovid, perdè :
And though that I of auncestry
A baron's doughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squyer of lowe degree ;
And ever shal, whatso befallè ;
To dey therefore anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's childe to be begyled !
It were a cussèd dede ;
To be felow with an outlàwe !
Almyghty God forbede !
You bettyr were, the pouer squyèr
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye shulde saye another day,
That, be my wykéd dede,
Ye were betrayed : Wherefore, good maide,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the greene wode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Whatsoever befall, I never shal
Of this thing you upbraid :
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele ;
For, yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maide,
Trust me trulȝ, that I shall dey
Sone after ye be gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye shulde repente ;
For in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fayrer than ever ye were,
I dare it wel avowe ;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe ;
It were myn ease, to lyve in pease ;
So wyll I, yf I can ;
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I understode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought
But that I will be your :
And she shall fynd me softe and kynde,
And courteis every our ;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
Commaunde me to my power :
For had ye, lo ! an hundred mo,
Yet wolde I be that one ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine ounne dear love, I see the prove,
That ye be kynde and treue;
Of mayde, and wyf, in all my lyf,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
You shulde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I will not to the greene wode go,
I am no banysshed man.

SHE.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure:
But it is often seen,
When men wil breke promyse, they speke
The wordis on the splene.*
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene:
Then, were the case wurs than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shal not nede further to drede:
I wyl not disparage
You, (God defende!) sith you descende
Of so gret a lineage.
Nou understonde; to Westmerlande,
Which is mine herytage,
I wyl you bringe; and wyth a ryng,
Be wey of maryage
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye wone an erle's son,
And not a banysshed man.

* On a sudden.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that wymen be
 In love, meke, kinde, and stable;
 Let never man reprove them than,
 Or calle them variable;
 But, rather, prey God that we may
 To them be comfortåble;
 Which somtyme provyeth suche, as he loveth,
 Yf they be charitåble.
 For sith men wolde that wymen sholde
 Be meke to them eche one;
 Much more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but Hym alone.

SIR ROLAND.

[This ballad was first printed by Mr. Motherwell, who states that it was communicated to him "by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it in his youth." Mr. Motherwell, no mean authority, was satisfied as to its authenticity, and it bears, I think, internal evidence of its genuineness.]

WHEN he cam' to his ain love's bower,
 He tirl'd at the pin;
 And sae ready was his fair fause love
 To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,
 "Thrice welcome thou art to me;
 For this night ye shall feast in my bower,
 And to-morrow we'll wedded be."

"This night is Hallowe'en," he said,
 "And to-morrow is Hallow-day;
 And I dream'd a drearie dream yestreen,
 That has made my heart fu' wae.

"I dream'd a drearie dream yestreen,
 And I wish it may come to gude;
 I dream'd that ye slew my best grew-hound,
 And gied me his lapped blude."

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,

"And set you safely down."

"O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the nicht is wondrous lown."

"Yes, dark dark is my secret bower,
And lown the midnight may be;
For there is none waking in a' this tower
But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * * *

She is mounted on her true love's steed,
By the ae licht o' the moon;
She has whipped him and spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but ane,
When she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding ower the plain.

She turned her to the richt about,
Then to the left turned she;
But aye between her and the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd-alane,
On a horse as black as jet;
But though she followed him fast and fell,
Nae nearer could she get.

"O stop! O stop! young man," she said;
"For I in dule am dight;
O stop, and win a fair lady's lue,
If ye be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,
And nothing did he blin';
Still slowly rade he on before
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,
Till his breast was a' in a foam;
But nearer unto that tall young knight,
The ladye could not come.

"O if ye be a gay young knight,
As well I trow you be,
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin',
Until he reached a broad river's side
And there he drew his rein.

"O is this water deep?" he said,
"As it is wondrous dun ;
Or is it sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim?"

"The water it is deep," she said,
"As it is wondrous dun ;
But it is sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed ;
The lady spurred on her brown ;
And fast they rade into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my feet," she said ;
"The water weets my knee ;
Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."

"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin ;
For I've sworn ne'er to trust to a fair may's word,
Till the water weets her chin."

"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said ;
"Sae does it weet my skin ;
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn maks sic a din.

"The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide ;
And ay the farther that we ride on,
Farther off is the other side.

"Oh, help me now, thou fause fause knight!
Have pity on my youth;
For now the water jaws owre my heid,
And it gurgles in my mouth."

The knight turned slowly round about,
All in the middle stream;
And he stretched out his head to that ladye,
And loudly she did scream!

"O this is Hallow-morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day;
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away."

"And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes ower your bree;
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,
Wha rides this foord wi' me!"

"Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round, and look on me!
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links wi' thee."

ALISON GROSS.

[The following ballad is from the collection of Mr. Jamieson, who recovered it from the recitation of Mrs. Brown. It is possibly of the time of James VI., so noted for the persecution of witches.

The Scottish witch was a vulgar sort of monster, confining herself to injuring the health of parties against whom she had a grudge; drawing the milk from cows; changing herself into a hare, a cat, or a dog. Instances of their having the power of practising transformations upon others than themselves, as recorded in this ballad, are exceedingly rare. Isobel Gowdie, who was burned as a witch in 1662, gives the following as the charm which had to be repeated when she resolved to be changed into a hare:

"I sall go intill a hare,
With sorrow, sigh, and meikle care;
And I sall go in the devil's name,
Ay while I come hame again."

The following, from her confession, as recorded in "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," is not without interest:—

"He (the devil) would send me now and then to Aulderne on some errands to my neighbours, in the shape of a hare. I was, one morning about the break of day, going to Aulderne in the shape of a hare, and Patrick Papley's servants, in Kilhill, being going

to their labouring, his hounds, being with them, ran after me, being in the shape of a hare. I ran very long, but was forced, being weary, at last to take my own house. The door being left open, I ran in behind a chest, and the hounds followed in; but they went to the other side of the chest, and I was forced to run forth again, and won into another house, and there took leisure to say—

“ ‘Hare, hare, God send thee care !
I am in a hare’s likeness now,
But I sall be a woman e’en now;
Hare, hare, God send thee care !’

And so I returned to my own shape, as I am at this instant, again. The dogs will sometimes get some bites of us when we are in hares, but will not get us killed. When we turn out of a hare’s likeness to our own shape, we will have the bites, and rives, and scratches on our hodies. When we would be in the shape of cats, we did nothing but cry and wraw (caterwaul), and riving, and, as it were, worrying on one another; and when we come to our own shapes again, we will find the scratches and rives on our skins very sore. When one of us, or more, are in the shape of cats, and meet with any others, our neighbours, we will say—

“ ‘Devil speed thee;
Go thou with me !’

and immediately they will turn in the shape of a cat, and go with us. When we will be in the shape of crows, we will be larger than ordinary crows, and will sit upon branches of trees.”

It was not common for the fairies to interfere in the friendly manner described in the ballad. The ballad term “Seely Court” means the “Court of the Happy People,” from the German *Selig*. The phrase occurs in Chaucer.]

O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And mony fair speech she inade to me.

She straked my head, and she kaim’d my hair,
And she set me down saftly on her knee;
Says, “Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
Sae mony braw things as I wad you gie.”

She show’d me a mantle o’ red scarlet,
Wi’ gowden flowers and fringes fine;
Says, “Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This gudely gift it sall be thine.”

“Awa’, awa’, ye ugly witch !
Haud far awa’, and lat me be;
I never will be your leman sae true,
And I wish I were out o’ your companie.”

She neist brought a sark o' the saftest silk,
Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band,
Says, "Gin ye will be my ain true-love,
This gudely gift ye may command."

She show'd me a cup o' the gude red gowd,
Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see ;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This gudely gift I will you gie."

"Awa', awa', ye ngly witch !
Haud far awa', and lat me be ;
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth,
For a' the gifts that ye could gie."

She's turn'd her richt and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn ;
And she sware by the moon, and the stars aboon,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,
And she's turn'd her three times round and round ;
She's mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,
And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She's turned me into an ugly worm,
And gar'd me toddle about the tree ;
And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,
Auld Alison Gross, she cam' to me,

Wi' silver basin, and silver kaim,
To kaim my headie upon her knee :
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,
I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the Seely Court was riding by,
The Queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lie.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And she straiked me three times o'er her knee ;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

[Lord Willoughby was the son of the Duchess of Suffolk, whose extraordinary adventures while in exile, during the reign of Queen Mary, form the subject of a ballad entitled "The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity;" which is given elsewhere. With reference to the following ballad Percy says:—

"Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and his military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"Lord Willoughby died in 1601. Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

"The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's "Frogs and Mice," concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together."—PERCY.]

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he;
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out.

You musket and caliver* men,
Do you prove true to me:
I'll be the foremost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides
fell,
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours, to all mens view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses,
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

* Pistol or blunderbuss.

When they had fed so freely,
 They kneelèd on the ground,
 And praised God devoutly
 For the favour they had found ;
 And beating up their colours,
 The fight they did renew,
 And turning tow'rd the Spaniard,
 A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
 And bullets thick did fly ;
 Then did our valiant soldiers
 Charge on most furiously :
 Which made the Spaniards waver ;
 They thought it best to flee ;
 They fear'd the stout behaviour
 Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
 " Come, let us march away ;
 I fear we shall be spoiled all
 If here we longer stay ;
 For yonder comes Lord Willoughbèy,
 With courage fierce and fell ;
 He will not give one inch of way
 For all the devils in hell."

And then the fearful enemy
 Was quickly put to flight,
 Our men persued courageously,
 And caught their forces quite ;

But at [the] last they gave a shout,
 Which echoed through the sky ;
 " God and St. George for England !"
 The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told

Of this same victory.
 " O this is brave Lord Willoughbèy,
 My love that ever won ;
 Of all the lords of honour,
 'Tis he great deeds hath done."

To the soldiers that were maimed
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allowed a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day ;
 And from all costs and charges
 She quit and set them free :
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
 And never be dismayed ;
 If that we be but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foreign enemies,
 And set our nation free :
 And thus I end the bloody bout
 Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

LAMMIKIN

[The following has been compiled from the best versions—Jamieson's, Motherwell's, and Scott's. The hero is a myth, but he has long been an ogre in the nursery.]

LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason,
 As ever pickt a stane ;
 He biggit Lord Wearie's castle,
 But wages ga't he nane.

" O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
 O pay me now my fee."
 " I canna pay you, Lammikin,
 For I maun gang owre the sea."

- "O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
Come, pay me out o' hand."
- "I canna pay you, Lammikin,
Unless I sell my land."
- "Gin ye winna gie me my guerdon,
Sin' ye winna gie me my hire;
This gude castle sae stately built,
I sall gar rock wi' fire."
- "Sin' ye winna gie me my wages,
Ye sall hae cause to rue."
And syne* he brewed a black re-
venge,
And syne he vowed a vow.
- Lord Wearie gat a bonny ship,
To sail the saut-sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he suld come hame.
- But the nourice was a fauselimmer,
As e'er hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi' Lammikin,
When her lord was owre the sea.
- She laid a plot wi' Lammikin
When the servants were awa',
Loot him in at a little shot-window,
And brocht him to the ha'.
- "O where isa' the men o' this house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
- "They're at the barn weel thrashing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."
- "And where's the women o' this
house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
- "They're at the far well washing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."
- "And where's the bairns o' this
house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
- "They're at the schule reading,
'Twill be night ere they come in."
- "O where's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lammikin?"
- "She's up in her bower sewing,
But wesoon can bring her down."
- Then Lammikin's ta'en a sharp
knife,
That hung down by his gair,
And he has gi'en the bonny babe,
A deep wound and a sair.
- Then Lammikin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilka bore o' the cradle,
The red blude out sprang.
- Then out and spak' the lady,
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting sae sair?"
- "O gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the keys!"
- "He winna still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please."
- "O gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the wand!"
- "He winna still, fair lady,
For a' his father's land."
- "O gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the bell!"
- "He winna still, fair lady,
'Till ye come down yoursel'."
- O the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane;
But the neisten† step she steppit,
She met the Lammikin.
- "O mercy, mercy, Lammikin!
Hae mercy upon me!
Tho' you've tanemy youngson's life,
Ye may let mysel' a' bee.‡

* Then.

† Next one.

‡ Alone.

"O sall I kill her, nourice?
Or sall I let her be?"

"O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,
For she ne'er was gude to me."

"Scour then the basin, nourice,
And mak' it fair and clean;
It's a to haud this lady's blude
She's come o' noble kin."

"There needs nae basin, Lammikin,
Lat it run through the floor,
What better is the heart's blude
O' the rich than o' the poor?"

She's lifted up her babe, sae fair,
She's kist it cheek and chin,
And kist the lips ance rosy,
But nae breath was within.

Says, "Fareweel, my sweet baby,
Your bonny life is gane;
But I see my ain death coming,
Then why suld I mak maen?"

They hae ta'en this winsome dame,
And tied her down wi' bands,
And in her heart's blude as it ran,
It's they hae dipp'd their hands.

But ere three months were at an
end,
Lord Wearie cam' again;
But dowie, dowie was his heart,
When first that he cam' hame.

"And wha's blude is this," he
says,

"That lies in the chaumer?"*

"It is your lady's heart's blude,
It is as clear as lammer."†

"And wha's blude is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'?"

"It is your young son's heart's
blude;
'Tis the clearest of a'."

O sweetly sang the blackbird,
That sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lammikin,
When he was doom'd to dee.

And bonny sang the mavis,
Out o' the thorny brake,
But sairer grat the nourice,
When she was tied to the stake.

JOHNIE OF BRAIDISLEE.

[The hero of this ballad appears to have been a reiver and deer-stealer. Contemporary chronicle is silent as to his existence. One tradition asserts that he was the possessor of the castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire; another assigns Braid, on the hills of that name, near Edinburgh, as his place of residence, and the scene of his tragic hunting.]

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands;
"Gae loose to me the gude grey dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands."

* Chamber.

† Amber.

When Johnie's mither gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang;
"O Johnie, for my venison,
To the greenwood dinna gang.

"Enough ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And enough o' the blude red wine;
And therefore for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye stir frae hame."

But Johnie busk'd up his gude bend bow,
His arrows ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And a little below the sun;
And there he spied a dun deer sleeping,
Aneath a bush o' broom.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
And atween the water and the wood,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has brittled the deer sae weel,
He's had out her liver and lungs;
And on these he has feasted his bludy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there cam a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he dee;
For he's awa to Hislinton
To tell what he did see.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld carle,
What news hae ye to me?"
"Nae news, nae news," quo' the silly auld carle,
"Save what my een did see."

“ As I cam down by Merrimass,
And down among the scroggs,*
The bonniest youth that e’er I saw,
Lay sleeping among his dogs.

“ The shirt that was upon his back
Was o’ the Holland fine;
And the doublet which was over that
Was o’ the linsome twine.

“ The buttons that were on his sleeves
Were o’ the gowd sae gude;
The gude greyhounds he lay among
Their mouths were dyed in blude.”

Then out and spak the first forester,
The head man owre them a’;
“ If this be Johnie o’ Braidislee,
Nae nearer him we’ll draw.”

Then out and spak the neist forester
(His sister’s son was he):
“ If this be Johnie o’ Braidislee,
We soon shall gar him dee!”

The first flight o’ arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
“ The neist will gar him dee.”

Johnie set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a’ but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane’s side,
But and his collar-bane;
He’s laid him twa-fold owre his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

“ O is there na† a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say,
Can flee awa to my mither’s bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?

* Stunted trees.

† Not.

"Is there na a bird in this forest
Will do as mickle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik* it on my e'e-bree?"

The starling flew to his mither's window;
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the owerword o' the tune
Was, "John tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree;
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mither,
And fast her tears did fa':
"Ye wadna be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa.

"Aft hae I brocht to Braidisleé
The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er brocht to Braidislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

"But wae betide that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he dee,
For the highest tree in Merrimass
Shall be his morning fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude grey dogs are slain:
And his body lies dead in Durisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

[The following version of this ballad is reprinted from "The Minstrelsy." The Battle of Philiphaugh was fought on a plain of that name on the 12th of September, 1645. Through an oversight on the part of Montrose in placing his troops, he was so severely defeated as never to be able again to make head against the Covenanters. The ballad adheres with commendable accuracy to the historical account of the battle.]

ON Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead-wood it ended;
The Scots out owre the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

* Stroke.

Sir David frae the Border came,
Wi' heart an' hand cam he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel conceal'd,
As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn,*
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient
That we should sing a psalm," †

When they came to the Lingly burn, ‡
As daylight did appear,
They spy'd an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father!"
Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

"But first you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be!
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country."

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

"If you're Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I am sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

"There's fifteen thousand armèd men§
Encampèd on you lea;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For ought that I can see.

* A small stream that joins the Ettrick near Selkirk.—S.

† Various reading; "That we should take a dram."—S.

‡ A brook which falls into the Ettrick a little above the Shaw burn.—S.

§ Montrose's forces amounted to twelve or fifteen hundred foot, and about a thousand cavalry. Lesly had five or six thousand men, mostly horse.

“ But halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfill ;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

“ Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum ;
And then they'll think the day's their ain,
And frae the trench they'll come.

“ Then, those that are behind them maun
Gie shot, baith grit* and sma' ;
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa'.”

“ O were ye ever a soldier ?”
Sir David Lesly said ;
“ O yes ; I was at Solway Flow,†
Where we were all betray'd.

“ Again I was at curst Dunbar,
And was a pris'ner ta'en ;
And many weary night and day
In prison I hae lain.”

“ If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded shall ye be ;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
I'll hang thee on a tree.”

“ Sir, I will not a traitor prove ;
Montrose has plunder'd me ;
I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country.”

He halved his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfill ;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party firèd brisk,
Then turn'd and seem'd to rin ;
And then they a' came frae the trench,
And cried, “ The day's our ain !”

* Great and small.

† It is a strange anachronism to make this aged father state himself to have been at the battle of Solway Flow, which was fought a hundred years before Philiphaugh; and a still stranger, to mention that of Dunbar, which did not take place till five years after Montrose's defeat.—S.

The rest then ran into the trench,
 And loosed their cannons a':
 And thus, between his armies twa,
 He made them fast to fa'.

Now let us a' for Lesly pray,
 And his brave company,
 For they hae vanquish'd great Montrose,
 Our cruel enemy.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

[After the Battle of Philiphaugh, King Charles having submitted himself to the Presbyterians, was compelled to banish Montrose, and disband his forces. For three years Montrose resided at a foreign court. The execution of the King roused him from his inaction, and drew from him a solemn oath before God, angels, and men, that he would devote himself to the avenging of his death, and the re-establishing of his son upon the throne. With a few hundred followers, mostly Germans, he set out for the Orkneys. His approach even with so feeble a force, so great was the power of his name, struck terror into the Estates; and Lesly was dispatched to meet him with four thousand men. Having no means of procuring intelligence, Montrose was surprised at Corbiesdale, in Ross-shire, by a body of Covenanting cavalry, under Colonel Strachan, and his little army made prisoners. Escaping from the field after a desperate resistance, Montrose fled, but afterwards gave himself up to Macleod of Assaint, who sold the gallant fugitive to his enemies for a reward of four hundred bolls of meal, and he was taken to Edinburgh, tried and executed.]

"He was tried," says Scott, "for what was termed treason against the Estates of the Kingdom; and, despite the commission of Charles for his proceedings, he was condemned to die by a Parliament who acknowledged Charles to be their king, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a Parliament."

Now, fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale,*
 Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
 For I maun away, and I may not stay,
 To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue† I think it best,
 Of all the colours that I see;
 And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
 That are banished from their countrie.

* A corruption of Endrickdale. The principal and most ancient possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire.—S.

† About the time when Montrose first occupied Aberdeen (1639) the Covenanters began to wear a blue ribbon, first as a scarf, afterwards in bunches in their caps. Hence the phrase of a true blue Whig.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl nor precious stane ;
But I wald sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days, when they began,
Sir John the Graham* did bear the greet
Through all the lands of Scotland wide :
He was a lord of the south countrie,

And so was seen full many a time ;
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They were all drest in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay ;
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leagner down there for to lay ;
And, in the bonny summer light,
We rode our white horse and our grey.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadlyemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then ;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betray'd our noble prince,
And banished him from his royal crown ;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand
For to command those traitors down.

In Glen-Prosen† we rendezvous'd,
March'd to Glenshee by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

* The faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk.—S.

† Palm.

‡ Glen-Prosen is in Angus-shire.—S.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
 Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
 At Inverlochy, where war began,
 And scarce two thousand men were they.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
 Courageous in the best degree;
 Did for the king fight well that day;
 The Lord preserve his majestie!

Nathaniel Gordon,* stout and bold,
 Did for King Charles wear the blue;
 But the cavaliers they all were sold,
 And brave Harthill†, a cavalier too.

And Newton-Gordon,‡ burd alone,
 And Dalgatey,§ both stout and keen,
 And gallant Veitch,|| upon the field,
 A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
 Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
 Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
 For the Grahams are gone to High Germany.

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
 And to Germany to gather fame;
 And bold Aboyne¶ is to the sea,
 Young Huntly is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
 Back unto Scotland fair he came,
 For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
 The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham!

* Of the family of Gicht, in Aberdeenshire. He was taken at Philiphaugh, and executed the 6th of January, 1646.

† Leith, of Harthill.

‡ Newton, for obvious reasons, was a common appellation of an estate, or barony, where a new edifice had been erected. Of Newtown, I only observe, that he was, like all his clan, a steady loyalist, and a follower of Montrose.—S.

§ Sir Francis Hay, of Dalgatey, a steady cavalier, and a gentleman of great gallantry and accomplishments. He was condemned to death with his illustrious general.—S.

|| David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who with many other of the Peebles-shire gentry, was taken at Philiphaugh.—S.

¶ James, Earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died heart-broken.

At the water of Carron he did begin,
 And fought the battle to the end;
 Where there were kill'd, for our noble king,
 Two thousand of our Danish men.*

Gilbert Menzies,† of high degree,
 By whom the king's banner was borne;
 For a brave cavalier was he,
 But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket‡ baith!
 And, Leslie, ill death may thou dee!
 For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
 Who aye were true to majestie.

And the Laird of Assaint has seized Montrose,
 And had him into Edinburgh town;
 And frae his body taken the head,
 'And quartered him upon a trone.§

And Huntly's gone the self-same way,||
 And our noble king is also gone;
 He suffer'd death for our nation,
 Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come home,
 King Charles the Second in degree;
 The Lord send peace into his time,
 And God preserve his majestie!

CLERK SAUNDERS.

[As there are more than one beautiful version of this ballad, I have ventured to re-construct it, using the version in the "Border Minstrelsy," and those of Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Buchan, and Mr. Kinloch.

The resemblance of this ballad to that of "William's Ghost," p. 259, will be apparent, several couplets being identical. There being incidents in each which could not well be woven into one fabric, I have preferred giving both.]

CLERK SAUNDERS was an Earlie's son,
 Weel learned at the schule;
 May Margaret was a King's daughter,
 They baith lo'ed ither weel.

*. Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, who, by the way, did not exceed 600 in all.—S.

† Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfoddells, carried the royal banner. It bore the headless corpse of Charles I., with this motto, "*Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!*"—S.

‡ Sir Charles Hacket, an officer in the service of the Estates.—S.

§ A block or pillory.

|| George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded upon the 22nd March, 1649.

Clerk Saunders and May Margaret,
Walked owre yon garden green ;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell them twa between.

He's thro' the dark, and thro' the mirk,
And thro' the leaves o' green,
Till he cam to May Margaret's door,
And he tirl'd at the pin.

"O wha is that at my bower door,
Sae weel my name does ken ?"
"Tis I, Clerk Saunders, your true love ;
You'll open and let me in ?"

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me !"
"Fye na, fye na," said May Margaret,
"Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brithers,
Wi' torches burning bright ;
They'll say—' We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight ! "

"Ye'll tak my brand I bear in hand,
And wi' the same ye'll lift the pin ;
Then ye may swear, and save your aith,
That ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

"And lift me in your arms twa,
And carry me into your bed ;
That ye may swear and save your aith,
Clerk Saunders in your bower ne'er tread."

"Ye'll tak the kerchie* in your hand,
And wi' the same tie up your een ;
Then ye may swear and save your aith,
Ye saw me na since yester'e'en."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

* Kerchief.

When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright ;
They said, " We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight."

Then out and spak the first o' them,
" We'll awa' and lat them be."
And out and spak the second o' them,
" His father has nae mair than he !"

And out and spak the third o' them,
" I wot they are lovers dear !"
And out and spak the fourth o' them,
" They hae lo'ed this mony a year !"

Then out and spak the fifth o' them,
" It were sin true love to twain !"
" 'Twere shame," out spak the sixth o' them,
" To slay a sleeping man !"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spak he ;
But he has striped* his bright brown brand
Through Saunders' fair bodie.

Clerk Saunders started, and Margaret she turned,
Into his arms as asleep she lay ;
And sad and silent was the night,
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleepit sound,
Till the day began to daw ;
And kindly to him she did say,
" It is time, love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleepit sound ;
Till the sun began to sheen ;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull, dull were his een.

She turned the blankets to the foot,
The sheets unto the wa',
And there she saw his bloody wound,
And her tears fast down did fa'

"O wae be to ye, my fause brothers,
An ill death mote ye dee,
Ye mith* slain Clerk Saunders in open field,
And no in the bed wi' me."

Then in and cam her father dear,
Said, "Let a' your mournin' be;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And come back and comfort thee."

"Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And let your mourning be;
I'll wed you to a higher match
Than his father's son could be."

"Gae comfort weel your seven sons, father,
For man sall ne'er comfort me;
Ye'll marry me wi' the Queen o' Heaven,
For wedded I ne'er sall be!"

The clinking bell gaed through the toun,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at Margaret's window,
"Twas an hour before the day.

"O are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Gie me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee.

"I canna rest, Margaret," he says,
"Doun in the grave where I must be,
Till ye gie me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
To the grave thou will be bound.

* Might.

"O, cocks are crawling a merry midnight,
I wot the wild-fowls are boding day;
Gie me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love shall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong travailing."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wot sweet company for to see."

"O, cocks are crawling a merry midnight,
I wot the wild-fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon,
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Margaret; I thank ye, Margaret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margaret, I'll come for thee."

Its hosen, and shoon, and gown, alane,
She clam the wa' and after him;
Until she cam to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
'Mang the hungry worms I sleep."

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
 But and my winding-sheet;
 The dew it falls nae sooner down,
 Than my resting-place is weet.
 "But plait a wand o' the bonnie birk
 And lay it on my breast;
 And shed a tear upon my grave,
 And wish my saul gude rest.
 "And fair Margaret, and rare Margaret,
 And Margaret o' veritie
 Gin e'er ye love anither man,
 Ne'er love him as ye did me.'
 Then up and crew the milk-white cock
 And up and crew the gray;
 Her lover vanished in the air,
 And she gaed weeping away.

THE BATTLE OF CORRICHIE.

[This ballad is supposed to have been written by John Forbes, schoolmaster, at Mary Culter, Deeside, and commemorates a battle which took place between the troops of Queen Mary and the dependents of the great northern Earl of Huntly, in 1562. Mary was at this time under the tutelage of her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray; and the royal troops and authority were made use of to rid him of a powerful and dangerous rival. The following extract, giving an account of the battle, is from Maitland's History:—

"Huntly, thus perceiving that all hopes of reconciling himself to her Majesty were lost (his enemy, too, the Earl of Mar, being created Earl of Murray), assembled all his friends, and approached Aberdeen, trusting to the affection of the citizens of that place, and the secret intelligence of the Queen's affairs, sent him by the Earl of Sutherland and Lesly of Buquhane, who attended the court. But being informed that their correspondence was discovered, and that Lesly was taken, he began to retreat; till, hearing the Earl of Murray was at his heels, he determined to fight; and for that purpose retired into the forest of Corrichy, a place almost wholly surrounded by a marsh. It was not long before Murray came in view and joined battle; but many of his foot giving way, he had certainly been defeated, had not his cavalry, where fought the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsey, not only sustained the shock of the pursuing Huntleans, but with their lances, which the others had unwarily abandoned, drove them back to the forest. This Murray's fugitives perceiving, returned, and slaughtered the flying Gordons.

"In this conflict the Earl himself was taken prisoner, with his two sons, John and Adam. Buchanan says that the father, being corpulent, was smothered in the crowd; but the author of the 'Innocence of Mary' writes, that he was murdered by the express orders of Murray. In whatever manner, however, Huntly was killed, certain it is that John was publicly beheaded three days after at Aberdeen, when his winning aspect and valorous deportment on the scaffold drew tears from the spectators. Adam was spared on account of his youth."]

MOURN ye heighlands, and mourn ye laighlands,*
I trow ye hae meikle need ;
For the bonny burn o' Corrichie
Has run this day wi' bleid.

The hopefu' Laird o' Finlater,
Erle Huntley's gallant son,
For the love he bare our beauteous queen,
Has gart fair Scotland moan.

He has broken his ward in Aberdeen,
Thro' dreid o' the fause Murray,
And has gather'd the gentle Gordon clan
And his father, auld Huntley.

Fain wad he tak' our bonny gude queen,
And bear her awa wi' him ;
But Murray's slee wiles spoilt a' the sport,
And reft him o' life and limb.

Murray gar'd raise the tardy Mearns men,
An' Angus, and mony ane mair ;
Erle Morton, and the Byres Lord Lindsay
And campit at the Hill o' Fair.

Erle Huntley cam' wi' Haddo Gordon,
An' countit ane thousan' men ;
But Murray had abune twal hunder,
Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They sounded the bugles an' the trumpets,
And march'd on in brave array ;
Till the spears and the axes forgatherit.
An' then did begin the fray.

The Gordons sae fiercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terror or dreid ;
That mony o' Murray's men lay gaspin',
And dyed the grund wi' their bleid.

Then fause Murray feignit to flee them,
An' they pursued at his back,
When the half o' the Gordons deserted,
An' turned wi' Murray in a crack.

* Highlands and Lowlands.

Wi' heather in their bonnets they turnit,
The traitor Haddo at their heid,
An' flaid* their brothers and their fathers,
An' spoilit, and left them for deid.

Then Murray cried to tak the auld Gordon,
An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him sticket,
An' out gush'd the fat lurdane's† bleid.

Then they took his twa sons, quick and haill,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdeen;
But sair did our gude queen lament
The waefu' chance that they were ta'en.

Erle Murray lost a gallant stout man,
The hopefu' laird o' Thornitoun,
Pittera's sons, and Egli's far-fearit laird,
An' mair to me unkenn'd, fell down.

Erle Huntley miss'd ten score o' his braw men,
Some o' heigh, and some o' laigh degree;
Skene's youngest son, the pride o' a' the clan,
Was there fun† deid, he wadna flee.

This bluidy fecht was fiercely faucht,
October's aught-and-twenty day,
Christ's fifteen hunder, threescore year,
And twa, will mark the deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' cam',
That day the queen did greet her fill;
For Huntley's gallant stalwart son,
Was headed on the headin' hill.

Five noble Gordons wi' him hangit were,
Upon the samen fatal plain;
Cruel Murray gar'd the waefu' queene look out,
And see her lover and lieges slain.

I wis our queen had better friends,
I wis our countrie better peace;
I wis our lords wad na discord,
I wis our wars at hame may cease!

* Affrighted.

† Lordlings.

‡ Found.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

[The murder of the Earl of Murray was the revenge taken for the death of the Earl of Huntly, recorded in the former ballad, "The Battle of Cornichie." As feudal quarrels in Scotland in these days were prosecuted to the third and fourth generation with all the tenacity of the Corsican vendetta, it is matter of no surprise that the Earl of Huntly, who brought about the murder, was the grandson of the Earl who was slain at the battle of Corrichie; and that the Earl of Murray was not a son of the royal bastard, but had married his daughter, and was in possession of her vast estates.

Huntly had induced the King to believe that Murray was in league with Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, in a traitorous attempt against the royal person, and got his warrant to beset him in his house of Donibristle, on the shore of the Forth, nearly opposite Edinburgh. Murray refused to surrender, and an obstinate combat ensued, during which the house was set on fire. Murray fought his way through his assailants; but the plume on his helmet having taken fire, he was followed to a cave on the sea-shore, where he was foully murdered; Huntly striking him in the face with his dagger, Murray remarking with a mixture of stoicism and vanity, that he had spoiled a better face than his own.

Murray was much beloved by the people; and it was generally believed that the King was privy to his death, because the Queen had a tender regard for the handsome and accomplished young nobleman. Be that as it may, and notwithstanding that the foul murder which he had committed almost led to an insurrection in the capital, Huntly was pardoned, and restored to his place in the royal favour.

There is another ballad on the same subject, which we subjoin; the author of which is in error in supposing that Murray was married to a sister of Huntly.]

Open the gates,
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm.

He's ben and ben,
And ben to his bed,
And with a sharp dagger
He stabbed him dead.

The lady cam down the stair
Wringin' her hands:
"He has slain the Earl o' Murray,
The flower o' Scotland."

But Huntly lap on his horse,
Rade to the King.
"You're welcome hame, Huntly;
And whaur hae ye been?"

"Whaur hae ye been,
And how hae ye sped?"
"I've killed the Earl o' Murray,
Dead in his bed."

"Foul fa' you Huntly!
And why did ye sn?"
You might hae taen the Earl o' Murray,
And saved his life too."

"Her bread it's to bake,
Her yill* it's to brew.
My sister's a widow,
And sair do I rue.

"Her corn grows ripe,
Her meadows grow green,
And in bonnie Duniebristle
I daurna be seen."

Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands,
Oh whaur hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o' Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

"Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."

* Ale.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rade at the ring;
 And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
 Oh! he might hae been a king!
 He was a braw gallant,
 And he rade at the glove,

And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
 Oh! he was the Queen's love!
 O lang, lang will his lady
 Look ower the Castle Doun,
 Ere she see the Earl o' Murray
 Comesounding through the toun.

THE BATTLE OF BALRINNES.

[In 1594, the Catholic Earls of Huntly and Errol were accused of conniving at a plot for the introduction of Spanish troops into the country, with the object of restoring the Catholic religion. The Earl of Argyle, as lieutenant for the King, marched against the insurgent Earls, who had refused to submit themselves to the royal authority, at the head of ten thousand men. The fighting men under Huntly and Errol did not number more than fifteen hundred, but these were, for the most part, gentlemen well armed and mounted; and they had six pieces of ordnance—a kind of war implement with which the Highlanders under Argyle were unacquainted, the first discharge of which threw them into a panic. As the details of the battle are told with tedious minuteness in the ballad, I need not describe the action further than that the six field pieces were under the command of an experienced soldier, Captain Ker, who had attained an unenviable notoriety through the ballad of "Edom o' Gordon," and the cruel deed it chronicles.]

The first four verses of the ballad were printed by Mr. Jamieson in his collection as a fragment, under the title of "The Battle of Glenlivet." He seems to have been unaware of the existence of the complete copy which appears in Dalzell's "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." I have taken some slight liberties with the text where it was obscure, and have introduced several verses from Mr. David Laing's version of the ballad.]

FRAE Dunnoter to Aberdeen,
 I rase and took the way,
 Believing weel that it had been
 Not half ane hour to day.
 The lift was clad with cloudis gray,
 And ower maskit was the moon,
 Which me deceived where I lay,
 And made me rise ower soon.

On Towie Mount I met a man
 We'll graithed in his gear;
 Quoth I, "What news?" then he began
 To tell a fite of weir;*
 Saying, "The ministers, I fear,
 A bloody browst have brewn;
 For yesterday withouten mair,
 Upon ane hill at Stradown,

"I saw three lords in battle fight,
 Right furiously awhile,
 Huntlie and Erroll as they hight,
 Were both against Argyle.
 Turn back with me and ride a mile,
 And I shall make it kend,†
 How they began the form and style,
 And of the battle's end."

Then I, as any man would be,
 Desirous was to know,
 Mair of that tale he told to me,
 The which, he said, he saw.
 By then the day began to daw,
 And back with him I rade;
 Then he began the sooth to show,
 And on this wise he said.

* War.

† Known.

MACCALLUM-MORE cam' frae the west,
 Wi' mony a bow and brand;
 To waste the Rhinnes he thought best,
 The Earl o' Huntlie's land.
 He swore that nane should him gainstand,
 Except that he were fey,*
 But a' should be at his command,
 That dwalt be north o' Tay.

Then Huntlie, to prevent that peril,
 Directit hastilie,
 Unto the noble Earl of Errol
 Besought him for supplie.
 Quha said, "It is my dutie
 For to gie Huntlie support,
 For if he loses Strathbogie,
 The Slainest† will be ill hurt.

"Therefore I hould the subject vain,
 Wad reave us o' our right,
 First sall ane o' us be slain,
 The other tak the flight.
 Suppose Argyle be much of might,
 By force of Hielandmen;
 We's be a mote into his sight,‡
 Or he pass hame again.

"Be blithe, my merry men, be blithe,
 Argyle shall hae the warse,
 Gif he into this country kythe,§
 I houp in God his cross!"
 Then lap this lord upon his horse,
 Led his men o' war frae Turray,||
 To meet wi' Huntlie and his force,
 At Elgin in the Murray.¶

The same night thae twa lords met,
 I wot it wasna lang;
 To tell you all, I have forgat
 The mirth was them amang.

* Mad; foolish.

† Slaines Castle, the seat of the Earl of Errol.

‡ We will be something in his sight.

§ Come.

|| Turniff in Buchan.

¶ Murrayshire.

Then pipers played, and songsters sang,
 To glad the merry host;
 Wha feared not the foemen strang,
 Nor yet Argyle his boast.

They for twa days wad not remove,
 But blithely drank the wine;
 Some to his lass, some to his love,
 Some to his lady fine.
 And he that thought not for to blyne,*
 His mistress' token tak's,
 They kisst it first, and set it syne
 Upon their helms and jacks.

They pass'd their time right wantonlie,
 Till word cam' at the last,
 Argyle with ane great armie,
 Approachèd wondrous fast.
 Then out of the toun the Barons past,
 And Huntlie to them said,
 "Gude gentlemen, we will us cast
 In Strathbogie, but beed."†

When they unto Strathbogie cam'
 To council soon they gaed‡
 For to see how things might frame,§
 For they had meikle need,
 They wouted then to do a deed,
 As kirkmen do devise,
 And pray'd that they might find good speed
 Of their gude enterprise.

Then every man himsel' did arm,
 To meet MacCallum More,
 Unto Strathdoun, who did great harm,
 The Wodensday before.
 As lions do puir lambs devour,
 Wi' bludie teeth and nails,
 They brent|| the biggings, took the store,
 Sync slew the people's sells.

* Stop.

† Without delay.

‡ Went.

§ Happen.

|| Burnt.

Beside all this hie crueltie,
He said, ere he should cease,
The standing-stanes o' Strathbogie
Should be his pallion's place.
But Huntlie said: "With God his grace,
First we sall fight them ance,*
Perchance that they may tak' the chase,
Ere they come to the stanes!"

Thir Lords kept on at afternoon
Wi' a' their weirmen† wight,
Then sped up to the Cabrach soon,
Whaur they bed‡ a' that night.
Upon the morn, when day was light,
They raise and made them boune,
Intil ane castle that stood on height;
They call it Auchindoun.

Beside that castle, on a croft,
They stended pallions there;
Then spak a man that had been oft
In jeopardie of weir;
"My Lords, your faes they are to fear,§
Though we were never sae stout,
Therefore command some men of weir
To watch the rest about."

By this was done, some gentlemen,
Of noble kin and blude,
To council wi' their Lords began,
Of matters to conclude:
For weel enough they understood
The matter was of weight,
They had sae monie men of gude,
In battle for to fight.

The firstin man in council spak,
Gude Errol, it was he:
Who says, "I will the vanguard tak,
And leading upon me.
My Lord Huntlie, come succour me,
When ye see me opprest;
For frae the field I will not flee,
Sae lang as I may last."

* Once.

† War men.

‡ Stayed.

§ Worthy to be feared.

Thereat some Gordons waxed wraith,
 And said he did them wrang :
 To let this lord then they were laith
 First to the battle gang.
 The meeting that was them amang,
 Was nae men that it heard ;
 But Huntlie, wi' ane troop fu' strang,
 Bed* into the rear-guard.

This is the number of their force,
 Thir Lords to battle led ;
 Ane thousand gentlemen on horse,
 And some footmen they had ;
 Three hundred that shot arrows braid,
 Four score that hagbuts bore ;
 This was the number that they had,
 Of footmen with them suire.†

Thus with their noble chivalry
 They marched into the field,
 Argyle wi' ane great armie,
 Upon ane hill had bield ;
 Abiding them wi' spear and shield,
 Wi' bullets, darts, and bows ;
 The men could weel their weapons wield,
 To meet them was nae mows.‡

When they sae near other were come,
 That ilk man saw his fae—
 "Gae to, assay the game!" said some ;
 But Captain Ker said, "Nay !
 First let the guns before us gae,
 That they may break the order."
 Quoth baith the Lords, "Let it be sae,
 Or ever we gae farder."§

Then Andrew Gray, upon ane horse,
 Betwixt the battles rade,
 Making the sign of haly cross,
 "*In manus tuas,*"|| he said.

* Stayed.

† For certain.

‡ No jesting matter.

§ Farther.

|| I presume this is the reading intended. In Dalzell's copy the line is printed thus, "*In mannis tuas* he said."—AYTOUN.

He lighted there the guns to lead,
Till they cam to the rest;
Then Captain Ker unto him sped,
And bade him shuit* in haste.

"I will not shuit," quoth Andrew Gray,
"Till they come owre yon hill;
We hae an owre gude cause this day,
Thro' misguidings to spill;†
Gae back, and bid our men bide still,
Till they come to the plain;
Then shall my shuiting do them ill;
I will not shuit in vain."

"Shuit up, shuit up!" quoth Captain Ker,
"Shuit up to our comfort!"
The firstin shot it was too near,
It lighted all too short.
The nextin shot their foes it hurt,
It lighted wondrous weel:
Quoth Andrew Gray, "I see ane sport,
When they begin to reel!"

"Gae to, gude mates, and 'say the game,
Yon folks are in a fray;
Let see how we can mell wi' them,
Into their disarray;
Gae, gae, it is not time to stay,
All for my beuison;
Save nane this day, ye may gar die,
Till we the field hae won!"

Then awful Errol he gan say:
"Gude fellows, follow me;
I hope it sall be ours this day,
Or else therefore to dee;
Tho' they in number mony be,
Set on withouten words;
Let ilk brave fellow brak his tree,‡
And then pursue wi' swords."

Then Errol hasted to the height
Whaur he did battle bide,
Wi' him went Auchindoun and Gight,
And Bonnitoun by his side;

* Shoot.

† Spoil.

‡ Lance.

Where mony gentlemen did wi' him bide,
Wha's praise should not be smoor'd;*
But Captain Ker, that was their guide,
Rade aye before my Lord.

They were na mony men of weir,
But they were wondrous true;
Wi' hagbuts, pistols, bow, and spear,
They did the foe pursue;
Whaur bullets, darts, and arrows flew
As thick as hail or rain,
Whilk mony hurt; and some they slew
Of horse and gentlemen.

Huntlie-made haste to succour him,
And chargèd furiously,
Whaur mony men's sight grow dim,
The shots sae thick did flee;
Whilk gar'd right mony a doughty† dee,
Of some on every side;
Argyle wi' his tauld‡ host did flee,
But MacLean did still abide.

MacLean had on a habergeon,
Ilk lord had on ane jack,
Together fiercely are they run,
Wi' mony a gunnis crack.
The splinters o' their spears they brak
Flew up into the air,
And bore down mony on their back,
Again raise never mair.

"Alace, I see ane sorry sight!"
Said the Laird o' MacLean;
"Our feeble folks hae ta'en the flight,
And left me mine alane.
Now maun I flee or else be slain,
Since they will not return"—
Wi' that he ran out owre ane den,
Alongside ane little burn.

* Smothered; suppressed.

† Mighty or capable man die.

‡ Numbered.

Then, after great Argyle his host,
Some horsemen took the chase;
They turn'd their backs, for a' their boast,
Contrair their faes to face.
They cried out O, and some Alace,
But never for mercy sought;
Therefore the Gordons gave nae grace,
Because they crav'd it not.

Then some guid man perceivèd sharp,
With Errol and Huntlie,
And they with ane captaine did carp,
Wha's name was Ogilvie.
He sayis, "Gentlemen, lat's see
Wha maniest slain hast slaid;
Save nane this day ye may gar dee,
For pleadis nor ransome paynes."*

Like harts, up howes and hills they ran,
Whaur horsemen might not win;
"Retire again," quoth Huntlie then,
"Whaur we did first begin.
Here lies mony carvèd skins,
And mony ane bludy beard,
For ony help, wi little din,
Sall rot abune the yeard."†

Then some men said, "We will be sure
And tak MacLean by course."
"Go to! for we are men anew
To bear him doun by force."
But noble Errol had remorse,
And said, "It is not best;
For the Argyle has got the worst,
Let him gang with the rest.

"What greater honour could ye wish,
In deeds of chivalry,
Or braver victory than this,
Where one has chased thrice three?
Therefore, gude fellows, lat him be;
He'll dee before he yield;
For he with his small company
Rade langest in the field."

* For pleadings nor for promised ransom.

† Earth.

When they cam to the hill again,
 They set down on their knees;
 Syne thankèd God that they had slain
 Sae many enemies.
 They rose before Argyle his eyes,
 Made Captain Ker ane knight,
 Syne stude amang the dead bodies,
 Till they were out o' sight.

This deed sae doughtilie was done,
 As I heard true men tell,
 Upon a Thursday afternoon,
 Sanct Francis' eve befell.
 Gude Auchindoun was slain himsel',
 Wi' seven mair in batell,
 Sae was the laird of Lochenzell,*
 Great pitie was to tell.

Now I hae you already tauld,
 Huntly and Errol's men
 Could scarce be thirteen hundred called,
 The truth if ye would ken.
 And yet Argyle and his thousands ten
 Were they that took the race;
 And tho' that they were nine to ane,
 They caused them tak the chase.

Sae Argyle's boast it was in vain
 (He thocht sure not to tyne),†
 That if he durst come to the plain,
 He would gar every nine
 Of his lay hold upon ilk man
 Huntly and Errol had;
 And yet for all his odds he ran,
 To tell how ill he sped.



JOCK O' THE SIDE.

[This ballad appeared first in the "Hawick Museum;" and I have corrected the copy which appears in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" from it. The incidents are somewhat similar to those in "Kinmont Willie." "Archie o' Ca'field," which we give elsewhere, is another version of the same story; so also is "Billie

* Archibald and James Campbell of Lochnell, the nearest heirs of Argyle, were killed in this battle.—AVTOUN.

† Lose.

Archie," given by Motherwell in his collection; and the "Three Brothers," in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads." Both these versions are very spirited; but want of space forbids their insertion. "Jock o' the Side," so called from the name of his holding, was a real character. He was an Armstrong, and is mentioned in Sir Richard Mantland's poem against the thieves of Liddesdale:—

"He is weel kend, Johnie of the Syde;
A greater thief did never ride;
He never tries for to break byres;
O'er muir and mires
Ower gude a guide."

"The Laird's Jock" and the "Laird's Wat" were his cousins, and sons of Armstrong, the laird of Mangerton. Halbert, or Hobbie Noble was an English outlaw; a ballad relating his exploits will be found in another place.]

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits* fa' fast frae her ee.

Then up and spak her gude auld laird—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, for Michael is killed,
And they hae ta'en my son Johnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton,
"I hae yokes of owsen, twenty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel fill'd,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall dee."

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harness'd wi' the best o' steel;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid-swords to feel."

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me!"

Now Hobbie was an English man,
 In Bewcastle dale was bred and born;
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,
 They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Laird Mangerton them orders gave,
 "Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;
 Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,
 But look like corn-cadgers* ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye maunna show,
 Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
 As country lads be a' array'd,
 Wi' branks and brechain† on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
 And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine;
 Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
 And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford‡ they all light down,
 And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
 A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs upon ilk side,
 To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,
 And were alighted at the wa',
 They fand their tree three ells owre laigh,§
 They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the laird's ain Jock:
 "There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
 But when they cam the gate until,
 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung;
 Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa!
 His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
 And cast his body ahint the wa'.

* Corn carriers. Corn was carried in sacks laid over the horse's back, in front of the rider.

† The leather collar and the wooden staves called "branks," to which the harness is attached.

‡ A ford on the Tyne above Hexham.

§ Low.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call :
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary o' thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone ;
"Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep :
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to hear my wae do seek?"

Then up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
"Ne'er fear ye now, my billie," quo' he ;
"For here's the Laird's Jock and the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"O haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
And o' thy talk now let me be ;
For if a' Liddesdale were here this night,
The morn's the day that I maun dee.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They hae laid a' right sair on me ;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon mirk and dreirie."

"Fear ye na that," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
"A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie ;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strong door that they cam at,
They loosed it without a key ;
The next chained door that they cam at,
They garred it a' in flinders* flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu' hie ;
And down the stair, him, irons, and a',
Wi' nae sma' speed and joy brings he.

"Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Part o' the weight ye may lay on me."
"I wat weel no!" quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harness'd, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam' to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford,
There they met wi' an auld man:
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;
"I hae lived here thirty years and three,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running ance sae like a sea."

Then up and spak the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the companie:
"Now halt, now halt! we needna try't;
The day is come we a' maun dee!"

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
"There'll nae man dee but him that's fey;*
I'll lead ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the prisoner on ahint me."

Sae now the water they hae ta'en,
By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
"Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?"

They scarce the ither side had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

* Predestined.

But when the land-serjeant the water saw,
 "It winna ride, my lads," quo' he;
 Then out he cries, "Ye the prisoner may tak',
 But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."
 "I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's Jock;
 "I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be,
 My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
 She has bocht them a' fu' dear frae thee."
 Sae now they are awa' for Liddesdale,
 E'en as fast as they could them hie;
 The prisoner's brought to his ain fire-side,
 And there o' his airns they mak' him free.
 "Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
 "The day was com'd thou was to dee;
 But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,
 Now sitting, I think, 'tween thee and me."
 They hae garred fill up ae punch-bowl,
 And after it they maun hae anither;
 And thus the night they a' hae spent,
 Just as they'd been brither and brither.

GERNUTUS, THE JEW OF VENICE.

[Stories resembling this ballad are common to various countries. The present ballad is supposed to be founded on the "Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a story written in 1378, but not printed until 1558. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* is believed to have been played as early as 1594, and the ballad is presumed by most Editors to have preceded it, although it is possible the popularity of Shakespeare's rendering of the story may have suggested it.]

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice town not long ago
 A cruel Jew did dwell,
 Which lived all on usurie,
 As Italian writers tell.
 Gernutus called was the Jew,
 Which never thought to die,
 Nor ever yet did any good
 To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogg,
 That liveth many a day,
 Yet never once doth any good,
 Until men will him slay.
 Or like a filthy heap of dung,
 That lieth in a whoard,*
 Which never can do any good,
 Till it be spread abroad.

* Hoard, or heap.

So fares it with the usurer,
 He cannot sleep in rest
 For fear the thief will him pursue,
 To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile
 How to deceive the poor;
 His mouth is almost full of muck
 Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
 For every week a penny;
 Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
 If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keep your day,
 Or else you lose it all:
 This was the living of the wife,
 Her cow she did it call.

Within that city dwelt that time
 A merchant of great fame,
 Which being distressed in his need,
 Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
 For twelvemonth and a day;
 To lend to him an hundred crowns;
 And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
 And pledges he should have:
 "No," quoth the Jew, with frowning
 looks,
 "Sir, ask what you will have.

"No penny for the loan of it
 For one year you shall pay;
 You may do me as good a turn,
 Before my dying day.

"But we will have a merry jest,
 For to be talkèd long:
 You shall make me a bond," quoth he,
 "That shall be large and strong.

"And this shall be the forfeiture,—
 Of your own flesh a pound:
 If you agree, make you the bond,
 And here is a hundred crowns."

"With right good will," the merchant
 he says,
 And so the bond was made.
 When twelve month and a day drew on,
 That back it should he paid,

The merchant's ships were all at sea,
 And money came not in;
 Which way to take, or what to do,
 To think he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes,
 With cap and bended knee;
 And said to him, "Of courtesie,
 I pray you bear with me.

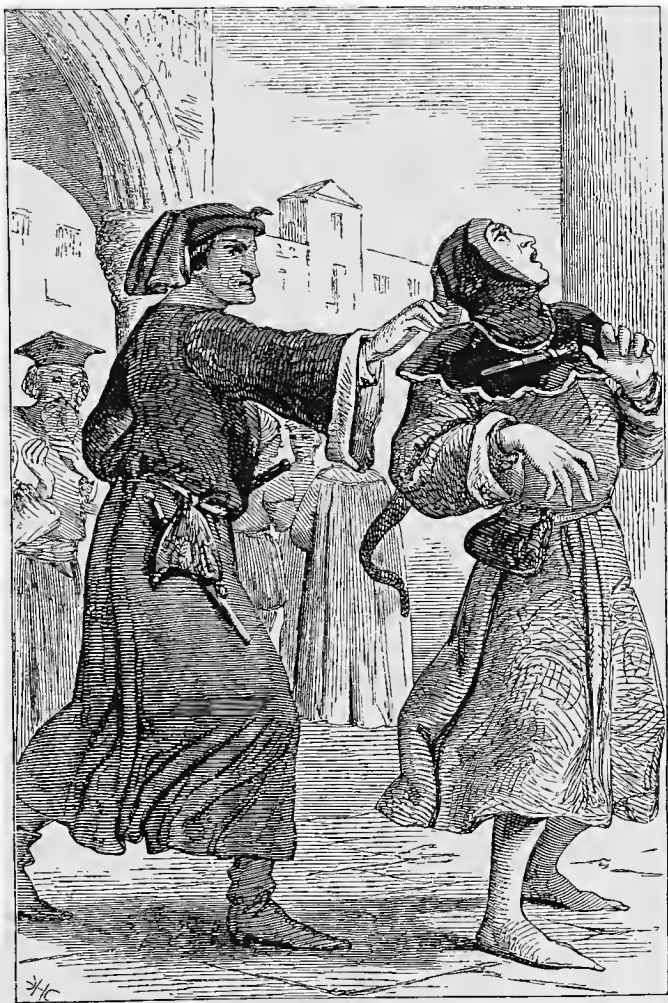
"My day is come, and I have not
 The money for to pay;
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will do you, I dare say."

"With all my heart," Gernutus said,
 "Command it to your mind:
 In things of bigger weight than this
 You shall me ready find."

He goes his way; the day once past,
 Gernutus doth not slack
 To get a sergeant presently,
 And clapt him on the back.

And laid him into prison strong,
 And sued his bond withall;
 And when the judgement day was come,
 For judgement he did call.

The merchant's friends came thither
 fast,
 With many a weeping eye,
 For other means they could not find,
 But he that day must die.



GERNUTUS, THE JEW OF VENICE.

THE SECOND PART.

Of the Jew's cruelty; setting forth the mercifulness of the Judge towards the Merchant
To the tune of "Black and Yellow."

SOME offered for his hundred crowns
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crowns
They offered, him to save:
Gernutus said, "I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.

"A pound of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hire."
Then said the judge, "Yet, good my
friend,
Let me of you desire

"To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crowns
To thee here will I give."

"No, no," quoth he, "no, judgement
here;
For this it shall be tried;
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side."

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he must spoile'd be.

The bloodie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoile the blood of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
"Stay," quoth the judge, "thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

"Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of blood,
Nor yet the man confound.

"For if thou do, like murderer
Thou here shalt hang'd be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than 'longs to thee.

"For if thou take either more or less,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hang'd presently,
As is both law and right."

Gernutus now waxt frantick mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, "Ten thousand crowns
I will that he shall pay;

"And so I grant to set him free."
The judge doth answer make;
"You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeiture now take."

At the last he doth demand
But for to have his own:
"No," quoth the judge, "do as you list,
Thy judgement shall be shown.

"Either take your pound of flesh,"
quoth he,
"Or cancel me your bond:"
"O cruel judge," then quoth the Jew,
"That doth against me stand!"

And so with griping* grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well:
And all the people praised the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

* Griped, Ashmole copy.

Good people, that do hear this song, For truth I dare well say, That many a wretch as ill as he Doth live now at this day ;	And for to trap the innocent Deviseth what they can.
That seeketh nothing but the spoil Of many a wealthy man,	From whom the Lord deliver me, And every Christian too, And send to them like sentence eke That meaneth so to do.

HOBBIE NOBLE.

[Hobbie Noble, when outlawed, seems to have attached himself to the Armstrongs, and we find him taking a prominent part in the rescue of Jock o' the Side. Notwithstanding this, as narrated in the ballad, we find him betrayed into the hands of his enemies by some of the Armstrongs and their dependents. The head of the clan, the Laird of Mangerton, had no hand in the dastardly transaction; and tradition says he took a severe revenge upon all concerned in the deed. The traitor Mains fled into England to escape the resentment of his chief, and experienced what may be called poetical justice, having been hanged at Carlisle two months after Hobbie had suffered the like fate.]

FOUL fa' the breast first treason bred in !
That Liddesdale may safely say :
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

We were a' stout-hearted men, and true,
As England she did often say ;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
And born into Bewcastle dale ;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot* the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lily lea ;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed† his body weel,
Baith wi' the iron and the steel ;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, rade him weel.

* A Border keep near Castleton.

† Armed; put on his armour.

Then Hobbie is doun the water gane,
E'en as fast as he may drie;
Tho' they should a' bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that tryst Hobbie wad na be.

"Weel may ye be, my feres* five!
And now, what is your will wi' me?"
Then they cried a' wi' ae consent,
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be?
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound
Upon his back thou sune shalt be."

"I daur na by day into England ride!
The land-serjeant has me at feid:†
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is deid.

"And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts‡ o' his sheep;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

"But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come owre the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,
That may in Liddesdale be found?

"Tho' the night be dark as pitch and tar,
I'll guide ye owre yon hills sae hie;
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true and follow me."

He has guided them owre moss and muir,
Owre hill and hope, and mony a doun;
Until they cam to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lichted doun.

But word is gane to the land-serjeant,
In Askerton where that he lay—
"The deer, that ye hae hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."

* Companions; brethren.

† Feud.

‡ Droves.

"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer !
 I wat he carries the style fu' hie ;
 Aft has he driven our sleuth-hounds back,
 And set ourselves at little lee.*

"Gar warn the bows o' Hartlie-burn ;†
 See they sharp their arrows on the wa' :
 Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,
 And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
 And see it be by break o' day ;
 And we will on to Conscothart-green,
 For there, I think, we'll get our prey."

Then Hobbie Nable has dreimt a dreim,
 In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay ;
 He dreimit his horse was aneath him shot,
 And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could craw, the day could daw,
 And I wat sae even fell down the rain ;
 Had Hobbie nae wakened at that time,
 In the Foulbogshiel he had been slain.

"Get up, get up, my feres five !
 For I wat here makes a fu' ill day ;
 Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
 I hope will cross the Waste this day."

Now Hobbie thocht the gates were clear ;
 But ever, alas ! it was na sae :
 They were beset by cruel men and keen,
 That awa brave Hobbie nicht na gae.

"Yet follow me, my feres five,
 And see ye keep of me guid ray ;
 And the worst cloak o' this company
 E'en yet may cross the Waste this day."

There were heaps of men now Hobbie before,
 And other heaps were him behin',
 Had he been as wight‡ as Wallace was,
 Awa', alas ! he could na win.

* At small account.

† Hartlie burn, Willeva, Speir Edom—names of districts.

‡ Strong and powerful.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed;
For that sword had cleared Conscauthart-green,
Had it na broke owre Jerswigham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;
I wat but his heart was ne'er sae sair,
As when his ain feres band him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle;
They asked him if he ken'd the way?
Tho' much he thought, yet little he said;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;
The wives they cast their windows wide:
And every wife to another can say,
"That's the man loosed* Jock o' the Side!"

"Fy on ye, women! why ca' ye me man,
For it's nae man that I'm used like;
I am but like a forfoughen† hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.‡

They hae had him up thro' Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can o' beer;
And they cried a', wi' one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and mak gude cheer!"

"Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's no dee."
"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
"When I ne'er saw them wi' my ee?"

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
By the day that he was gotten or born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

* Set him free; see ballad of "Jock o' the Side."

† Fatigued; spent.

‡ Pool or ditch.

"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !
 For I think again I'll ne'er see thee ;
 I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive,
 For a' the gowd in Christentie.

"And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !
 Baith the hie land and the law ;
 Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains ;
 For gowd and gear he'll sell ye a'."

Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
 In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
 Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
 That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut.

LADY GREENSLEEVES.

[From "A Handful of Pleasant Ditties," 1584, the full title being "A New Country Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves." The tune "Greensleeves" to which it was sung was always, and is still, very popular. It is the tune alluded to by Shakespeare, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The music of the air will be found in Mr. Chappell's "Ancient English Melodies."]

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
 Greensleeves was my delight :
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
 And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
 To cast me off discourteously :
 And I have lovèd you so long,
 Delighting in your company !
 Greensleeves, &c.

I have been ready at your hand,
 To grant whatever you would crave ;
 I have both wagèd life and land,
 Your love and good-will for to have.
 Greensleeves, &c.

I bought three kerchers to thy head,
 That were wrought fine and gallantly :
 I kept them, both at board and bed,
 Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
 Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
 The cloth so fine as fine might be :
 I gave thee jewels for thy chest ;
 And all this cost I spent on thee.
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
 With gold embroidered gorgeously :
 Thy petticoat of sendall* right ;
 And this I bought thee gladly.
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
 With pearls bedeckèd sumptuously,
 The like no other lasses had :
 And yet thou wouldst not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,†
 Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye :
 No better wore the burgess' wives :
 And yet thou wouldst not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
 With gold all wrought above the knee ;
 Thy pumps, as white as was the milk :
 And yet thou wouldst not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

* A thin silk.

† "Purses," says Mr. Fairholt, "have been worn by ladies at the girdle from the earliest times, and knives were added in the sixteenth century, and were contained in chased and jewelled cases of much value." The custom of wearing penknives hanging from the waist is often alluded to. Thus in the old Scotch legend of "Glasgerion":—

"Oh ! then it was your lithe foot-page,
 He hath beguiled me ;"
 Then she pulled out a little penknife
 That hangèd by her knee.

See also "The Jew's Daughter." The custom was not confined to ladies. In the ballad of "Young Johnstone," published by Finlay, we find the following passage :

"But young Johnstone had a wee penknife,
 Hung low down by his gair,
 And he ritted it through his dear ladie,
 And wounded her sae sair."

Mr. Finlay explains the word *gair* as "a piece of cloth inserted into a garment to widen it"—which would be equivalent to the English word *gnre*. It was generally, however, used in the sense of *gear*, signifying the whole dress.—(From Mr. Robert Bell's "Early Ballads.")

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by ;
Which made thee be our harvest queen :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets* hanging by ;
Which made thee blithe for to behold :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee ;
No lady ever was so brave :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothèd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee ;
All this was gallant to be seen :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility ;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

* A lace with pendants.

And who did pay for all this gear,
 That thou didst spend when pleasèd thee ?
 Even I that am rejected here,
 And thou disdainest to love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Well ! I will pray to God on high,
 That thou my constancy mayst see,
 And that, yet once before I die,
 Thon wilt vouchsafe to love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell ! adieu !
 God I pray to prosper thee !
 For I am still thy lover true :
 Come once again and love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

[Mr. Bell says, "The full title of this ballad is 'Truth's Integrity; or, a Curious Northern Ditty, called Love will find out the Way.' Percy published a fragment of it, consisting of four stanzas of the first part, and an interpolated verse, from a modern and incorrect copy. The following is from a black-letter copy, reprinted in Evans's "Old Ballads," iii. 282.]

FIRST PART.

OVER the mountains,
 And under the waves,
 Over the fountains,
 And under the graves,
 Under floods which are deepest,
 Which do Neptune obey,
 Over rocks which are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place,
 For the glow-worm to lie,
 Where there is no place
 For the receipt of a fly,
 Where the gnat dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay,
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And find out the way.

You may esteem him
 A child of his force,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse;
 But if he whom Love doth honour,
 Be concealed from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon him,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind,
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor heart, to be blind;
 But if he were hidden,
 Do the best you may,
 Blind Love, if you so call him,
 Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
 Stoop down to the fist,
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east ;
 With fear the tiger's moved,
 To give over his prey,
 But never stop a lover,
 He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
 And nations thereabout,
 Brave Guy, Earl of Warwick,
 That champion so stout,

With his warlike behaviour,
 Through the world he did stray,
 To win his Phillis' favour,
 Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
 Bevis so brave,
 After adventures,
 And policy brave,
 To see whom he desired,
 His Josian so gay,
 For whom his heart was fired,
 Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

THE Gordian knot,
 Which true lovers knit,
 Undo it you cannot,
 Nor yet break it ;
 Make use of your inventions,
 Their fancies to betray,
 To frustrate their intentions,
 Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
 In bower and in hall,
 From the king unto the beggar,
 Love conquers all.
 Though ne'er so stout and
 lordly,
 Strive or do what you may,
 Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
 Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
 And greatest emperors,
 In any provinces,
 Such is Love's power.
 There is no resisting,
 But him to obey ;
 In spite of all contesting,
 Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
 And all men that are,
 Were strictly forbidden
 That place to declare ;
 Winds that have no abidings,
 Pitying their delay,
 Would come and bring him
 tidings,
 And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
 He would gallop it o'er ;
 If the seas should o'erthwart him,
 He would swim to the shore.
 Should his love become a swallow,
 Through the air to stray,
 Love will lend wings to follow,
 And will find out the way.

There is no striving
 To cross his intent,
 There is no contriving
 His plots to prevent ;
 But if once the message greet him,
 That his true love doth stay,
 If death should come and meet
 him,
 Love will find out the way.

SADDLE TO RAGS. .

[The following is from the collection of "Ancient Poems," &c., published by the Percy Society. "No ballad," says Mr. Dixon, "is better known in the dales of Yorkshire than 'Saddle to Rags.' It has long enjoyed an extensive popularity. The copy here given was taken down from the singing of a 'genuine Yorkshire yeoman.'"]

THIS story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.
With a till da dill, till a dill, dill,
Till a dill, dill a dill, dee,
Sing fall de dill, dill de dill, dill,
Fall de dill, dill de dill, dee.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him did say :

"O well overtaken old man,
O well overtaken," said he,
"Thank you kindly, sir," says the old man,
"If you be for my companie."

"How far are you going this way?"
It made the old man to smile;
"To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a going twa mile.

"I'm but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

"But my landlord's not been at haine—
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told any body,
For thieves there are ganging many;
If they were to light upon you
They would rob you of every penny."

"O! never mind," says the old man,
"Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,*
The thief pulled out a pistòl,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge,
And said, "Fetch it, if thou'lt have any."

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop—
You need not bid th' old man ride!

"O, stay! O, stay!" says the thief,
"And thou half my share shalt have;"
"Nay, marry, not I," quoth the old man,
"For once I've bitten a knave!"

This thief he was not content,
He thought there *must* be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pounds in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

* A gully; a ravine.

His landlord it made him to stare,
When he did the sight behold ;
"Where did thou get the white money,
And where get the yellow gold?"

"I met a fond fool by the way,
I swapp'd horses, and gave him no boot ;
But never mind," says the old man,
"I got a fond fool by the foot."

"But now you're grown cramped and old,
Nor fit for to travel about :"
"O, never mind," says the old man,
"I can give these old bones a root !"

As he was a-riding hame,
And a-down a narrow lane,
He spied his mare tied to a tree,
And said, "Tib, thou'lt now gae hame."

And when that he got hame,
And told his old wife what he'd done ;
She rose and she donned her clothes,
And about the house did run.

She sung, and she danced, and sung,
And she sung with a merry devotion,
"If ever our daughter gets wed,
It will help to enlarge her portion !"

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

[The following is printed as it appears in the "Tea-Table Miscellany," with the addition of the second stanza from Percy's version, which is undoubtedly genuine, and is required if the gude-man is to answer his wife stanza for stanza. It must have been common to both countries at an early period, as Shakespeare makes Othello quote a stanza of it. Percy's version is very meritorious, and, save in the idiom, differs little from the Scottish. Why some Scottish editors should call it imperfect I cannot understand, as it contains all that Ramsay's copy has, with the additional stanza.]

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill ;

Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou ken'st my cloak is very thin;
It is so bare and over worn
A crick he thereon canna rin.
Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
For anes I'll new apparel'd be;
To-morrow, I'll to town and spend,
I'll hae a new cloak about me."

"My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come o' a gude kine;
Aft hath she wet the bairnies' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll dee:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me."

"In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man o' laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklin* in the ase ;
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me !"

" Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had atween us twa',
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 And if you'd prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can ;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave off where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

[The following was evidently written about the time of James the First; the previous age, that of Elizabeth, is contrasted with that of her successor. The allusion to "the new titles of honour" is supposed to refer to the creation of the order of Baronets by James, in 1611. Percy printed the ballad from a copy in the Pepys collection, collating it with another of date 1660. Most readers will be acquainted with the modern song of "The Good Old English Gentleman," which was suggested by the ballad.]

An old song made by an agèd old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
 That kept a braye old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
 They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
 And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages ;
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

* Crouching.

With an old study filled with learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks ;
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man dumb ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel full of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds ;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the bountiful old mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to be kind ;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care,
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
 Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
 With a fine marble chimney wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
 And a new smooth shovel board whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays,
 And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
 With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
 And a new French cook to devise kickshaws and toys;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
 On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
 And leave none to keep house, but our new porter, John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
 With a waiting gentlewoman whose dressing is very neat,
 Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
 Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

LORD LIVINGSTONE.

[This ballad was first printed by Pinkerton. I have grave doubts as to its being a genuine ancient.]

"GRAITH* my swiftest steed," said Livingstone,
 "But nane o' ye gae wi' me;
 For I maun awa by mysel alane
 To the foot o' the grenewood tree."
 Up spak his dame wi' meikle speid—
 "My lord, I rede† ye bide;
 I dreimed a dreiry dreim last nicht,
 Nae gude sall you betide."

* Harness.

† Warn.

"What freit* is this, my lady deir,
 That wad my will gainstand?"
 "I dreimed that I gaed to my bouir door,
 And a deid man took my hand."
 "Swaith dreims are scant,"† said the proud baron,
 And leuch wi' jeering glee;
 "But for this sweet kiss, my winsome dame,
 Neist time dreim better o' me.
 "For I hecht‡ to meet wi' Lord Rothman,
 To chase the fallow deer;
 And speid we weel, by the hour o' noon,
 We sall return, bot feu."§
 Frae his fair lady's sicht he strave,
 His ettling fae to hide;||
 But frae the grenewood he cam nae back,
 Sin' e'er that deidly tide.
 For Rothman met him then bot¶ fail,
 And bluidy was the strife;
 Lang e'er the noontide mass was sung,
 They baith war twin'd o' life.
 "Forgie, forgie me, Livingstone!
 That I lichtly set by your name;
 For surely in a' the warld lives not
 A lady mair free frae blame.
 "Accursed be my lawless luvie,
 That brocht us baith sic teen;**,
 As I forgie my freind anes deir,
 Sae may I be forgi'en."
 "Tho' ye my counsel suld hae tane,
 The gait o' gyle to eschew,
 Yet may my soul receive sic grace
 As I now gie to you."
 The lady in her mournfu' bower
 Sat in richt heavy cheer;
 In ilka sough the laigh wind gied,††
 She weened‡‡ her dear lord to hear.

* Omen; foreboding.

† A proverbial expression, meaning that walking dreams are few.

‡ Promised.

§ Bot feu: *Do not fear.*

|| To hide the foe who would strive to kill him.

¶ Without.

** Grief.

†† In every moan of the low wind.

‡‡ Thought.

When the sun gaed down, and the mirk nicht cam,
O tearfu' were her eyne !

"O, I fear, I fear, it was na for nocht,
My dreims were sae dowie yestreen !"

Lang was the nicht, and whan the morn cam,
She said to her menie* ilk ane,
"Haste ; saddle your steeds, and seek the greenwood,
For I fear my dear lord is slain !"

Richt sune they fand their lord and Rothman,
Deid in ilk ithers' arms ;
"I guess, my dear lord, that luv'e o' my name,
Alane brocht thee to sic harms.

"Ne'er will I forget thy seemly meid,†
Nor yet thy gentle luv'e ;
For seven lang years my weeds o' black,
That I luv'd thee as well will pruve."

ARCHIE O' CA'FIELD.

[Ca'field, or Calfield, is in Wauchopdale, which belonged to the Armstrongs. Contemporary writers repeatedly speak of Jock and Geordie of Ca'field, or Calhill (which latter appears to be the correct name of the place) as redoubtable thieves and marauders. Sir Walter Scott says, that "*Mettled John Hall from the laigh Teviotdale*" is perhaps John Hall of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of Border clans as one of the chief men of name residing in the Middle Marches in 1597.]

As I was a walking mine alane,
It was by the dawning o' the day,
I heard twa brithers mak their mane,
And I listened weel to what they did say.

The youngest to the eldest said—
"Blythe and merrie how can we be ;
There were three brethren o' us born,
And ane o' us is condemned to dee ?"

"And ye wad be merrie, and ye wad be sad,
What the better wad Billie Archie be,
Unless I had thirty men to mysel,
And a' to ride in my cumpanie ?"

* Men.

† Bearing.

"Ten to haud the horses' heads,
And other ten the watch to be;
And ten to brak up the prison strang,
Where Billy* Archie he does lie."

Then up and spak him mettled John Hall
(The luve o' Teviotdale aye was he):
"An' I had eleven men to mysel,
It's aye the twalt† man I wad be."

Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he):
"Thirty men is few enow,
And a' to ride in our companie."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lea,
Until they cam to Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"A smith! a smith!" Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, richt speedilie,
To turn back the cankers o' our horses' shoon,‡
For it's unkensoome§ we wad be.

"There lives a smith on the waterside,
Will shoe my little black mare for me;
And I've a crown in my pocket,
And every groat o' it I wad gie."

"The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,
And by candlelicht I canna weel see;
The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,
And there will ne'er a nail ca' richt for me."

"Shame fa' you and your trade baith,
Canna beet|| a gude fallow by your mystery;¶
But leeze** me on thee, my little black mare,
Thou's worth thy weight in gowd to me."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lea,
Until they cam to Dumfries' port,
And they lichted there richt speedilie.

* Brother. † Twelfth. ‡ To place the horses' shoes the reverse way. § Unknown.
|| Abet; aid. ¶ Trade. ** A term of endearment.

" There's five of us will hand the horse,
And other five will watchmen be;
But wha's the man amang ye a',
Will gae to the Tolbooth door wi' me?"

O up then spak him mettled John Hall
(Frae the laigh* Teviotdale was he),
" If it should cost my life this very nicht,
I'll gae to the Tolbooth door wi' thee.

" Be of gude cheer now, Archie, lad!
Be of gude cheer now, dear billie!
Work thou within, and we without,
And the morn thou's dine at Ca'field wi' me."

O Jockie Hall stepp'd to the door,
And he bended low back his knee;
And he made the bolts, the door hang on,
Loup frae the wa' richt wantonlie.

He took the prisoner on his back,
And doun the Tolbooth stair cam' he;
The black mare stood ready at the door,
I wot a foot ne'er stirrèd she.

They laid the links out owre her neck,
And that was her gowd twist† to be;
And they cam doun through Dumfries toun,
And wow, but they cam speedilie!

The live lang night these twal' men rade,
And aye till they were richt wearie,
Until they cam' to the Murraywhate,
And they lighted them 'right speedilie.

" A smith! a smith!" then Dickie he cries,
" A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To file the irons frae my dear brither!
For forward, forward we wad be."

They hadna filed a shackle o' iron,
A shackle o' iron but barely three,
When out and spak young Simon brave,
" O dinna ye see what I do see?

* Low.

† The gold twist means the gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse.

" Lo ! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,
Wi' a hunder' men in his cumpanie ;
This nicht will be our lyke-wake nicht,
The morn the day we a' maun dee !"

O there was mounting, mounting in haste,
And there was marching upon the lea,
Until they cam' to Annan water,
And it was flowing like the sea.

" My mare is young and very skeigh,*
And in o' the weil† she will drown me ;
But ye'll tak mine, and I'll tak thine,
And sune through the water we sall be."

Then up and spak him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he),
" We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave :
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free."

" Shame fa' you and your lands baith !
Wad ye e'en‡ your lands to your born billie !
But hey ! bear up, my bonnie black mare,
And yet thro' the water we sall be."

Now they did swim that wan water,
And wow but they swam bonnilie !
Until they cam to the other side,
I wat they bragged richt crousilie !

" Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon,
Come thro', and drink some wine wi' me !
For there is an ale-house here hard by,
And it sall not cost thee ae penny."

" Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gordon,
" I wot they cost me dear aneugh !"
" The shame a ma'," quo' mettled John Ha',
" They'll be gude shackles to my pleugh !"

" Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon,
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me !
Yestreen I was your prisoner,
But now this morning I am free !"

* Shy.

† Eddy in a pool.

‡ Even : put into comparison with.

MARY AMBREE.

[In 1584 the Spaniards, under the command of the Prince of Parma, succeeded in recovering many strongholds—Ghent, called Gaunt by the English, being one. Some attempts, with the assistance of English volunteers, to relieve the place, may have given rise to the ballad. This ballad is undoubtedly old, as Ben Jonson, in his “Masques,” produced in 1626, alludes to it—

“ . . . Mary Ambree
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt),
Were a braver wight,” &c.

Fletcher, also, mentions her in his “Scornful Lady.”]

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They muster'd their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slipped on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

“ My soldiers,” she saith, “ so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold:
Still foremost in battle myself will I be :”
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
"So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three;
O, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

"Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be."
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England; behold in your sight,
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple maiden, called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advancèd for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despisèd them all,
"I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The whore of a monarch," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL.

[Graham of Claverhouse and Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called *Burly*, the principal persons mentioned in this ballad, are characters well known to the readers of "*Old Mortality*," in the earlier chapters of which the skirmish at Loudon Hill is described.

A few weeks after the memorable assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, Robert Hamilton, a fierce Cameronian, *Burly*, and a few others of the proscribed "*Westlan*' men," resolved to take up arms against the Government. They began their demonstrations by entering the royal burgh of Rutherglen, on the 29th of May, 1679 (which, as the anniversary of the Restoration, was appointed by Parliament to be kept as a holiday), extinguishing the bonfires made in honour of the occasion, and burning at the

cross certain Acts in favour of Prelacy and for the suppression of Conventicles. After this exploit, and affixing to the cross a solemn protest against the obnoxious Acts, they encamped at Loudon Hill, being by this time increased to the number of five or six hundred men. Claverhouse was in garrison at Glasgow, and immediately marched against the insurgents, with about a hundred and fifty cavalry. Hamilton, the commander of the Whigs, had skilfully posted his men in a boggy strait with a broad ditch in front, and the dragoons, in attempting to charge, were thrown into utter disorder. At this critical moment they were vigorously attacked by the rebels, and easily routed. Claverhouse barely escaped being taken prisoner, and lost some twenty of his troopers, among them his cornet, Robert Graham, whose fate is alluded to in the ballad. Burly, though not the captain, was a prominent leader in this action. See Scott's "Minstrelsy," vol. ii. 206, *et seq.*]

You'LL marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly and his train,
When last he marched up through the land,
Wi' sax-and-twenty Westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they cam up owre Loudon Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
That are into the west countrie,
Aye wicked Claver'se to demean,
And aye an ill-deid may he dee!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bluidy days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claver'se, then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gae fire on yon Westlan' men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his Cornet, then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An' mony mae* as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stap to dee.

* More.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, and fame;
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysel an' other ten."

But up spak wicked Claver'se, then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cried that a' might hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me."

"I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I cam frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudon Hill."

"At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonny train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi' little train o' Westland men,
Wha mair than either aince or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.

[The following ballad was first printed in "The Local Historian's Table-Book," by Mr. Robert White, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman, who resided at Fairloans, Roxburghshire. Mr. White gives the following account of its unfortunate hero:—

"Percival, or Parcy Reed, was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated tract of land lying on the west side, and nearly in the centre of Redesdale, Northumberland. His office was to suppress and order the apprehension of thieves, and other breakers of the law, in the execution of which he incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonsfield, a farm about two miles east from Troughend. He also drew upon himself the hostility of a band of moss-troopers, Crosier by name, some of whom he had been successful in bringing to justice."

Mr. Dixon states that the catastrophe is said to have really occurred in the sixteenth century.]

God send the land deliverance
 Frae every reiving, riding Scot :
 We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,
 We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.*
 The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,
 They herry Redesdale far and near ;
 The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
 They canna pass the puir man's meare.
 Sure it were weel, had ilka thief
 Around his neck a halter strang ;
 And curses heavy may they light
 On traitors vile ourself amang.
 Now Parcy Reed has Crosier ta'en,
 He has delivered him to the law ;
 But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,
 He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.
 And Crosier says he will do waur—
 He will do waur if waur can be ;
 He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,
 And then, the land it may lie lea.†
 "To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
 "The morning sun is on the dew ;
 The cauler‡ breeze frae aff the fells
 Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.
 "To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
 And to the hunting he has gane ;
 And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfield
 Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

* Colt nor ox.

† Fallow; untilled.

‡ Cool.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain;
Wi' music sweet o' horn and hound,
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When as the sun was sinking low,
Says Parcy then, "Ca' aff the dogs,
We'll bait our steeds and hameward go."

They lighted high in Batinghope,
Atween the brown and benty ground;
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
But him that risks to get a fa';
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle aff his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

"Waken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en;
For yonder are the five Crosiers
A-coming owre the Hingin'-stane."

"If they be five, and we be four,
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take ane,
And only leave but two to me:
We will them meet as brave men ought,
And make them either fight or flee."

"We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and we.

"O, turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha',
O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
My gude black naig I will gie thee;
He cost full twenty pound o' gowd,
Atween my brother John and me."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O, turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha',
O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me
When ye come to Troughend again,
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O, turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—
O, turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
If ever we come to Troughend again,
My dochter Jean I'll gie to thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O, shame upon ye, traitors a'!
I wish your hames ye may never see!
Ye've stown the bridle aff my naig,
And I can neither fight nor flee.

"Ye've stown the bridle aff my naig,
And ye've put water i' my lang gun;
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come."

He had but time to cross himsel'—

A prayer he hadna time to say,
Till round them came the Crosiers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

“Weel met, weel met now, Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
Now will we pay ye as we ought.

“We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound.”
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword,
And felled the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake he was an unarmed man :
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruellie ;
The slightest wound might cause his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hackit aff his hands and feet,
And left him lying on the lea.

“Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,”
The Crosiers said, and aff they rade—
They rade the airt* o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloamin' gray,
When herds came in frae fauld and pen ;
A herd he saw a huntsman lie,
Says he, “Can this be Laird Troughen' ?”

“There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And some will ca' me Laird Troughen' ;
It's little matter what they ca' me,
My faes hae made me ill to ken.

“There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And speak my praise in tower and town ;
It's little matter what they do now,
My life-bluid rudds† the heather brown.

* Direction.

† Reddens.

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And a' my virtues say and sing;
I would much rather have just now
A draught o' water frae the spring!"

The herd flang aff his clouted shoon,
And to the nearèst fountain ran;
He made his bonnet serve a cup,
And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

"Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair—
Ye maun do mair, as I ye tell;
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
And bear likewise my last farewell.

"A farewell to my wedded wife,
A farewell to my brother John,
Wha sits into the Troughend tower,
Wi' heart as black as ony stone.

"A farewell to my daughter Jean,
A farewell to my young sons five;
Had they been at their father's hand,
I had this night been man alive

"A farewell to my followers a',
And a' my neighbours gude at need;
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's
Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed.

"The Laird o' Clennel bears my bow,
The Laird o' Brandon bears my brand,
Whene'er they ride i' the border side,
They'll mind the fate o' the Laird Troughend."

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

[From a broadside in the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
With music and sound of drum,
For we have descried a rover
Upon the sea is come.

His name is Captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover
Found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the king,

The sixth of January,

Desiring that he might come in

With all his company :

" And if your king will let me come,

Till I my tale have told,

I will bestow for my ransom

Full thirty ton of gold."

" O nay, O nay," then said our king,

" O nay, this may not be,

To yield to such a rover

Myself will not agree ;

He hath deceived the Frenchman,

Likewise the King of Spain,

And how can he be true to me,

That hath been false to twain ?"

With that our king provided

A ship of worthy fame,

Rainbow is she callèd,

If you would know her name ;

Now the gallant Rainbow

She roves upon the sea,

Five hundred gallant seamen

To bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard,

She made them for to flee,

Alsò the bonny Frenchman,

As she met him on the sea.

When as this gallant Rainbow

Did come where Ward did lie,

" Where is the captain of this ship ?"

This gallant Rainbow did cry.

" Oh that am I," says Captain Ward,

" There's no man bids me lie ;

And if thou art the king's fair ship,

Thou art welcome unto me."

" I tell thee what," says Rainbow,

" Our king is in great grief,

That thou shouldst lie upon the sea,

And play the arrant thief,

" And will not let our merchants' ships

Pass as they did before ;

Such tidings to our king is come,

Which grieves his heart full sore."

With that this gallant Rainbow

She shot out of her pride,

Full fifty gallant brass pieces,

Chargèd on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters,

Prevailèd not a pin ;

Though they were brass on the outside,

Brave Ward was steel within :

" Shoot on, shoot on," says Captain

Ward,

" Your sport well pleaseth me,

And he that first gives over,

Shall yield unto the sea.

" I never wronged an English ship,

But Turk, and King of Spain,

And the jovial Dutchman,

As I met on the main.

If I had known your king

But one two years before,

I would have saved brave Essex' life,

Whose death did grieve me sore.

" Go tell the King of England,

Go tell him thus from me,

If he reign king of all the land,

I will reign king at sea."

With that the gallant Rainbow shot,

And shot, and shot in vain,

And left the rover's company,

And returned home again.

" Our royal King of England,

Your ship's returned again,

For Ward's ship is so strong

It never will be ta'en."

" O Everlasting," says our king,

" I have lost jewels three,

Which would have gone unto the seas

And brought proud Ward to me

"The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland ;
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand ;

The third was brave Essex,
From field would never flee,
Which would agone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me."

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

[The following is from "The Garland of Goodwill," as reprinted by the Percy Society. Percy conjectures that this ballad took its origin from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The hero is supposed to have been a Sir John Bolle, of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, one of the comrades of Essex in the Cadiz expedition. Some of the jewels and valuables presented by "the Spanish lady" are said to be still in the possession of his descendants.]

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man ?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels had she on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie ;
Cupid's bands did tie her faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady gay, "Full woe is me ;
O, let me still sustain this kind captivity !

"O, gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress ;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness.
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison strong remains with thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents are where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wish to thee, most gracious knight,
God grant unto myself the same may fully light!

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes ye may be termèd,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest,
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the sea are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well, in troth, I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented,
Here comes all that breeds this strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any company:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain!
And farewell my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall to ever thy share, most fair lady!"

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

[The following is from Buchan's collection. This is evidently another version of the same story which is told in "May Colleen"—(see introductory note to that ballad). The story is common to Denmark and Germany.]

THERE cam' a bird out o' a bush,
On water for to dine ;
An' siching sair, says the king's dochter,
"O wae's this heart o' mine."

He's ta'en a harp into his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleip ;
Except it was the king's dochter,
Wha ae wink couldna get.

He's loupin* on his berry-brown steed,
Ta'en her on behin' himsel ;
Then baith rade down to that water
That they ca' Wearie's Well.

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall ;
Aft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee ;
And, sichin' says this ladye fair,
"This water's nae for me."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall ;
Aft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

The neist step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle ;
O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
"I've wat my gowden girdle."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall ;
Aft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

* Leaped.

The neist step that she steppit in,
 She steppit to the chin;
 O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
 "They sud gar twa luv'es twin."

"Seven kings' dochters I've drownèd there,
 I' the water o' Wearie's Well;
 An' I'll make ye the eight o' them,
 An' ring the common bell."

"Sin' I am standin' here," she says,
 "This dowie death to dee:
 One kiss o' your comelie mouth,
 I'm sure wad comfort me."

He loutit him ower his saddle bow,
 To kiss her cheek an' chin;
 She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
 An' thrown him headlang in.

"Sin' seven kings' dochters ye've drownèd there,
 I' the water o' Wearie's Well,
 I'll mak' ye the bridegroom to them a',
 An' ring the bell mysell."

An' aye she warsled, and aye she swam,
 An' she swam to dry land;
 An' thankit God most cheerfullie,
 For the dangers she owercam.

THE HARPER OF LÒCHMABEN.

[There are three versions of this ballad,—one in Johnson's Museum; another in "The Minstrelsy;" and one, reprinted by the Percy Society, recovered by Mr. Dixon. The following is collated from the two Scottish versions, and the English version is given also. Both ballads have the genuine ring about them; and they are sufficiently different to warrant their appearance side by side in such a collection as this.]

O HEARD ye na o' a silly blind harper,
 How lang he lived in Lochmaben town;
 And how he wad gang to fair England,
 To steal King Henry's wanton brown?

But first he gaed to his gudewife,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole!
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel
Without a meare that has a foal."

Quo' she; "Thou has a gude grey meare,
That'll rin owre hills baith low and hie;
Gae set thee on the grey meare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

"And tak' a halter in thy hose,
And o' thy purpose dinna fail;
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose,
And tie him to the grey meare's tail."

"Syne ca' her out at the back yett,
Owre moss, and muir, and ilka dale;
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bait,
Till she come back to her ain foal."

So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he may drie;
And when he cam' to Carlisle yett,
O wha was there but King Henry?

"Come in," quo' he, "thou silly blind harper,
And of thy harping let me bear."
"O, by my sooth," quo' the silly blind barper,
"I'd rather hae stabling for my meare."

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
"Gae tak' the silly blind harper's meare,
And tie her beside my wanton brown."

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
Till a' the Lordlings jotted the floor;
But an' the music was sae sweet,
That they forgat the stable door.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied
Wi' tread as light as light could be :
And when he opened and gaed in,
There he fand thirty good steeds and three.

He took a cowl halter frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he didna fail ;
He slip'd it over the wanton's nose,
And tied it to his grey meare's tail.

He ca'd her out at the back yett,
Owre moss, and muir, and ilka dale ;
And she ne'er let the wanton bait,
But held him ganging at her tail.

The grey meare she was richt swift o' foot,
And didna fail to find the way ;
For she was at Lochmaben yett,
A lang three hours ere it was day.

When she cam to the harper's door,
There she gied mony a nicher and sneer ;
" Rise," quo' the wife, " thou lazy lass,
Let in thy master and his meare."

Then up she raise, put on her claise,
And lookèd through at the lock-hole ;
" O, by my sooth," then quoth the lass,
" Our meare has gotten a braw brown foal !"

" Come haud thy tongue, thou foolish lass,
The moon's but glancing in your ee ;"
" I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,
It's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

The niebours too that heard the noise,
Cried to the wife to put her in ;
" By my sooth," then quoth the wife,
He's better than ever he rode on."

Now all this while in merry Carlisle
The harper harpit to hie and law ;
And the fiend dought* they but listen him to
Until that day began to daw.

* Literally,—the devil a thing could they do but listen to him.

But on the morn at fair day-light,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the wanton brown was stawn,*
And eke the poor blind harper's meare.
"Alace, alace," says the cunning auld harper;
"And ever alace, that I cam here!
In Scotland I've tint† a braw cowt foal,
In England they've stawn my gude grey meare!"
"Come, cease thy alacing, thou silly blind harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear;
And weel paid sall thy cowt foal be,
And thou sall hae a better meare."
And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit;
Sae sweet were the harping he let them hear,
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times o'er for the gude grey meare.

THE JOLLY HARPER.

[The version recovered by Mr. Dixon.]

THERE was ane jolly harper man,
That harpit aye frae toun to toun;
A wager he made, wi' two knichts he laid,
To steal King Henrie's Wanton Broun.
Sir Roger he wagered five ploughs o' land,
Sir Charles he wagered five thousand pound,
And John he's taen the deed i' hand,
To steal King Henrie's Wanton Broun.
He's taen his harp into his han',
And he gaed harpin' thro' the toun;
And as the king i' his palace sat,
His ear was touchit wi' the soun'.
"Come in, come in, ye harper man,
Some o' your harpin' let me hear."
"Indeed, my liege, an' by your grace,
I'd rather hae stablin' for my meare."
"Ye'll gang to yon outer court,
That stands a little below the toun;
Ye'll find a stable snug and neat,
Where stands my statelie Wanton Broun."

* Stolen.

† Lost.

He's doun him to the outer court,
That stood a little below the toun;
There found a stable snug and neat,
For stately stood the Wanton Broun.

Then he has fixt a guid strang cord,
Unto his gray meare's bridle rein;
And tied it unto that steed's tail,
Syne shut the stable door behin'.

Then he harpit on, an' he harpit on,
Till a' the lords were fast asleep;
Then doun thro' bouir and ha' he's gane,
Even on his hands and feet.

He's to yon stable snug and neat,
That lay a little below the toun:
For there he placed his ain gray meare,
Alang wi' King Henrie's Wanton Broun.

"Ye'll do you doun thro' mire an' moss,
Thro' mony a bog an' mirey hole;
But never miss your Wanton slack,
Ye'll gang to Mayblane to your foal."

As sune's the door he had unshut,
The meare gaed prancin' frae the toun;
An' at her bridle rein was tied
King Henrie's statelie Wanton Broun.

Then she did rin' thro' mire an' moss,
Thro' mony a bog an' mirey hole;
But never missed her Wanton slack,
Till she reached Mayblane to her foal.

When the king awakit frae sleep,
He to the harper man did say,
"O! waken ye, waken ye, jolly John,
We've fairly slept till it is day.

"Win up, win up, ye harper man,
Some mair o' harpin' ye'll gie me."
He said, "My liege, wi' a' my heart,
But first my gude gray meare maun see."

Then forth he ran, and in he cam,
Droppin' mony a feignèd tear,
"Some rogues hae broke the outer court,
An' stown awa' my gude gray meare."

"Then by my sooth," the king replièd,
"If there's been rogues into the toun,
I fear as weel as your gray meare
Awa's my stately Wanton Broun."

"My loss is great," the harper said,
"My loss is twice as great, I feare,
In Scotland I lost a gude gray steed,
An' here I've lost a gude gray meare."

"Come on, come on, ye harper man
Some o' your music lat me hear;
Weel paid ye'se be, John, for the same
An' likewise for your gude gray meare."

When that John his money received,
Then he went harpin' frae the toun;
But little did King Henrie ken,
He'd stow'n awa' his Wanton Broun.

The knichts then lay owre castle wa',
An' they beheld baith dale an' doun;
An' saw the jolly harper man,
Come harpin' on to Striveling toun.

"Then by my sooth," Sir Roger said,
"Are ye returnèd back to toun?
I doubt, my lad, ye hae ill sped,
O' stealin' o' the Wanton Broun."

"I hae been into fair England,
An' even into Lunon toun;
An' in King Henrie's outer court,
An' stow'n awa' the Wanton Broun."

"Ye lee, ye lee," Sir Charles he said,
"An' aye sae loud's I hear ye lee;
Twal armèd men in armour bricht,
They guard the stable nicht and day."

"But I did harp them a' asleep,
 An' managed my business cunninglie;
 If ye mak' licht o' what I say,
 Come to the stable an' ye'll see.

"My music pleased the king sae weel,
 Mair o' my harpin' he wished to hear,
 An' for the same he paid me weel,
 And also for my gude gray meare."

Then he drew out a gude lang purse,
 Well stored wi' gowd an' white monie;
 And in a short time after this,
 The Wanton Broun he lat them see,

Sir Roger produced his ploughs o' land,
 Sir Charles produced his thousand pound;
 Then back to Henrie, the English king,
 Restored the statelie Wanton Broun.

JANE SHORE.

[Drayton, in "England's Heroical Epistles," gives the following account of Jane Shore:—"Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray; delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition."

The full title of the ballad, which is taken from the Collection of 1723, is—"The Woeful Lamentation of Jane Shore, a Goldsmith's Wife in London, sometime King Edward the Fourth's Concubine." The same version, with trifling variations, is found in Percy's "Reliques," ii. 274, and Ritson's "Ancient Songs," ii. 128. In the "Garland of Good Will" there is another piece on the same subject (Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 9, "The Lamentation of Shore's Wife"), and in the Collection of 1723, a burlesque song, called "King Edward and Jane Shore" (vol. i. p. 153).]

IF Rosamond that was so fair,
 Had cause her sorrow to declare,
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
 That was beloved of a king.
 Then, wanton wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright
 Was lovèd dear by lord and knight;
 But yet the love that they requir'd,
 It was not as my friends desir'd.



THE JOLLY HARPER.

My parents they, for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life ;
And then my life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard'-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well ;
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes, as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the ears of England's king,
Who came and liked, and love required,
But I made coy what he desired.

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
Did say, "It is a gallant thing
To be belovèd of a king."

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefore did my state resign,
To be King Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content ;
There had the joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mistress Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a living from his Grace.

No friend I had, but in short time
I made unto promotion climb;
But yet for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.

His bed, tho' wrong'd by a king,
His heart with deadly grief did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond* the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impair'd by my wanton shame;
Altho' a prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I liv'd in the court,
With lords and ladies of great sort,
And when I smil'd, all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd, my prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people, that were poor;
I still redress'd the orphan's cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.

I still had ruth on widows' tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years;
And never look'd for other gain
But love and thanks, for all my pain.

At last my royal king did die,
And then my days of woe grew nigh;
When crook-back'd Richard got the crown,
King Edward's friends were soon put down.

I then was punished for my sin,
That I so long had liv'd in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

* Upon.

Then for my lewd* and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet :

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew ;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charged that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mistress Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches failed, and love grew scant.

But she denied to me the same,
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And saved his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by law it was decreed
That he was hangèd for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I died myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not afford† me any food ;
Whereby in vain I beggèd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

* Rude.

† Restore.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make a pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed :
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent :

The which now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch called,* as writers say ;
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every man ?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives :
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

* But it had this name long before ; being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly shore) or drain.—PERCY.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

[Selkirk being a great emporium for the manufacture of boots and shoes, the burgesses were and are still spoken of as the Souters of Selkirk. Sir Walter Scott, who went into the investigation with much enthusiasm (being a burghess of the town, and consequently a Souter), is satisfied that the spirited little lyric does honour to the gallant conduct of eighty men of Selkirk, who fought at the disastrous Battle of Flodden. In a note Sir Walter refers to a singular custom which is observed when the freedom of the burgh is being conferred on any distinguished individual,—“Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burghess's ticket. These the new-made burghess must dip in his wine, and pass them through his mouth, in token of respect for the Souters of Selkirk.”]

The following version, which is decidedly superior to the one given in “The Minstrelsy,” appeared in Johnson's “Musical Museum.”]

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 And down wi' the fazart* Lord Hume!
 But up wi' ilka braw callant
 That sews the single-soled shoon;
 And up wi' the lads o' the Forest
 That ne'er to the Southron wad yield;
 But deil scoup o' Hume and his menzie,
 That stude sae abieght† on the field!

Fye! on the green and the yellow,
 The craw-hearted loons o' the Merse;
 But here's to the Souters o' Selkirk,
 The elshin, the lingle, and birse.‡
 Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leal;
 And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil!

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

[Incidents similar to those in the following ballad are common to the traditions of most of the northern nations. Several versions are current in England and Scotland, but both English and Scottish editors give the palm to the present version.

Sir Walter Scott, who first printed it in its present form, says:—“The ballad is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality.” The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farmhouse, in a wild

* Cowardly.

† Aloof.

‡ Implements of the Souters' craft.

and solitary glen, upon a torrent, named Douglas-burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a precipitous rock called the Douglas-craig.

"From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain: and the Douglas-burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink; so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event." It may be safely asserted that this is not evidence sufficient to warrant the belief that the ballad chronicles a real occurrence in any one case, as the incidents of many ballads are described as having taken place in various localities, according to the whim of the reciter. It appears to me that no ballad or legend could exist for any length of time in a traditionary form without acquiring not only a locality, but heroes and heroines, and these would naturally be selected from places and family names which were familiar.]

"Rise up, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,

"And put on your armour sae bright;
Let it never be said, that a daughter o' thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour sae bright,
And take better care o' your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rade away.

Lord William lookit owre his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bauld,
And your father, I mak a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her sae dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted* her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye hae left me nae other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himsel on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!"
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair ladye I've win."

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!"
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

* Wiped.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
 Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
 And all true lovers that go thegither,
 May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
 Lady Margaret in Mary's quire;
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
 And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,*
 And fain they wad be near;
 And a' the warld might ken right weel,
 They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
 And wow but he was rough!
 For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
 And flang't in St. Mary's Loch.

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

[There are several versions of this ballad, the best being those of Mr. Whitelaw, and the one given by Professor Aytoun from Mr. Kinloch's MSS. under the title of "Donald of the Isles." The modern song, "Lizzie Lindsay," is well known. The present version has been compiled from those of Mr. Whitelaw, Professor Aytoun, Mr. Buchan, and Mr. Jamieson.]

IN Edinburgh there lived a lady,
 Was ca'd Lizzie Lindsay by name;
 Was courted by mony fine suitors,
 And mony rich persons o' fame.

Then spak the young laird o' Kinguissie,
 An' a bonnie young laddie was he:
 "Then let me a year to the city,
 I'll come back and that lady wi' me."

Then spak the auld laird of Kinguissie,
 A cantie auld mannie was he:
 "What think ye our little Donald,
 Sae proudly and crounsely cracks he?"

* Became joined; plaited.

"But he's win a year to the city,
If that I be a living man;
And what he can mak o' the lady,
We shall lat him do as he can.

"Ye may gae to Edinburgh city,
And fetch hame a lady wi' thee;
But see that ye bring her but flatt'rie,
And court her in great povertie."

"My coat it shall be o' the plaidin',
A tartan kilt over my knee,
Wi' hosens, and brouges, and the bonnet,
I'll court her wi' nae flatterie."

Now there was a braw ball in the city,
And mony braw ladies were there;
But nae ane at a' the assembly
Could wi' Lizzie Lindsay compare.

In cam the young laird o' Kinguissie,
And a bonnie young laddie was he;
"Will ye leave the south countrie, lassie,
And gang to the hielands wi' me?"

The lady she turned her about,
And a very loud laugh gaed she:
"I'd like to ken whaur I am gaun first,
And wha I am gaun to gang wi'."

"My father he's an auld shepherd,
My mither she is an auld dey;
My name is young Donald Macdonald—
My name I will never deny.

"O, Lizzie, ae favour I'll ask you—
This favour I pray don't deny;
You'll tell me your place o' abidin,
Where your nearest o' kindred do stay?"

"If ye'll call at the Cannongate port,
At the Cannongate port call ye;
I'll gie you a bottle o' wine,
And I'll bear you my companie."

Syne he called at the Cannongate port,
At the Cannongate port called he ;
She drank wi' him a bottle o' wine,
And bore him gude companie.

"Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me ?
Will ye gang to the hielands, Lizzie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh curds and green whey ?"

Then out spak Lizzie's auld mither,
And a gude auld lady was she :
"Gin' ye say sic a word to my dochter,
High hanged I'll cause you to be."

"Keep weel your dochter frae me, madam,
And latna her gang wi' me ;
O, I care as little for your dochter,
As she can care for me."

Then out spak Lizzie's bower woman,
And a bonnie young lassie was she :
"Tho' I was born heir to a crown,
Young Donald I wad gang him wi'."

"O, Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,
And a' your silk kirtles sae braw ;
And gang wi' a puir hieland laddie,
And leave father and mither, and a' ?"

"But I think he's a witch or a warlock,
Or something o' that fell degree ;
For I'll gae awa wi' young Donald,
Whatever my fortune may be."

Up raise then the bonnie young lady,
And drew on her stockings and shoon ;
And she's kilted up her green claething,
And awa wi' young Donald she's gane.

When that they cam to the hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey ;*
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging,
For she'd travelled a lang summer day.

* Steep.

Out speaks the bonnie young lady,
And the saut tear blindit her ee :
" Altho' I'd return to Edinburgh,
There's nae person wad care for me."

" O haud your tongue, now, bonnie Lizzie,
For yonder's the sheilin, my hame ;
And there's my gude auld honest mither,
That's comin' to meet ye her lane."

" O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald ;
Ye're welcome hame to ye're ain."
" O ca me nae mair Sir Donald,
But ca me young Donald, your son."

" O come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie ;
O come in, come in," said she ;
" And altho' that our sheilin be little,
Perhaps we'll the better agree."

" Now mak us a supper, dear mither,
The best o' your curds and green whey ;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it ower wi' green hay."

And Lizzie being wearied wi' gangin,
She lay till't was up i' the day,
" Ye might hae been up an hour sooner
To milk baith the yowes and the kye."

" O haud your tongue now, young Donald,
O haud your tongue, I pray ;
I wish I had ne'er left my mither ;
I can neither milk yowes nor kye."

" I wish that I had bidden at hame,
The Hielands I never had seen ;
Altho' I love young Donald Macdonald,
The laddie wi' blythe blinkin een."

" O win up, win up, bonnie Lizzie,
And dress i' the silk sae gay ;
For we maun to be at Kinguissie,
Where I've played me mony a day."

And when they cam to Kinguissie
The porter doth loudly say,
"O ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been sae lang away."

Forth cam the auld laird o' Kinguissie,
And hailed her courteouslie.
Says, "Ye're welcome bonnie Lizzie Lindsay,
Ye're welcome hame to me."

"The lords o' renown hae you courted ;
Young Donald your favour has won.
Ye'se get a' the lands o' Kinguissie,
And Donald Macdonald, my son."

It's down then cam his auld mither,
Wi' all the keys in her hand,
Saying, "Tak you these, bonnie Lizzie,
All under them's at your command."

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MENTEITH.

SHRILLY shrieked the raging wind,
And madlie blew the blast ;
Wi' awsume blink through the dark ha',
The speedy lichtning past.

"O, hear ye nae, frae 'mid the loch,
Arise a deidly grane ?
Sae even does the spirit warn,
Whan we sum death maun mane !"*

"I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
Ye are nae safe wi' me ;
What woe wald fill my heart gin ye
Suld in my castle dee."

"Ye need na fear, my leman dear,
I'm ay safe when wi' thee ;
And gin I maun na wi' thee live,
I here wad wis' to dee."

* Must mourn.

His man cam rinning to the ha',
 Wi' wallow* cheek belyve :
 "Sir John Menteith, your foes are near,
 And ye maun flee or strive."

"What count synet† leads the cruel knicht ?"
 "Three speirmen to your ane ;
 I rede ye flee, my master dear,
 Wi' speed, or ye'll be slain.

"Tak ye this gown, my dear Sir John,
 To hide your shining mail ;
 A boat waits at the hinder port,
 Owre the braid loch to sail."

"O whatten a piteous shriek was yon,
 That sough'd‡ upon my ear ?"
 "Nae piteous shriek I trow, ladie,
 But the rough blast ye hear."

They socht the castle till the morn,
 Whan they were bound to gae ;
 They saw the boat turned on the loch,
 Sir John's corse on the brae.

ELORE, LO.

[This ballad, or song, which is evidently ancient, was first printed in Herd's collection.]

In a garden so green of a May morning,
 Heard I my lady pleen§ of paramours ;
 Said she, "My love so sweet, come ye not yet, not yet,
 Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowers ?
 ELORE ! ELORE ! ELORE ! ELORE !
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO !

* Wan; pale.

† This is somewhat obscure: *Why fight since leads.*

‡ This phrase, while well understood by a Scotchman, is difficult of explanation. "Moaned" or "sighed" is the nearest rendering I can give, and yet it does not express the full meaning.

§ Complain.

"The light upspringeth, the dew down dingeth,*
 The sweet lark singeth her hours of prime;
 Phœbus up spenteth, joy to rest wenteth,
 So lost is mine intents, and gone is the time.
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO!"

"Danger my dead is, false fortune my feid† is,
 And languor my lead is, but‡ hope I despair,
 Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is,
 Deceit out of all ware; adieu, I fare.
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO!"

Then to my lady blythe did I my presence kyth,§
 Saying, "My bird, be glad; am I not yours?"
 So in my arms, too, did I the lusty jo,
 And kissed her times mo, than night hath hours.
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO!"

"Live in hope, lady fair, and repel all despair,
 Trust that your true love shall you not betray;
 When deceit and languor, is banisht from your bower,
 I'll be your paramour, and shall you please;
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO!"

"Favour and duty, unto your bright beauty,
 Confirmed hath lawtie|| obeyed to truth;
 So that your soverance, heartlie but variance,
 Mark in your memorance mercy and ruth.
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO."

"Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousie,
 Love for love lustily, do me restore;
 'Then with us lovers young, true love shall rest and reign,
 Solace shall sweetly sin for ever more;
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE LO!"

* Is forced down into the earth.
 Without.

§ Make known.

† Enemy.
 || In fidelity; justice.

BONNY JOHN SETON.

[This ballad is taken from Maidment's "North Countrie Garland," p. 15. There is another version in Buchan's "Ballads of the North of Scotland," ii. 136 ("The Death of John Seton").]

John Seton of Pitmeddin, a young and brave cavalier, was shot through the middle by a cannon ball, during the skirmish at the Bridge of Dee, where the Viscount of Aboyne made a vain effort to resist the advance of Montrose upon the town of Aberdeen.]

UPON the eighteenth day of June,
A dreary day to see,
The Southern lords did pitch their camp
Just at the bridge of Dee.
Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,
A bold baron was he,
He made his testament ere he went out,
The wiser man was he.

He left his land to his young son,
His lady her dowry,
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,
Yet on the nurse's knee.

Then out came his lady fair,
A tear into her ee;
Says, "Stay at home, my own good lord,
O stay at home with me!"

He looked over his left shoulder,
Cried, "Soldiers, follow me!"
O then she looked in his face,
An angry woman was she:
"God send me back my steed again,
But ne'er let me see thee!"

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the bridge of Dee;
His name was Colonel Henderson
That let the cannons flee.

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the bridge of Dee;
And his name was Colonel Henderson
That dung* Pitmeddin in three.

* Broke; knocked.

Some rode on the black and gray,
And some rode on the brown,
But the bonny John Seton
Lay gasping on the ground.

Then bye there comes a false Forbes,
Was riding from Driminere;
Says, "Here there lies a proud Seton,
This day they ride the rear."

Craigievar* said to his men,
"You may play on your shield;
For the proudest Seton in all the lan'
This day lies on the field."

"O spoil him, spoil him," cried Craigievar,
"Him spoilt let me see;
For on my word," said Craigievar,
"He had no good will at me."

They took from him his armour clear,
His sword, likewise his shield;
Yea they have left him naked there
Upon the open field.

The Highland men,† they're clever men
At handling sword and shield,
But yet they are too naked men
To stay in battle field.

The Highland men are clever men
At handling sword or gun,
But yet they are too naked men
To bear the cannon's rung.

For a cannon's roar in a summer night
Is like thunder in the air;
There's not a man in Highland dress
Can face the cannon's fire.

* Sir William Forbes of Craigievar.

† The Highlanders were thrown into great consternation by cannon-shot, to which they were not accustomed. At the Raid of Stonehaven, just previous to the affair of the Bridge of Dee, the first volley made them wheel about and fly in disorder. They declared that they could not abide "the musket's mother."

ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER; OR, CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S
COURTSHIP.

[This popular and amusing ballad is reprinted from Mr. Jamieson's text, with a few variations supplied by Mr. Kinloch to previous editors.]

THE Laird o' Roslin's daughter,
Walked thro' the wood her lane;
And by cam Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king,
He said unto his serving man,
"Were't not against the law,
I wad tak her to my ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

"I am walking here alane," she says,
"Amang my father's trees;
And you must let me walk alane,
Kind sir, now, if you please:
The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be neist awa';
Sae I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

He says, "My pretty lady,
I pray, lend me your hand,
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets
Always at your command;
And fifty men to guard you wi',
That well their swords can draw;
Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Haud awa frae me," she said,
"And pray let gae my hand:
The supper bell it will be rung;
I can nae langer stand;
My father he will angry be,
Gin I be mist awa';
Sae I'll na lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,
"I pray tell me your name?"
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king:
Though thy father and his men were
here,
O' them I'd have nae awe;
But wad tak you to my ain bed,
And lay you neist the wa'."

He lichtit aff his berry brown steed,
And set this lady on;
And held her by the milk-white hand,
Even as they rade along.
He held her by the middle jimp,
For fear that she should fa',
To tak her to his ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;
His landlady lookit ben;
Says, "Mony a pretty lady,
In Edinbruch I've seen;
But sic a lovely face as thine
In it I never saw;
Gae mak her down a down-bed,
And lay her at the wa'."

"O haud away frae me," she says;
"I pray you let me be;
I winna gang into your bed,
Till ye dress me dishes three:
Dishes three ye maun dress me,
Gin I should eat them a',
Afore that I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"It's ye maun get to my supper
 A cherry without a stane;
 And ye maun get to my supper
 A chicken without a bane;
 And ye maun get to my supper
 A bird without a ga';*
 Or I winna lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'."

"It's when the cherry is in the blume,
 I'm sure it has nae stane;
 And when the chicken's in the egg,
 I wat it has nae bane;
 And, sin' the flood o' Noah,
 The doof she hae nae ga';
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man,"
 she says,
 "Nor that gate me perplex;
 For ye maun tell me questions yet
 And that is questions six:
 Questions six ye'll tell to me,
 And that is three times twa,
 Afore I lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'."

"What's greener than the greenest
 grass?
 What's higher than the trees?
 What's waur nor an ill woman's wish?
 What's deeper than the seas?
 What bird sings first? and whereupon
 First doth the dew down fa'?
 Ye sall tell afore I lay me down,
 Between you and the wa'."

"Vergris† is greener than the grass;
 Heaven's higher than the trees;
 The deil's waur nor a woman's
 wish,
 Hell's deeper than the seas;
 The cock craws first; on cedar tap
 The dew down first doth fa';
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man,"
 she says,
 "And gie your fleechin§ ower
 Unless ye find me ferlies,||
 And that is ferlies four;
 Ferlies four ye maun find me,
 And that is twa and twa;
 Or I'll never lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'."

"It's ye maun get to me a plum,
 That in December grew;
 And ye maun get a silk mantel,
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through;
 A sparrow's horn; a priest unborn,
 This night to join us twa;
 Or I'll nae lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'."

"My father he has winter fruit,
 That in December grew;
 My mother has an Indian gown,
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through;
 A sparrow's horn is quickly found;
 There's ane on every claw,
 And twa upon the neb¶ o' him;
 And ye shall get them a'."

* Gall. It is a popular notion in Scotland that the dove sent from the ark by Noah flew until it burst its gall, and transmitted this physical peculiarity to its descendants.—AYTOUN.

† Dove.

‡ Verdigris.

|| Strange things; wonders.

§ Pleading.

¶ Beak.

The priest, he's standing at the door,
 Just ready to come in ;
 Nae man can say that he was born,
 Nae man, unless he sin ;
 A wild boar tore his mother's side,
 He out o' it did fa' ;
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
 And ye'll lie neist the wa'."

Little kenn'd Girzie Sinclair,
 That morning when she raise,
 That this wad be the hindermost*
 O' a' her maiden days.
 But now there's no within the realm,
 I think, a blyther twa ;
 And they baith lie in ae bed,
 And she lies neist the wa'.

THE HONEYMOON.

[This ballad was transcribed from the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum, and printed by Mr. Ritson. Mr. Laing, who with other editors supposes it to be of Scottish origin, entitles it "Ane Ballad of Matrimony," but I see no reason for doubting that it is an English ballad.]

By west of late as I did walk,
 In the prime time of the day,
 It was my chance to hear the talk
 Of twa young folks, in fay ;†
 They'd na been married at the kirk,
 Three days then fully past,
 The gudeman bad his wife to work,
 "Nay, soft," quoth she, "nae haste ;
 For now,
 I will," quoth she, "not work for thee,
 I make to God a vow."

"An' if thou wilt not work," quoth he,
 "Thou drab, I shall thee drive!"
 "I would to God, thou knave," quoth
 she,
 "Thou durst that matter pryve."‡
 The gudeman for to beat his wife
 In hand apace he went—
 He caught twa blows upon his head,
 For every one he lent
 Indeed ;
 He never blan,§ beating her then—
 Till baith his eyes did bleed.

He was sae stout and stern and stour,||
 And fierce with her in fight,
 That even upon the stony floor—
 She knock'd his head full right.
 The gudewife was wondrous weak in
 hand,
 Fearful, and nothing bold ;
 But he—had never a foot to stand,
 When she of him caught hold
 By the craig ;¶
 And with her fist his mouth she kiss'd
 As fast as it might wag.

"Now then," she cryed loud, "Alack!
 I do you well to wit"—
 But he lay down upon his back,
 And she stood on her feet ;
 Bending herself to him apace,
 She cry'd him mercy then ;
 And pyll'd** the bark even off his face,
 With her commandments ten : ††
 And aft,
 She did him dose, about the nose,
 Till all his face was saft.

* Last.

† In quarrel.

‡ Prove.

§ Stayed.

|| Strong

¶ Throat.

** Peeled.

†† Ten fingers.

Now when the neibours heard the noise
 Sae lang between them twain ;
 They wist it was na wanton toys,
 And fast thither they ran
 But when they came, in vain it was,
 The doors was sparrèd* round ;
 The gudewife cryèd " Out, alas !"
 But he—lay on the ground,
 Well beat ;
 Lying along, he said, anon
 That better he would her beat.

His neibours they were sore afraid
 That he would kill his wife,
 Then him full instantly they pray'd
 To stint, and leave his strife,
 And not his wrath upon her wreak ;
 They did him all exhort.
 ' Nay, nay,' quoth he, " I shall her teach,
 How she shall be sae short
 With me"—
 Yet on his face, she laid apace,
 And cried him still, " Mercie !"

Which thing to hear, the neibours all,
 Did pity her so sore,
 That to the gudeman they did call,
 And said, " For shame ! no more :"
 He bad them then go pyke† them home,
 And there go meddle them now ;
 " I am," quoth he, " not such a one,
 To leave fighting for you,
 I trow."
 Yet for all this, they said I wis,
 Small neibourhood he did show.

Some pray'd him in avoiding crime,
 That he his hand would hauld ;
 " Let her," quoth he, " another time
 Not be with me sae bauld ;
 For suredly an owght‡ I were,
 To bide her taunt or check."—

But he could scant the same declare,
 She held so fast his neck,
 In a band ;
 " Alas !" quoth she ; " will ye kill me ?
 Sweet husband, hauld your hand !"

His neibours then were sore afraid,
 That he would her devour ;
 The doors then being fast sparrèd,
 They threw them on the floor.
 The gudewife leap'd away apace,
 For shame put her to flight ;
 And he, well-blown about the face,
 Began to stand upright,
 Near mad ;
 No wight§ of skill, I think, judge will,
 But he thereof was glad.

Although his back was somewhat dusty,
 After a foolish guise,
 Yet was the man himself so lusty—
 That scarcely he could rise.
 The gudewife did her chamber take,
 Showing herself in dread ;
 To neibours the gudeman mirth did
 make,
 To them that saw that deed,
 All and some ;
 To whom he sware, that he had there
 Slain her, had they not come.

Wish all young married wives I will,
 No such masters to pryve,
 But e'en obey your husbands still,
 Lest they to work you drive ;
 And, seeing that it is not best
 To live in bate|| and strife,
 God send therefore that quiet rest,
 May be with man and wife,
 To the end :
 So let us pray, both night and day,
 That God such grace may send.

* Bolted with wooden bars.

‡ A nothing.

† Pick : pick their way home.

§ Man.

|| Debate.

THE LAIRD O' WOODHOUSELIE.

[From Pinkerton's collection, who notes it as from tradition. I should doubt its being very old.]

SHYNING was the painted ha'
 Wi' gladsum torches bricht;
 Full twenty gowden dames sat there,
 And ilk ane by a knicht:
 Wi' music cheer,
 To please the ear,
 Whan bewtie pleased the sicht.

Wi' cunning skill his gentle weid,*
 To chant, or warlike fame;
 Ilk damsel to the minstrels gied,†
 Some favorit chieftain's name.
 "Sing Salton's praise,"
 The lady says,—
 In suith, she was to blame.

"By my renown, ye wrang me, sair,"
 Quoth hautie Woodhouselie;
 "To praise that youth o' sma' repute,
 And never dreim on me,‡
 Whan ilka dame
 Her fere cold name,
 In a' this companie."

The morn she to her nourice yeed:§
 "O meikle do I fear,
 My lord will slay me, sin' yestreen
 I praised my Salton dear!
 I'll hae nae ease,
 Till hevin it please,
 That I lie on my beir."

"Then wold I lay him on his beir,"
 The craftie nourice said;
 "My saw,|| gin ye will heid but anes,
 That sall na be delaid."
 "O, nourice say,
 And by my fay,¶
 Ye sall be weil appaid."

* Port, or bearing.

† Think me worthy; her lover, companion, or husband.

|| A phrase of encouragement.

‡ Gave.

§ Went, or said.

¶ Faith.

"Tak ye this drap o' deidly drug,
 And put it in his cup,
 Whan ye gang out the gladsum ha',
 And sit ye down to sup :
 Whan he has gied
 To bed bot* dreid,
 He'll never mair rise up."

And she has tane the deidly drug
 And put it in his cup,
 Whan they gied to the gladsum ha',
 And sat them down to sup ;
 And wi' ill speid,
 To bed he gied,†
 And never mair raise up.

The word cam to his father auld,
 Neist day by hour of dyne,‡
 That Woodhouselie had dyed yestreen,
 And his dame had held the wyne.§
 Quoth he, " I vow,
 By Mary now,
 She sall meit sure propine."||

Syne he has flown to our gude king,
 And at his feet him layne :
 " O, justice ! justice ! royal liege,
 My worthy son is slayne.
 His lady's feid¶
 Has wrocht the deid,
 Let her receive the paine."

Sair muvit was our worthy king,
 And an angry man was he :
 " Gar bind her to the deadly stake,
 And burn her on the lea,
 That after her
 Nae bluidy fere
 Her luckless lord may slee."**

* Without.

† Went.

‡ At dinner-time.

§ Had given him the wine-cup.

|| Reward.

¶ Enmity.

** Slay.

"O, wae be to you, nourice,
 An ill death may ye drie;
 For ye prepared the deadly drug
 That gaid my deary dee.
 May all the paine,
 That I darraine,*
 In ill time licht on thee.

"O bring to me my gown o' black,
 My mantel, and my pall;
 And gie five merks to the friers gray,
 To pray for my poor saul;
 And ilka dame
 O' gentle name,
 Beware o' my sair fall."

BURD HELEN.

[This is undoubtedly a Scottish version of the ballad of "Child Waters," given in Percy's "Reliques." The present reading is compiled from Jamieson, Kinloch, and Buchan. The English ballad is superior to the Scottish reprint elsewhere.]

LORD JOHN stood in his stable door,
 Said he was boune to ride:
 Burd Helen stood in her bower door,
 Said she'd run by his side.

"The corn is turning ripe, Lord John;
 The nuts are growing fu':
 And ye are boune for your ain countrie;
 Fain wad I gae wi' you."

"O better ye'd stay at hame, Helen,
 And sew your silken seam;
 For my house is in the far Hielands,
 And ye'll hae puir welcome hame."

"I winna stay, Lord John," she said,
 "To sew my silken seam;
 Though your house is in the far Hielands,
 And I'll hae puir welcome hame."

* Suffer.

Then Lord John lap on his white steed,
And fast away rade he,
She's clad hersel' in page attire,
And after him ran she.

But he was ne'er sae frank a knight,
As ance wad bid her ride;
And she was ne'er sae mean a May,
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,
A live-lang simmer tide,
Until they cam to a wan water,
And folks do call it Clyde.

"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,
"That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said,
"You ne'er will see me swim!"

But he was ne'er sae frank a knight,
As ance wad bid her ride;
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand,
To help her owre the tide.

The firsten step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee;
"Ochon! alas!" said that fair maid,
"This water's nae for me!"

The next step that she wadit in,
She steppit to the neck;
And the bairn that lay beneath her heart,
For cauld began to quake.

"Lie still, lie still, my ain dear babe,
Ye work your mither wae;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Cares little for us twae."

O! about the midst o' Clyde water,
There was a yird-fast stane;
He lightly turned his horse about,
And took her up behin'.

"Oh, tell me this, now, good Lord John;
And a word ye dinna lee;
How far is it to your lodging,
Where we this night maun be?"

"O dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,
That shines sae fair to see?
There is a lady in it, Helen,
Will sinder you and me."

"There is a lady in yon castle,
Will sinder you and I?
Betide me weel, betide me wae,
I sall gang there and try."

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcom'd Lord John to the ha',
But a bonnier far than ony there,
Led his horse to the stable sta'.

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcomed Lord John to the green;
But a fairer lady than them a'
At the manger stood alane.

Mony a lord and gay ladye
Sate dining in the ha',
But the bonniest face was ever seen,
Was waiting on them a'.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And a' men boun' to meat,
Burd Helen was at the bye table,
Amang the pages set.

Then up and spak Lord John's sister;
A sweet young maid was she:
"My brother has brought the bonniest page,
That ever I did see."

Then out and spak Lord John's mother;
She spak wi' meikle scorn;
"He's liker a woman great wi' bairn,
Than ony serving man!"

"O it maks me laugh, my mither dear,
Sic words to hear frae thee.
He is a squire's ae dearest son,
That for love has followed me.

"Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy;
Gie my horse the corn and hay."
"O that I will, my master dear,
As quickly as I may."

She's ta'en the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intill her hand;
And she's gane to the great stable
As fast as e'er she can.

"O room ye round, my bonnie broun steids;
O room ye near the wa';
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,
I fear, will gar me fa'."

She leaned her back again the wa';
Strong travail came her on;
And e'en amang the horses' feet,
Burd Helen bare her son.

Lord John's mither intill her bower
Was sitting all alane,
When in the silence o' the night
She heard Burd Helen's maen.

"Win up, win up, my son," she says;
"Gae see how a' does fare,
For I think I hear a woman's groans,
And a bairnie greeting sair!"

O hastily he gat him up,
Staid neither for hose nor shoon.
"O open the door, Burd Helen," he said,
"O open and let me in."

"How can I open, how shall I open,
How can I open to thee?
I'm lying amang your horses' feet,
Your young son on my knee."

He hit the door then wi' his foot,
Sae did he wi' his knee;
Till doors o' deal and locks o' steel,
In splinters gar'd he flee.

"An askin', an askin', Lord John," she says,
"An askin' ye'll grant me:
The warsten bower in a' your towers
For thy young son and me!"

"O yes, O yes, Burd Helen," he said,
"A' that and mair frae me;
The very best bower in a' my towers
For my young son and thee."

"An askin', an askin', Lord John," she says,
"An askin' ye'll grant me,
The meanest maid in a' your house
To wait on him and me."

"The highest lady in a' my house
Sall wait on him and thee,
And that's my sister, Isabel,
And a sweet young maid is she.

"Tak' up, tak' up, my bonnie young son
Gar wash him wi' the milk,
Tak' up, tak' up, my fair lady,
Gar row her in the silk.

"And cheer up, Burd Helen," he says,
"Look nae mair sad nor wae,
For your wedding and your kirking too,
Shall baith be in ae day."



PATIENT GRISSELL.

[Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer have told the story of Griselda. In France and in Germany it took its place upon the stage. Two plays upon the subject are known to have been written in this country, one of which by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, has been printed by the Shakespeare Society, the other, composed during the reign of Henry the Eighth, has been lost. In 1565, a song of Patient Grissell is entered in the Stationers' Registers; and it finds a place in Thomas Delaney's "Garland of Goodwill," printed before 1596.]

A NOBLE marquess,
As he did ride a hunting
 Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espied.
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
 Although in simple attire :
She sang most sweetly,
With pleasant voice melodiously,
 Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might ;
Beauty bred his heart's delight,
 And to this comely damsel then he went :
" God speed," quoth he, " thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
 Where love and virtue dwell with sweet content."

With comely gesture,
And modest mild behaviour,
 She bad him welcome then ;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
 And all his gentlemen.
The noble marquess
In's heart felt such a flame,
 Which set his senses all at strife :
Quoth he, " Fair maiden,
Show me soon what is thy name :
 I mean to make thee my wife."
" Grissell is my name," quoth she,
" Far unfit for your degree,
 A silly maiden, and of parents poor."
" Nay, Grissell, thou art rich," he said,
" A virtuous, fair, and comely maid ;
 Grant me thy love, and I will ask no more."

At length she consented,
And being both contented
 They married were with speed ;
Her country russet
Was turned to silk and velvet,
 As to her state agreed ;

And when that she
Was trimly tired in the same,
Her beauty shined most bright,
Far staining every
Other fair and princely dame,
That did appear in sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And 'twixt her lord and she great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her lord they would her oft dispraise.

"O! noble marquess,"
Quoth they, "why dost thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable lady
Into your princely bed?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
Which shall be hereafter born
That are of blood so base,
Born by the mother's side,
The which will bring them to scorn.
Put her, therefore, quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage may renownèd be."
Thus every day they seemed to prate
At maliced Grissell's good estate;
Who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely,
Belovèd as his life;
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to show her
A hard discourteous part,
That men might pity her case.

Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
Two goodly children at one birth she had :
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
And which did make their mother's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting
Was at the children's christening,
And princely triumph made ;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
Were entertained and stayed ;
And when that these pleasant
Sportings quite were done,
The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling son ;
Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murdered be ;
For so the marquess did decree.
" Come, let me have the children," then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
" My gracious lord must have his will obeyed."

She took the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
Between her tender arms ;
She often wishes
With many sorrowful kisses,
That she might ease their harms.
" Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times, my children dear,
Never shall I see you again ;
'Tis long of me,
Your sad and woeful mother here,
For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of noble race,
You might have lived in happy case ;
But you must die for my unworthiness.
Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
" Take my dearest babies to thee,
And to their father my complaints express."

He took the children,
 And to his noble master,
 He bore them forth with speed ;
 Who in secret sent them
 Unto a noble lady,
 To be nurst up in deed.
 Then to fair Grissell,
 With a heavy heart he goes,
 Where she sat mildly all alone :
 A pleasant gesture,
 And a lovely look she shows,
 As if no grief she had known.
 Quoth he, " My children now are slain ;
 What thinks fair Grissell of the same ?
 Sweet Grissell, now declare thy mind to me.'
 " Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
 Poor Grissell thinks the action fit :
 Both I and mine at your command will be."

" My nobles murmur,
 Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have,
 Till thou be banished,
 Both from my court and presence
 As they unjustly crave.
 Thou must be stripped
 Out of thy stately garments all ;
 And as thou cam'st to me,
 In homely gray,
 Instead of bisse and purest pall,*
 Now all thy clothing must be :
 My lady thou must be no more,
 Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.
 The poorest life must now content thy mind,
 A groat to thee I must not give
 Thee to maintain while I do live ;
 Against my Grissell such great foes I find."

* Bisse, or bis, Mr. Bell says, is " a light blue colour." The term was also applied to fine silk, without reference to any particular colour. Pall from *palla*, a robe or mantle. Purple and pall was a frequent phrase, says Percy, for rich purple robes. But pall did not always imply purple. Thus Fletcher :—

"Then crowned with triple wreath, and clothed in scarlet pall."

Purple Island.

When gentle Grissell
Did hear these woeful tidings,
 The tears stood in her eyes
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
 Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she strippèd off,
 Her kirtle of silk with the same :
Her russet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
 To bear them herself she did frame.
When she was dressed in this array,
And ready was to part away,
 "God send long life unto my lord," quoth she ;
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kiss."
 With watery eyes, "Farewell, my dear," said he.

From stately palace
Unto her father's cottage
 Poor Grissell now is gone.
Full fifteen winters
She lived there contented ;
 No wrong she thought upon.
And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
 The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent ;
 And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare
 That nothing therein might be found awry.
The bride was with her brother come
Which was great joy to all and some ;
 But Grissell took all this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When that they should be wedded,
 Her patience there was tried ;
Grissell was charged
Herself in princely manner
 For to attire the bride.

Most willingly
She gave consent unto the same,
The bride in bravery was dressed,
And presently
The noble marquess thither came
With all the ladies at his request.
"O! Grissell, I would ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy."
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissell she replied the while,
"God send lord marquess many years of joy."

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
Thus patient in distress;
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
These words he did express:—
"Thou art the bride,
And all the bride I mean to have:
These two thy own children be."
The youthful lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she.
"And you that envied her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame, and honour virtuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissell, my most constant wife."

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

[Mr. Kinloch has given a beautiful version of this ballad, which I have followed pretty closely, several lines being added from Mr. Buchan's and Mr. Motherwell's versions, rendering the story more complete. Professor Aytoun, from the same materials, has compiled a beautiful version with a sweeter refrain. The first verse runs thus:—]

She leaned her back unto a thorn—
Ah, well a day!
And there she has her twa babes born:
The wind goes by, and will not stay.

I have adhered to the refrain, as in Kinloch's, because it is similar to that in a popular

and evidently modern version of the ballad I heard sung in Forfarshire many years ago. After much difficulty I have managed to get a complete copy of it, which I give here. I do not repeat the refrain after the first verse, but in singing it was repeated throughout :—

She has tane her cloak aboot her heid,
All alone and alonie O;
She has gane to do a gruesome deid,
Down by yon greenwood sidie O.

She has laid her heid against a thorn,
And twa bonnie babies she has born.

She has tane the ribbons frae her hair:
She has chokit them, tho' they grat sair.

She has dug a hole aneath a tree,
She has buried them that nane micht see.

O richt warily has she gane hame,
That nane micht meddle wi' her fair fame.

For days and weeks she was pale and wan,
But what ailed her nae ane micht ken.

As she lookit owre the castle wa',
She saw twa babies playin' at the ha'.

"O, bonnie babies, gin ye were mine,
Ye wad get the white coo milk and wine."

"O, cruel mother, when we were thine,
Ye gied us nae white coo milk and wine;

"But ye took the ribbons frae your hair,
And ye chokit us, tho' we grat sair;

"And in the heavens we now do dwell,
While ye maun drie the fierce fires o' hell."

In hunting up this version I heard of several others. A correspondent in Forfarshire took down Mr. Motherwell's version word for word from the recitation of an old woman.]

SHE has ta'en her mantle her about,
All alone, and alonie;
She has gane aff to the gude greenwood,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

She has set her back until an aik,
All alone, and alonie;
First it bowed, and syne it brake,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

She has set her back until a brier,
All alone, and alonie;
Bonnie were the twa babes she did bear,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

She has torn the muslin frae her head,
All alone, and alonie;
She has tied the babies hand and feet,
Down by the woodside sae bonnie.

She has ta'en out a little penknife,
All alone, and alonie;
And she's parted them and their sweet life,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

She has houkit* a hole, baith deep and wide,
All alone, and alonie;
She has put them in baith side by side,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

She has gane back to her father's ha',
All alone, and alonie;
She seemed the lealest maid o' them a',
Down by yon greenwood sae bonnie.

As she lookit owre her father's castle wa',
All alone, and alonie;
She saw twa sweet babies playing at the ba',
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

"O, bonnie babies, gin ye were mine,
All alone, and alonie;
I would cleade† ye in the satin fine,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

"O, and I would cleade ye in the silk,
All alone, and alonie;
And wash you aye in the morning milk,
Down by yon greenwood sae bonnie."

"O, cruel mither, when we were thine,
All alone, and alonie,
Ye did nae cleade us in the satins fine,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

"O, cruel mither, when we were thine,
All alone, and alonie;
It was then ye made us wear the twine,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

* Dug.

† Clothe.

“And out ye took a little penknife,
 All alone, and alonie;
 And ye parted us, and our sweet life,
 Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

“And now we’re in the heavens sae hie,
 All alone, and alonie;
 And ye have the pains o’ hell to drie,
 Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.”

JOHNNIE SCOTT.

[The subjoined ballad is the result of a collation of the version given by Mr. Motherwell, under the above title, that of Mr. Kinloch, which he entitles “Johnnie Buneftan,” and that of Mr. Buchan, entitled “Lang Johnnie Moir.” Mr. Motherwell’s version is similar to Mr. Kinloch’s as regards the incidents. Mr. Buchan’s is a very fine ballad, and although widely different, it tells substantially the same story, with this difference, that it is the king’s daughter who falls in love with Johnnie, and it is the hero who is confined to prison. According to Mr. Buchan he was a man of great stature, and wielded a formidable sword ten feet in length. Johnnie sends “his little wee boy” to the fort of Bennachie to warn his uncle of his distress. His mode of progress is common to many of the Scottish ballads:—

When he cam where grass grew green,
 He slackit his shoes and ran,
 And whan he cam where waters strang,
 He rent his hose and swam.

His uncle, who was three feet higher than his comrades, along with another giant named Jock o’ North, get to London with wonderful speed:

These men they ran owre hills and dales,
 And over mountains high,
 Till they cam on to London toun,
 At the daun o’ the third day.

They arrive in London just as Johnnie is to be hanged, and force the prison by knocking down a portion of the wall, and so overawe the king with accounts of gigantic men who will come to Johnnie’s burial, that he grants a pardon and gives him his daughter unto wife. The incidents are evidently apocryphal, history and tradition being equally silent as to the hero and his exploits.]

If a’ be true they tell me now,
 And a’ be true I hear,
 Young Johnnie’s on to London gane,
 The king’s banner to bear.

He hadna been in London
 But twal months twa or three,
 Till the fairest lady in a’ London
 Fell in love wi’ young Johnnie.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the highest towers,
Amang the nobles a'

O word is to the Percy himsel,
An' an angry man was he ;
" I'll put her in a prison strang,
And try the veritie."

" If she be wi' bairn," her mither said,
" As wo forbid it be,
I'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she dee."

O Johnnie's called his waiting man,
His name was Germanie :
" It's thou must to fair England
Bring me that gay ladie.

" And here it is a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve,
Bid her come to the merry greenwood,
Of her friends speir na leave."

He rade till he cam to Earl Percy's gates,
He tirl'd at the pin :
" O wha is there ?" said the proud porter,
" I daurna let thee in."

It's he rade up and he rade round,
He rade the castle about,
Until he spied a fair ladie
At the window looking out.

" Here is a silken shift, ladie,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
And ye mann gang to yon greenwood,
Of your friends speir na leave."

" O my tower is very high,
It's weel walled round about ;
My feet are in the fetters strang,
And how can I win out ?

"My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And oh ! but they be cold ;
My breist-plate is o' the sturdy steel,
Instead o' the beaten gold.

"But I will write a braid letter,
And seal it tenderlie ;
And I'll send it to yon greenwood,
And let young Johnnie see."

When Johnnie looked the letter on,
A licht lauch gied he,
But ere he read it till an end
The saut tear did blind his ee.

"O I must up to England go,
Whatever me betide,
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
That lay last by my side."

Then up and spak Johnnie's auld mither,
A weel-spoken woman was she :
"If you do go to England, Johnnie,
I may tak farewell o' thee."

His auld father spak but ae word,
And he spak weel in time ;
"For an ye gang to England, Johnnie,
I fear your coming hame."

But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
"Five hundred o' my gude life-guards
Shall bear him companie."

When they were a' on saddle set,
A pleasant sicht to see ;
There wasna sae much as a married man
In Johnnie's companie.

Johnnie Scott himsel was the foremost man
In the company did ride ;
His uncle he was the second man,
Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude toun that they cam till,
He made the bells be rung ;
And when he rade the town a' owre,
He made the psalms be sung.

The neist gude toun that they cam till,
He made the drums gae round ;
Till King Henry and his nobles a',
They marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's yetts,
They rade them round about ;
And wha saw he but his ain true love
At a window looking out.

" O the doors and windows are bolted wi' steel,
Sae are the windows about ;
And my feet are in the fetters strang
And how can I win out ?

" My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And oh ! but they be cold ;
My breist-plate is o' the sturdy steel.
Instead o' the beaten gold."

But when they cam to the castel yetts,
They tirlèd at the pin ;
Nane was sae ready as Earl Percy himsel
To open and let them in.

" Art thou the Duke o' Winesberrie,
Or James the Scottish King ?
Or are ye ane o' our Scottish lords,
Frae hunting new come hame ?"

" I'm not the Duke o' Winesberrie,
Nor yet the Scottish King ;
But I am ane o' our gay Scots lords,
Johnnie Scott I'm called by name."

When Johnnie cam before the king,
He fell low down on his knee :
" Then the bravest ladie in a' my court
Gaes big wi' bairn to thee."

"If she be wi' bairn," fair Johnnie said,
"As I trow weel she be,
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

"But if she be wi' bairn," her father said,
"As I trow weel she be,
To-morrow morn at aucht o'clock,
High hangit thou shalt be."

Out and spak Johnnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie;
"Before that we see fair Johnnie hanged,
We'll a' fecht till we dee."

Then up bespak the King himsel,
"It is weel spoken o' thee;
I hae an Italian in my court,
Will fecht ye manfullie."

"If ye hae an Italian in your court,
Fain wad I him see;
Before I be hangit," Johnnie said,
"On the Italian's sword I'll dee!"

Then the king and his nobles all
Went tripping down the plain,
Wi' the queen and her ladies all,
To see fair Johnnie slain.

They foucht up and they foucht down,
Wi' swords o' tempered steel;
Until the draps o' red, red blude,
Ran trickling down the field.

And they begond at aucht o' the morn,
And they foucht on till three;
When the Italian, like the swallow swift,
Owre Johnnie's head did flee.

But Johnnie, being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about,
And on the point o' Johnnie's sword,
The Italian he slew out.

He has kicked him wi' his foot,
 He's kicked him owre the plain,
 "Hae you ony mae Italian dogs,
 Ye want for to be slain?"

"A clerk! a clerk!" her father cried,
 "To sum her tocher fee;"
 "A priest! a priest!" fair Johnnie cried,
 "To wed my love and me.

"I wantna for lands and rents at hame,
 And I ask nae goud frae thee;
 For I only want your fair dochter—
 I've won her manfullie!"

He set a horn until his mouth,
 He blew't baith loud and shrill;
 The victor's down to Scotland gane,
 Richt sair against their will.

They've ta'en the lady by the band,
 And set her prison free;
 Wi' drums beating and fifes playing,
 They spent the nicht wi' glee.



UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

[The siege of Londonderry, spoken of by Macaulay in the twelfth chapter of his "History" as "the most memorable in the British isles," lasted one hundred and five days. The garrison, which originally amounted to seven thousand men, was reduced by famine and pestilence to about three thousand. During the last month of the siege there was scarcely anything left to eat save salted hides and tallow. The courage and self-devotion of the defenders were rewarded by a glorious triumph. The ballad, as here printed, is from Croker's "Historical Songs of Ireland," who gives it from a black-letter copy in the British Museum.]

PROTESTANT boys, both valiant and stout,
 Fear not the strength and frown of Rome,
 Thousands of them are put to the rout,
 Brave Londonderry tells 'em their doom.
 For their cannons roar like thunder,
 Being resolved the town to maintain
 For William and Mary, still brave Londonderry
 Will give the proud French and Tories their bane.

Time after time, with powder and balls,
Protestant souls they did 'em salute,
That before Londonderry's stout walls
Many are slain and taken to boot.
Nay, their noble Duke of Berwick,*
Many reports, is happily tane,
Where still they confine him, and will not resign him,
Till they have given the Tories their bane.

Into the town their bombs they did throw,
Being resolved to fire the same,
Hoping thereby to lay it all low,
Could they but raise it into a flame.
But the polititious Walker,†
By an intreague did quell them again,
And blasted the glory of French, Teague, and Tory;
By policy, boys, he gave them their bane.

Thundering stones they laid on the wall,
Ready against the enemy came,
With which they vow'd the Tories to mawl,
Whene'er they dare approach but the same.
And another sweet invention,
The which in brief I reckon to name;
A sharp, bloody slaughter did soon follow after,
Among the proud French, and gave them their bane.

Stubble and straw in parcels they laid,
The which they straightways kindled with speed;
By this intreague the French was betrayed.
Thinking the town was fired indeed.
Then they placed their scaling ladders,
And o'er the walls did scour amain;
Yet straight, to their wonder, they were cut in sunder,
Thus Frenchmen and Tories met with their bane.

Suddenly then they opened their gate,
Sallying forth with vigour and might;
And, as the truth I here may relate,
Protestant boys did valiantly fight,

* In a sally made by the garrison, the Duke of Berwick is said to have received a slight wound in the back.

† The Rev. George Walker, rector of the parish of Donaghmore, the hero of the defence. His statue now stands on a lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which for a long time sustained the heaviest fire of the besiegers.

Taking many chief commanders,
 While the sharp fray they thus did maintain,
 With vigorous courses, they routed their forces,
 And many poor Teagues did meet with their bane.

While with their blood the cause they have sealed,
 Heaven upon their actions did frown;
 Protestants took the spoil of the field,
 Cannons full five they brought to the town.
 With a lusty large great mortar,
 Thus they returned with honour and gain,
 While Papists did scour from Protestant power,
 As fearing they all should suffer their bane.

In a short time we hope to arrive
 With a vast army to Ireland,
 And the affairs so well we'll contrive
 That they shall ne'er have power to stand
 'Gainst King William and Queen Mary,
 Who on the throne does flourish and reign;
 We'll down with the faction that make the distraction,
 And give the proud French and Tories their bane.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

[Some difference of opinion exists as to whether the version of this ballad given in the "Border Minstrelsy," or that given by Mr. Motherwell in his collection, is the best. I agree with Mr. Robert Chambers in thinking that Sir Walter Scott's version is the best, and reproduce it here with some slight variations. Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads," gives a version, under the title of "The Scottish Squire," different from either, which possesses considerable merit; in it the parrot takes the place of the goss-hawk as the messenger of love.]

"O Waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
 Gin your feathering be sheen;"
 "And waly, waly, my master dear,
 Gin ye look pale and lean.
 "O have ye tint* at tournament,
 Your sword, or yet your spear?
 Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
 Whom you may not win near?"

* Lost.

" I have na tint at touruament,
My sword nor yet my spear ;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

" O well is me, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

" But how sall I your true love find,
Or how should I her knaw ?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spak,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

" O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see ;
For o' a' the flowers o' fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

" The red, that's on my true love's cheek
Is like blood draps on the snaw ;
The white, that is on her bare breast,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

" And even at my love's bower door,
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk ;

" And four-and-twenty fair ladies
Will to the mass repair ;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion grey ;
And the bird is awa' to Southern land,
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladye's bower,
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free ;
For the flower that springs in May morning,
Was na sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yett,
And sat him on a pin ;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh* within.

And first he sang a low note,
And syne he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win† here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang ;
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen ;
For weel I ken by your sweet sang,
Ye hae my true love seen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave ;
And syne he peck'd his feathers grey,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William,
He says he's sent ye three ;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll dee."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale ;
And I shall meet him at Mary's Kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The ladye's gane to her chamber—
And a moanfu' woman was she,
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to dee.

* Quiet

† Get.

“A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg o’ thee ;”
“Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him ye ne’er shall see.

“But for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be ;”
“Then gin I dee in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

“And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s cause the mass be sung ;
And the neist kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s cause the bells be rung.

“And when ye come to St. Mary’s Kirk,
Ye’s tarry there till night.”
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta’en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she has mixed wi’ care.

And pale, pale grey her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright o’ blee ;
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spak her cruel step-minnie :
“Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosom,
To try if she be dead.”

They took a drap o’ boiling lead,
They drapp’d it on her breast ;
“Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“She’s dead without the priest !”

She neither chattered wi’ her teeth,
Nor shivered wi’ her chin ;
“Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“There is nae breath within.”

Then up arose her seven brothers,
And hew'd to her a bier ;
They hew'd it frae the solid oak,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell ;
And every steek that they put in,
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung ;
The neist Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's Kirk,
There stood spearmen all in a raw ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said,
"Till I look her upon ;"
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy check and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel o' your bread, my lord,
And one glass o' your wine ;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers ;
Gae hame and blaw your horn !
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'ed you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest ;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Gar'd burn me on the breast."

"Ah ! wo to you, you light woman,
 An ill death may you dee ;
 For we left father and sisters at hame,
 Breaking their hearts for thee."

JOHNNIE FAA.

[This ballad is traditionally understood to refer to the abduction of a Countess of Cassilis by a Sir John Faw, to whom she had been betrothed previous to her marriage to the Earl of Cassilis. Her husband John, the sixth earl of the name, a stern Covenantar, was absent attending the meeting of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, when her youthful lover, disguised as a gipsy, and attended by fifteen gipsies, or adherents, in gipsy masquerade, carried her off. They had not proceeded very far when the Earl returned, and with a numerous band set out in pursuit, and captured the whole company, at a ford on the Doon, still known as the Gipsy's Steps. They were brought back to the castle and hanged upon "the dule tree;" the unfortunate lady being compelled to witness the execution of her lord's vengeance from a neighbouring window. She was confined for the rest of her life in a house belonging to the family at Maybole; the Earl meantime marrying another wife. The unfortunate Countess was a daughter of the first Earl of Haddington, and was the mother of three children, a son and two daughters. One of the latter became the wife of the celebrated Bishop Burnet.

As no authentic record of an occurrence which is so circumstantially related is known to exist, some believe that if the event recorded in the ballad did take place, the abductor was a genuine gipsy, in whose favour a writ was issued under the Privy Seal by James the Fifth, where he is spoken of as "Johnne Faa, Lord and Earle of Littil Egypt." Admitting that he had legal authority over his fellows, "conform to the lawis of Egypt," &c., this did not save him from meeting a bad end; as we find that in 1624, Captain Johnnie Faa and seven of his tribe were tried as "vagaboundis, sornoris, common thieves, callit, knawin, repote, and halden Egiptianes," and hanged—as they no doubt deserved to be. Other inquirers incline to the belief that there was no foundation for the tradition at all, but that the story and the ballad were invented to annoy Bishop Burnet, who had many enemies; both having as much claim to be accounted real history as the chap-book story of "Geordie Buchanan, the King's Fool" has to be received as a true narrative of incidents in that life of the celebrated scholar and historian.]

THE gypsies cam to our gude lord's yett,
 And O, but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
 That down cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping doun the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,
 They cuist the glamour ower her.*

* Cast a spell. The gypsies were understood to exercise a magical power over those they meant to influence.

"O come wi' me," says Johnie Faa,
"O come wi' me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied them the red red wine,
And they gied her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring frae her finger.

"Gae tak' frae me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith, and kin, and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me!"

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faa,
"Come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faa,
I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faa,
I'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the sash gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me!"

And when our lord cam hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's awa' wi' the gypsy laddie!"

"Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Although we were na bonnie,
And we were a' put down* but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

[This beautiful ballad is founded on an actual occurrence; the combat was between a Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law a Scott of Thirlestane, and the latter was slain. The brothers-in-law had quarrelled about some lands which the elder Scott of Tushielaw had conveyed to his daughter. There are several versions of the ballad, all of which have been drawn upon in preparing the following.]

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

"You took our sister to be your wife,
And thought her not your marrow;
You stole her frae her father's back,
When she was the Rose o' Yarrow."

"I took your sister to be my wife,
And I made her my marrow;
I stole her frae her father's back,
And she's still the Rose o' Yarrow."

He has hame to his lady gane,
As he had done before, O;
Says, "Madam, I maun keep a tryst,
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow!"

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow;
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow."

"Now hold your tongue, my ladie fair,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
For if I gae I'll soon return
Frae the dowie dens o' Yarrow."

* Hanged; put to death.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O ;
She belted him wi' his noble brand
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow ;
Till in a den he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

"O come ye here to hunt or hawk,
The bonnie forest thorough ?
Or come ye here to part your land,
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow ?"

"I come not here to hunt or hawk,
The bonnie forest thorough ;
Nor come I here to part my land,
But I'll fight wi' you on Yarrow."

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane,
And that's an unequal marrow ;
Yet I will fight while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight cam him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my gude brother John,
What needs this dule and sorrow ?
Gae hame, and tell my lady dear,
That I sleep sound on Yarrow."

As he gaed owre yon high high hill,
As he had done before, O ;
There he met his sister dear,
Was coming fast to Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

"I dream'd a dreary dream last nicht ;
God keep us a' frae sorrow !
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
I'll tell you a' your sorrow ;
You pu'd the birk wi' your true love ;
He's killed, he's killed on Yarrow."

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,
That were baith thick and narrow ;
She's kiltit up her green clàithing,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,
As oft she'd done before, O ;
And a' between she fell in a sweine,*
Lang ere she cam to Yarrow.

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dule and sorrow ;
And in the glen spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her armis twa,
And gien him kisses thorough ;
And wi' her tears has washed his wounds
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
For a' this breeds but sorrow ;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

She kissed his lips and kaimed his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O ;
Syne wi' a sigh her heart did break,
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

* Swoon.

THE TWA BROTHERS ; OR, THE WOOD O' WARSLIN.

[This ballad is supposed to refer to a tragical circumstance which took place in the noble family of Sommerville about the end of the sixteenth century. The two sons of Lord Sommerville, who resided at Drum, about four miles south of Edinburgh, were resting during the heat of the summer day under some willow trees, in a meadow near the house. The elder son, William, was rubbing the dew from a loaded pistol, when it accidentally went off, and the bullet lodged in his brother's head, killing him on the spot.

I have made a free use of the various readings of this ballad in compiling the present version.]

"O WILL ye gae to the schule, brother,
Or will ye gae to the ba' ?
Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin',
And there we'll try a fa' ?"

"I winna gae to the schule, brother,
Nor will I gae to the ba',
But I will gae to the wood a-warslin',*
And there it's ye maun fa'."

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground,
And there was a knife in Willie's pouch
Gi'ed him a deidly wound.

"O lift me, lift me on your back,
Tak me to yon wall† fair,
And wash the bluid frae aff my wound,
And it will bleed nae mair !"

He's lifted him up upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon wall fair ;
And washed the bluid frae aff his wound,
But aye it bled the mair !

"And ye'll tak aff my holland sark,
And riv't frae gair to gair,
And stap it in my bluidy wound,
And it will bleed nae mair !"

* Wrestling.

† Well.

And he's ta'en aff his holland sark,
And riv'd it gair by gair;
He's stapt it in the bluidy wound,
But aye it bled mair and mair.

"O lift me, lift me on your back,
Tak me to Kirkland fair,
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
And lay my body there!

"Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet;
My sword and buckler at my side,
As I was wont to sleep.

"When ye gae hame to your father,
He'll speir for his son John,
Say that ye left him at Kirkland fair,
Learning in schule alone.

"When ye gae hame to my sister,
When it's—'Willie, O whaur is John?'
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
The green grass growing abune.

"When ye gae hame to my true love,
She'll speir for her lad John;
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
But hame ye fear he'll never come."

When he's gane hame to his father,
He speired for his son John.
"It's I left him in Kirkland fair,
Learning in schule alone."

And when he gaed hame to his sister,
She speired for her brother John.
"It's I left him in Kirkland fair,
The green grass growing aboon."

And when he gaed hame to his true love,
She speired for her love John.
"It's I left him in Kirkland fair,
And hame I fear he'll never come."

"What bluid is that upon your bree,
My dear son tell to me?"
"It's but the bluid o' my gude grey steed;
He wadna ride wi' me."

"O thy steed's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;"
"Then it's the bluid o' my ae brother;
Oh dule and wae is me."

"Now whaten a death will ye dee, Willie,
Now Willie tell to me?"
"Ye'll put me in an oarless boat,
And I'll gae sail the sea."

"And when will ye come hame again,
Dear Willie tell to me?"
"When the sun and mune dance on yon green:
And that will never be."

BINNORIE.

[The following is printed almost verbatim from Mr. Jamieson's version, which was taken down from the recitation of a lady in Fifeshire. The tale and ballad were popular in England before 1656. Pinkerton gives a version among his tragic ballads; and several parodies are well known, one of them is reprinted by Mr. Jamieson.]

THERE were twa sisters lived in a bower;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sair envied her sister fair,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
"Will ye see our father's ships come in?"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest cam and pushed her in,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir o' half my land;"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be the heir o' all your land;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It has twined me and my world's make:"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach me your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love;"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks, and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Had garr'd me gang maiden evermair,"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller's daughter was baking bread,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And gaed for water as she had need,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's a mermaid or milk-white swan,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae braw,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her lilie feet,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden fringes were sae deep,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Sair will they be, whae'er they be,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The hearts that live to weep for thee!"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed, and made a heavy moan,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He made a harp o' her breast bone;
Binnorie; O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart o' stone,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The strings he formed o' her yellow hair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Their notes made sad the listening ear
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He brought the harp to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He laid the harp upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alane,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William sweet and true;"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

THE BOYNE WATER.

[This battle was fought on the 1st of July, 1690. King James had thirty thousand men, most of whom were a worthless rabble, and no match for the splendid soldiery led by William. Fifteen hundred of James's troops were slain, and about five hundred of the conquerors, among whom was the great Duke of Schomberg. The present version is that of Mr. Croker, who printed it from an MS. in his possession.]

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,*
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle,
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vow'd revenge,
Upon King William's forces;
And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm;
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion.
But William said—"He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marchèd o'er,
The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

* The Dutch guards first entered the River Boyne at a ford opposite to the little village of Oldbridge.—CROKER.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on
And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the losing of one commander ;
For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle ;
Our cannon, to our foes great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle,
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter ;
• With blows and shouts put our foes to the route,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Milmount* a'ter,
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek†
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the field on fire ;
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

* "After the battle of the Boyne, the Popish garrison of Drogheda took the Protestants out of prison, into which they had thrown them, and carried them to the Mount ; where they expected the cannon would play, if King William's forces besieged the town. *They tied them together*, and set them to receive the shot ; but their hearts failed them who were to defend the place, and so it pleased God to preserve the poor Protestants."—*Memoirs of Ireland*, &c., cited by Croker.

† "When, in the course of the day, the battle approached James's position on the hill of Donore, the warlike prince retired to a more secure distance at Duleek, where he soon put himself at the head of his French allies, and led the retreat ; the King and the French coming off without a scar."—O'Driscoll, cited by Croker.

Then said King William to his men,
 After the French departed,
 "I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
 Seem'd to be faint-hearted.
 So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,
 In time we'll follow a'ter :"
 These words he uttered with a smile,
 The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
 Applaud our lives' defender,
 Who at the Boyne his valour shewed,
 And made his foes surrender.
 To God above the praise we'll give,
 Both now and ever after,
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

THE WITCH-MOTHER.

[Versions of this ballad appeared in "The Minstrelsy," and in Mr. Jamieson's collection, entitled, respectively, "Willie's Ladye," and "Sweet Willie." I have collated both in printing this version, and adopted Professor Aytoun's title as being the most appropriate. The "Billie Blin" is "the brownie," the familiar spirit of Scottish superstition; he was domestic in his habits, doing all manner of household and farm duties during the night for the family he attached himself to. Any question put to him as to his personal appearance, which was somewhat uncouth, would drive him away from his voluntary servitude. The late Alexander Laing of Brechin, in his "Wayside Flowers," devotes a beautiful ballad to "The Brownie o' Fearnden," who had given himself up to the service of one family for years. On a dark night, the housewife required the assistance of the midwife, and none of the farm-servants would ride for her in dread of meeting the brownie. The brownie, though unseen, was at hand; he saddled a horse and rode across the den, bringing the midwife behind him. On their way to the farm-house, she hoped they would not meet the dreaded brownie. His answer that—

"Waur than ye hac i' your armes,
 This nicht ye winna see."

reassured her. On parting at the door of the house, an indiscreet question banished him from the place:—

"Why's your feet sae braid," she said,
 "And why so red your een?"
 "Because I've travell'd mony gaits,
 And mony sights I've seen."

The wife and the baby were saved, but the willing service of the brownie was lost

for ever. Alexander Laing was one of the sweetest of our minor poets, and his little volume is worthy the attention of all lovers of true lyric poetry. The ballad I have quoted is a most successful imitation of the old ballad style.]

SWEET Willie's ta'en him owre the faem,
He's woo'd a wife, and brought her hame;
He's woo'd her for her yellow hair,
But's mither's wrought her meikle care;
And meikle dolour gar'd her drie,
For lighter can she never be;
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

Now to his mither he is gane,
That vile rank witch o' vilest kin;
He says, "My lady has a girdle,
Its a' red gowd unto the middle,
And aye at ilka siller hem
Hings fifty siller bells and ten;
That gudely gift shall be your ain,
Let her be lighter o' her young bairn."

"O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
But she shall die and turn to clay,
And you shall wed anither May."
"Anither May I'll never wed,
Anither May I'll never bring hame!"
But, sighing, says that weary wight,
"I wish my days were at an en!"

He did him till his mother again,
That vile rank witch o' vilest kin;
Says he: "My lady has a steed,
The like o' him's nae in the lands o' Leed;
For he is gowden shod before,
And he is gowden shod behin';
And at ilka tett o' that horse's mane,
There's a gowden chess and bell ringin'.

"That gudely gift shall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."
"O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
But she shall die and go to clay,
And you shall wed another May."

"Another May I'll never wed,
Another May I'll never bring hame!"
But, sighing, says that weary wight,
"I wish my life were at an en'!"
Then out and spak the Billy Blin',
He spak ay in a gude time;
"Now gae you to the market-place,
And buy you there a loaf o' wace.*

"Ye'll shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in twa glazen een ye'll pit;
And do you to your mither then,
And bid her come to the Christ'nin;
For dear's the boy he's been to you:
Then notice weel what she shall do;
And do you stand a little forbye,
And listen weel what she will say."

He did him to the market-place,
And there he bought a loaf o' wace;
He shaped it bairn and bairnly like,
And in twa glazen een he pat.
He did him till his mither then,
And bade her to his boy's Christ'nin;
And he did stand a little forbye,
And noticed weel what she did say.

"O wha has loos'd the nine witch-knots,
That was amang that lady's locks?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That was amang that lady's hair?
And wha has kill'd the master kid,
That ran aneath that lady's bed?
And wha has loos'd her left foot shee,†
And latten that lady lighter be?"

O Willie has loos'd the nine witch-knots,
That hung amang his lady's locks;
And Willie's ta'en out the kaims o' care
Were set amang his lady's hair;
And Willie's kill'd the master kid,
That ran aneath his lady's bed;

* Wax.

† Shoe.

And Willie's loos'd her left foot shee,
And latten his lady lighter be!
And now he's gotten a bonny son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

THE GRAY COCK.

[This popular ballad was first printed in Herd's Collection.]

"O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true-love John?"

"I saw na your father, I saw na your mother,
But I saw your true-love John."

"It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding, dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long."

The surly auld carle, did naething but snarl,
And Johnie's face it grew red;
Yet tbo' he aften sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she opened and let him in.

"And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?
And is my Johnie true?"

"I hae nae time to tell; but sae lang's I like mysel',
Sae lang shall I love you."

"Flee, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
And crawl when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gowd,
And your wings o' the silver gray!"

The cock proved false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon;
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink o' the moon.

MAY COLLEAN.

[According to tradition, the scene of this ballad will be found on the Carrick coast between Girvan and Ballantrae. A few miles to the south of Girvan stands the ruins of Carlton Castle, supposed to have been the residence of the Fause Sir John of the ballad. Collean is assumed to be a corruption of Colzean, a seat of the Kennedy's, which family is now represented by the Earl of Cassilis. The present version is collated from those of Motherwell, Herd, and Chambers.]

FAUSE Sir John a-wooing came,
To a maid o' beauty rare;
May Collean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her but, and he's courted her ben,
And courted her into the ha',
Till ance he got this lady's consent,
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's ta'en the red, and left the white,
And lightly she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all the steeds did stand,
And she's ta'en the best and left the warst
That was in her father's land.

He's got on, and she's gone on,
As fast as they could flee,
Until they cam' to a lanesome part,
A rock abune the sea.

"Loup off the steed," says fause Sir John,
"Your bridal bed ye see;
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth ane ye shall be.

"Cast aff," says he, "thy jewels fine,
Cast aff your silken gown,
They are ower fine and ower costlly
To rot in the saut sea foam."

It was a lanesome, gruesome place,
Nae house to it was nigh;
The fatal rocks were high and steep,
And nane could hear her cry.

“O turn ye about, thou fause Sir John,
And look to the leaf o’ the tree,
For it never became a gentleman,
A naked woman to see !”

He turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
She has twined her arms around his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

“Now lie thou there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thocht to lay me ;
Although ye stript me to the skin,
Your claes ye’ve gotten wi’ thee !”

“O help, O help now, May Collean !
O help, or else I droun !
I’ll tak ye hame to your father’s gates,
And safely set ye down.”

“Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,
Nae help nor pity to thee
Ye lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane ye meant for me !”

So she rade back on her father’s steed,
As fast as she could gae ;
And she won hame to her father’s house,
At the breaking o’ the day.

Then out bespoke the wily parrot,
“Where were ye, May Collean ?
And what hae ye done wi’ the fause Sir John,
That went wi’ you yestreen ?”

“O haud yer tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame on me ;
Your cage shall be o’ the beaten gold,
And the spokes o’ ivorie.”

Up then spak her father dear,
Frae his chamber where he lay ;
“What aileth thee, my pretty poll,
That ye chat sae lang or day ?”

"It was a cat cam to my cage door,
I thought 'twould have worried me,
And I was calling on May Collean
To tak the cat frae me."

Then first she tauld her father dear
Concerning fause Sir John;
And neist she tauld her mither dear
The deed that she had done.

Away they went with one consent,
At dawning o' the day,
Until they cam to Carline sands,
And there his body lay.

And they hae taken up his corpse
To yonder pleasant green;
And they hae buried the fause Sir John,
For fear he should be seen.



ANNAN WATER.

[This ballad was first printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Tradition avers that in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe it narrates a bridge was built over the Annan.]

"ANNAN water's running deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonnie
And I am laith she sud wet her feet,
Because I loe her best o' ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black,
Gar saddle sune, and mak' him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And a' to see my bonnie ladye."

He has loupén on the bonny black,
And stirred him wi' the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I trow his steed was worn and weary.

He has loupén on the bonny gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stent nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.

O he has ridden owre field and fell,
Through muir, and moss, and mony a mire;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"My bonny gray, now play your part;
Gin ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall mak' you weary!"

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare,
But when she wan the Annan water,
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded* at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put aff your boat—
Put aff your boat for gowden monie!
I cross the drumly stream this nicht,
Or never mair I see my honey!"

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I daurna tak ye through to Annie."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonny gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpie roaring.†

O he has pu'd aff his dapperpy‡ coat,
The silver bnttons glancèd bouny;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full o' melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at the stream-tail;
I wot he swam baith strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonnie ladye.

"O wae betide the frush§ saugh-wand,
And wae betide the bush o' brier!
It brak' into my true-love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

* Wagered.

† The water-spirit of Scottish superstition. It was supposed to haunt the fords of rivers to waylay belated travellers to their destruction.

‡ Query—Drapery; cloth.

§ Brittle.

"And wae betide ye, Annan water,
 This night that ye are a drumly river!
 But over thee I'll build a brigg,
 That ye ne'er mair true love may sever."

KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

[It is not known whether this ballad was composed before or after Shakespeare produced his "King Lear." The story was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The following version is from "A Collection of Old Ballads," and is very nearly identical with that given by Percy.]

KING LEAR once ruled in this land
 With princely power and peace,
 And had all things, with heart's content,
 That might his joys increase.
 Amongst those things that nature gave,
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
 A question thus to move,
 Which of his daughters to his grace
 Could shew the dearest love:
 "For to my age you bring content,"
 Quoth he, "then let me hear,
 Which of you three in plighted troth
 The kindest will appear."

To whom the eldest thus began:
 "Dear father, mind," quoth she,
 "Before your face, to do you good,
 My blood shall rendered be.
 And for your sake my bleeding heart
 Shall here be cut in twain,
 Ere that I see your reverend age
 The smallest grief sustain."

"And so will I," the second said,
 "Dear father, for your sake,
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake:

And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove."

"In doing so you glad my soul,"
The aged king replied ;
"But what say'st thou, my youngest girl?
How is thy love ally'd?"
"My love," quoth young Cordelia then,
"Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show."

"And wilt thou shew no more," quoth he,
"Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court;
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

"Thy elder sisters' loves are more
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land,
My pompous state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear.
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelped, unpitied, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:

Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old King Lear, this while
With his two daughters staid ;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd ;*
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee,
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three.
Nay, one she thought too much for him ;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
"In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave ?
I'll go unto my Gonorel :
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court ;
Where, when she hears his moan,
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone ;
But no way could relieve his wants
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then ;
"In what I did, let me be made
Example to all men.

* Deny'd.

I will return again," quoth he,
"Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort."

Where when he came, she gave commaud
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
She said, he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was denied
Which she had promised late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters for relief
He wand'red up and down,
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords—
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him read his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cleeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watery founts
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.

Most virtuous dame! which, when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal* king, with noble mind,
So freely gave consent
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossess King Lear,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted, noble queen,
Was in the battle slain;
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possessed his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move,
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted;
But on her bosom left his life
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomèd by consents;
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

* Whose noble.

HUGH OF LINCOLN; OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

[There are various versions of this ballad. The present is constructed from a collation of Percy's, Jamieson's, and Motherwell's. The "Prioress's Tale" in Chaucer is founded upon a similar legend. The ballad is supposed to refer to the murder of a child at Lincoln by the Jews in 1256, for which several of them were executed, and their goods confiscated.]

A' THE boys o' merry Lincoln,
Were playing at the ba' ;
And wi' them was the sweet Sir Hugh,
And he play'd o'er them a'.

He kicked the ba' then wi' his foot,
And keppit it wi' his knee,
Till even in at the Jew's window,
He gart the bonnie ba' flee.

Then out and cam the Jew's daughter—
"Will ye come in and dine?"
"I winna come in, and I canna come in
Without my play-feres nine.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me!"
"Ye ne'er shall hae't, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
Till ye come up to me."

She's gane till her father's garden,
As fast as she could rin,
And pu'd an apple, red and green,
To wile the young thing in.

She wiled him into ae chamber,
She wiled him into twa ;
She wiled him into the third chamber,
And that was warst ava.*

And she has ta'en out a little penknife,
Hung low down by her gair ;
She has twined the young thing o' his life,
A word he ne'er spak mair.

And out and cam the thick, thick blude,
And out and cam the thin,
And out and cam the bonnie heart's blude,
There was nae life left in.

* Of all.

She laid him on a dressing-board,
And dress'd him like a swine,
And laughing says—"Gae now and play
Wi' your sweet play-feres nine!"

She row'd him in a cake o' lead;
Bade him—"Lie still there and sleep!"
She cast him in a deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns cam hame,
When ilka lady had hame her son,
The Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantle her about,
And sair, sair 'gan she weep,
And she ran into the Jew's castle,
When they were a' asleep.

"My bonnie Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh!
I pray thee to me speak."
"O lady, gae to the deep draw-well,
Gin ye your son would seek."

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well
And knelt upon her knee:
"My bonnie Sir Hugh, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me!"

"The lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well is wondrous deep;
A keen penknife sticks in my heart,
A word I downa speak.

"But lift me out o' this deep draw-well,
Put a bible at my feet,
And bury me in yon churchyard,
And I'll lie still and sleep.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Fetch me my winding sheet;
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
It's there we twa sall meet."

Now Lady Helen she's gane hame,
 Made him a winding sheet;
 And at the back o' merry Lincoln
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln
 Without men's hands were rung;
 And a' the books o' merry Lincoln
 Were read without man's tongue;
 And ne'er was such a burial
 Sin Adam's days begun.

FINE FLOWERS I' THE VALLEY.

[Several versions of this ballad are popular both in England and Scotland. The following is reprinted from Mr. Gilchrist's collection, where it is called the "Cruel Brother." Mr. Jamieson gives another version under the same title, the burden-chorus of which is—

"With a heigho and a lily gay,
 And the primrose blooms sae sweetly."

The first printed version of the ballad appeared in Herd's collection.]

THERE were three sisters in a ha',
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 There cam three lords among them a
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The first o' them was clad in red,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 "O lady will ye be my bride?"
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The second o' them was clad in green,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 "O lady, will ye be my queen?"
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The third o' them was clad in yellow,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 "O lady, will ye be my marrow?"
 With the red, green, and the yellow.

"O ye must ask my father dear,"
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 "Likewise the mother that did me bear;"
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow

"And ye maun ask my sister Ann,"

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"And not forget my brother John ;"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O I have ask'd thy father dear,"

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"Likewise the mother that did thee bear :"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"And I have ask'd thy sister Ann,"

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"But I forgot thy brother John ;"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Now when the wedding day was come,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

The knight would take his bonny bride home,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

And mony a lord, and mony a knight,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Cam to behold that lady bright,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

There was nae man that did her see,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

But wished himsell bridegroom to be,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her through the ha',

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

The mother danced before them a' ;

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her sister Ann led her through the close,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Her brother John put her on her horse ;

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"You are high and I am low,"

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"Let me have a kiss before ye go,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She was louting down to kiss him sweet,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
When wi' his knife he wounded her deep,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"Ride up, ride up," said the best young man,
Fine flowers i' the valley:
"I think our bride looks pale and wan!"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O lead me over into yon stile,"
Fine flowers i' the valley:
"That I may stop and breathe awhile,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O lead me over into yon stair,"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"For there I'll lie and bleed nae mair,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow

"O what will you leave to your father dear?
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"The milk-white steed that brought me here,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your mother dear?"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"The silken gown that I did wear,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your sister Ann?"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"My silken snood and golden fan,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your brother John?"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"The highest gallows to hang him on,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave your brother John's wife?"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"Grief and sorrow to end her life,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave your brother John's bairns?"
Fine flowers i' the valley;
"The world wide for them to range,"
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

THE GARDENER.

[The following version of this ballad is compiled from those given by Kinloch and Buchan.]

THE gardener stands in his bower door,
Wi' a primrose in his hand;
And by there cam a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow-wand.

"O lady, can ye fancy me,
And will ye be my bride?
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden,
To be to you a weed.

"The lily white to be your smock,
It becomes your body best;
Your head sall be busked* wi' gillyflower,
Wi' the red rose in your breast.

"Your gown sall be the sweet-william,
Your coat the camovine,
Your apron o' the reel o' downs,
Come smile, sweetheart o' mine.

"Your shoes shall be o' the gude rose red,
Never did I garden ill;
Your stockings o' the mary mild,
Come smile, sweetheart, your fill.

"Your gloves shall be the marygold,
All glittering to your hand;
Weel dropped o'er wi' blue blaewort,
That grows amang corn-land."

"Young man, ye've shap'd a weed for me,
Amang your summer flowers!
Now I will shape another for you
Amang the winter showers.

* Dressed.

"The new-fa'en snaw to be your smock,
 It becomes your body best;
 Your head sall be wrapt wi' the eastern wind,
 And the cauld rain on your breast."

THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY

[This is one of the best of the Scottish humorous ballads, and it comes down to us in an uncorrupted state in consequence of its preservation in the Bannatyne Manuscript. In the present version I have restored the spelling after a careful collation of the earliest printed copies; in recently-printed versions many words have been needlessly Anglicised to the damage of the humour of the poem. I have, after careful consideration, adopted twenty-four lines which are not to be found in the Bannatyne Manuscript, nor in recently printed copies. I believe them to be genuine; they are to the full as humorous as the other portion of the poem, and the dialect and form of expression are the same. I have enclosed the new matter within brackets; verse thirteen is taken from Mr. David Laing's copy, and the remainder is from Herd's version.

I have taken no liberties with the text save where, in the interests of decency, it is the *bottom* of the pot which is burned out, instead of a more graphic phrase, denoting that quarter of the pot's economy.

The story is so humorous, and the troubles the unfortunate gademan gets into on his turning housewife are described with such graphic detail, that one could have wished to believe that it chronicled an actual experience in an Auchtermuchty household over two hundred years ago, but a story of the same nature is common to several countries. I have had frequent occasion throughout to note the similarity between the traditions and legends of various countries; those who wish to follow the subject further will find it treated in an able and exhaustive manner by Mr. Dasent in his introduction to his "Popular Tales from the Norse," and by Mr. J. F. Campbell in his introduction to his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." Tale No. 39 in second edition of Mr. Dasent's volume, "The Husband who was to mind the House," is of a similar character. I regret that I cannot give it entire, but must epitomize it.

The wife goes out to the hay-mowing, and manages her part of the contract satisfactorily (as most small farmers' wives could in our own country up to a recent date). Before she goes she plays the same trick with the churn the Wife of Auchtermuchty played. After churning a long time the poor man, being fatigued, went downstairs to draw himself a glass of beer; when he had drawn the bung and was about to put the tap into the bung-hole, he suddenly bethought him that the pig might come in and overturn the churn. With the tap in his hand he ran upstairs, to find himself too late to prevent the catastrophe he feared, and when he had recovered himself so far as to return to the cellar he found that all the beer had run out of the cask. After churning away at what was left of the butter-milk until nearly noon, he remembered that he had forgotten the cow, and that she had had nothing to eat or drink all day; thinking it too late to take her to the meadow, he resolved that she should graze on the flat roof of the house, where there was a plentiful supply of grass, but he could not leave the churn to accomplish all this in case the child, who was sprawling about, might knock it over as piggy had done, so he strapped it on to his back, got the cow on the housetop with the help of a plank, and went to the well to fetch her a drink of water; in stooping down with the churn on his back to draw up the bucket, the whole of the contents ran down into the well.

As it was near dinner-time he put the pot on the fire to boil porridge, but as he did so he bethought him that the cow might fall off the too of the house, and break her

legs or her neck; to prevent this he tied a rope round her neck, passed the end of it down the chimney, tying the other end to his thigh. The cow did fall off the house-top, and as she fell she drew him up the chimney by the leg, and cow and man were hanging in this position when the wife came home, wondering that they had never been called to dinner.

The Scottish story has much the advantage of the Norse in point of artistic merit and humour, and the incidents are much more probable.

In Mr. John Harland's "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, chiefly older than the nineteenth century," a very interesting volume, there is a fragment of a ballad called "The Tyrannical Husband," many of the incidents in which are identical with those in the Scottish ballad. I quote a verse or two:

"Therefore dame make ready, I warn thee anew,
To-morrow with my lads to the plough thou shalt gou;
And I will be housewife, and keep our house at home,
And take mine ease as thou hast done, by God and St. John."

She plays the same trick with the churn her Norse and Scottish sisters played:—

The good man to the field hied him full zame,
The good wife made butter, her deed were full derne;
She took again the butter milk and put it in the churn,
And said, "Yet of one point one sine shall be to learn."

* * * * *

"If you go to the kiln, malt for to make,
Put small fire underneath, sir, for God his sake;
The kiln is low and dry, good tend that ye take,
For an it fasten on a fire it will be evil to slake."

Unfortunately, after all the possible mishaps are mapped out, the MS. from which Mr. Harland transcribes ends, and he has been unable to trace the remainder. We have given enough to show how nearly it resembles the Scottish ballad. There is a popular humorous song based on "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," entitled "John Grumlie," which is well known; and there is also a popular song based on "The Tyrannical Husband," called "The Old Man and his Wife," many of the lines of which are identical with those in "John Grumlie." We give them both side by side:—

THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see,
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.
"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough.
"But you must milk Tidy the cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.
And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

JOHN GRUMLIE.

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the licht o' the
moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do mair wark in a day,
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow;
"John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae haud the plow.
'First ye maun dress your children
fair,
And put them a' in their gear,
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow.
But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"High, Tidy! ho, Tidy! high, Tidy!
Tidy! stand thou still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
"Twill be sore against my will."
He went to feed the little pigs,
That ran within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray;
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.
So he swore by the sun, the moon, and
the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."

O he did dress his children fair,
And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to ca' in the hens,
And the hens a' laid away.

The hawkit crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirked, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed wrang, and nought gaed right;
He danced wi' rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
And John sae glum and sad
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewife-skep,
I'll be nae mair guidwife."
"Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."

"The deil be in that," quo' surly John,
"I'll do as I've done before."
Wi' that the guidwife took up a stout rung,
And John made aff to the door.
"Stop, stop, guidwife, I'll haud my tongue,
I ken I'm sair to blame,
But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
And ye maun bide at hame."

The author of "The Old Man and his Wife" must have been in possession of a complete version of "The Tyrannical Husband," and as Mr. Harland is still gleaming in the same field, it is to be hoped he may be able to find the missing portion of the ballad.

A chap-book which was very popular in my young days, entitled "Simple Jock Sandeman the Sack Weaver," chronicles the misfortunes which befell Jock while house-keeping in his wife's absence. Jock being a simple fellow, was thoroughly hen-pecked, and compelled to do what the heroes of the two ballads and Mr. Dasent's tale elected to do. Some of his mishaps are fresh in my mind, although it is about a quarter of a century since I read the story. He burned the bottom out of the pot, as did the gudeman of Auchtermuchty—or rather, having put it on the fire while he went to the well, on pouring the water into it while red-hot it burst into pieces. He went out to wash puddings, and as each pudding was cleaned he laid it down behind him, to be eaten up by a huge black dog who had joined company with him unobserved. His wife, a red-haired, squinting virago, walloped him horribly for his stupidity, and in despair he went to the minister to get unmarried. The parson told him

that he could do him no such service, as marriages were made in heaven. "It's a lee," he roared out; "I was marriet i' your ain kitchen, wi' your twa servant hizzies looking on," &c. &c.

My grandmother, who retailed old tales and old rhymes to me when I was a boy, which I would give something to remember now, told a story of a neighbouring small farmer who took a lazy fit during the harvest, and sent his wife to the field, while he remained at home to cook the dinner and look after the children. The most notable accident which befell him was in the disposal of a small keg of smuggled whisky. The farmers of the district to a man smuggled whisky, and when the gauger (excise officer) made his appearance at one end of the parish, the sudden appearance of white sheets on the hedges near every house carried the intelligence of his coming over the country with telegraphic speed. The gudeman had got the usual warning that the gauger was on his rounds, and instead of lowering the keg into a deep dry well as his wife had been in the habit of doing, he flung it in beside the brood sow. After his wife returned from the field, she went to take it out, and found poor grumphy dead and the keg empty: the bung had been made tight by the insertion along with it of a piece of linen cloth, the sow had caught hold of the end of the cloth with her teeth and pulled out the bung, and drunk herself dead drunk for the first and last time. The first hint the gudewife got that all was not going right at home was on her return in the gloaming from the harvest-field. She met the tod (fox) on his way to the neighbouring wood with her favourite cock over his shoulder: the gudeman had forgotten to put up the hens at the proper time, as enjoined, and reynard had made good use of the oversight. When the evening porridge of the gudeman's making came to be supped, there were many complaints as to its harsh taste, and this was explained on one of the servant lads finding a lump of tobacco imbedded in the mess. Much as the gudeman liked his ease, he never tried housekeeping again.

Here were the elements of a story which, after amusing many a homely gathering, might have been thrown into shape by some rhyming wag, and become a ballad; if the newspapers and cheap literature, had not changed the character of the fireside amusements of the people during the long winter nights. I trust the reader will excuse this lengthy introduction. I have had frequent temptations to digress, and I could not resist it on the present occasion.]

IN Auchtermuchty there dwalt ane man,

An lusband* as I heard it tauld;

Wha weel could tippie out a can,

And neither luvit hunger nor cauld.

While ance it fell upon a day,

He yokit his pleugh upon the plain;

Gif it be true, as I heard say,

The day was foul for wind and rain.

He lousit the pleugh at the land's en',

And drave his owse† hame at e'en;

When he cam in he lookit ben,

And saw the wife baith dry and clean.

Sitting at ane fire, beik‡ and bauld,

With ane fat soup, as I heard say;

The man being very weet and cauld,

Between they twa it was na play.

* Farmer.

† Oxen.

‡ Warm.

Quoth he, " Whaur is my horse's corn?
 My ox has neither hay nor stray;
 Dame! ye maun to the pleugh the morn,
 I sall be hussy, gif I may.
 [The seedtime it proves cauld and bad,
 And ye sit warm, nae troubles see;
 The morn ye sall gae wi' the lad,
 And syne ye'll ken what husbands drie."]

" Gudeman," quoth she, " content am I
 To tak the pleugh my day about;
 Sae ye will rule baith calves and kye,
 And a' the house baith in and out.
 [And now sin' ye hae made the law,
 Then guide a' richt and do not break;
 They sicker* rade that ne'er did fa',
 Therefore let naething be neglect.]

" But sin' that ye will hussyskept† ken,
 First ye sall sift, and syne sall knead,
 And ay as ye gang but and ben,
 Look that the bairns fyle not the bed.
 Ye'se lay a soft wisp to the kill;
 (We hae ane dear farm on our head;)
 And aye as ye gang furth and till,
 Keep weel the gaislings‡ frae the gled."

The wife was up richt late at e'en,
 I pray God give her weel to fare!
 She kirked the kirk, and skimmed it clean,
 Left the gudeman but bledoch§ bare.
 Then in the mornin' up she gat,
 And on her heart laid her disjune;||
 She put as meikle in her lap,
 As might hae saired them baith at noon.

Says, " Jock, be thou master o' wark,
 And thou sall haud, and I sall ca',
 I'se promise thee ane gude new sark,
 Either of round claith or of sma'."
 She lousit the owsen, aucht or nine,
 And hent ane gad-staff in her hand:
 Up the gudeman raise after syne,
 And saw the wife had done command.

* Surely. † Housewifeship. ‡ Chickens. § Buttermilk. || Breakfast.

He ca'd the gaislings forth to feed,
 There was but sevensum o' them a ,
 And by there comes the greedy gled,*
 And lickit up five, left him but twa :
 Then out he ran, in a' his main,
 How sune he heard the gaislings cry,
 But then or he cam in again,
 The calves brak' lowse, and sukit the kye.

The calves and kye met in the loan,
 The man ran wi' ane rung to redd ;
 Then there comes ane illwilly cow,
 And brodit his buttock while that it bled.
 Then hame he ran to a rock o' tow,
 And he sat down to 'say† the spinning ;
 I trow he loutit owre near the low—
 Quoth he, " This wark has ill beginning !"

Hynd to the kirk‡ then did he stour,
 And jumlit at it while he swat ;
 When he had fumilt a full lang hour,
 The sorrow a scrap o' butter he gat :
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Yet he was cummer't wi' the kirk :
 And syne he het the milk owre het,
 And sorrow a spark o' it would yearn.

Then ben there cam ane greedy sow,
 I trow he cund§ her little thank,
 For in she shot her meikle mou',
 And ay she winkit and she drank.
 He cleikit up ane crookit club,
 And thocht to hit the sow a rout ;
 The twa gaislings the gled had left,
 That straik dang baith their harnis|| out.

[He gat his foot upon the spyre,
 To hae gotten the flesh down to the pat ;
 He fell backward into the fire,
 And brak his head on the keming stock.
 Yet he gat the meikle pat upon the fire,
 And gat twa cans and ran to the spout ;
 Ere he cam in, what thocht ye o' that ?
 The fire burnt a' the bottom out.]

* Hawk.

† Essay.

‡ Churn.

§ Owed.

|| Brains.

[The leam* up through the lum† did flow,
 The sute took fire, it flied him than;
 Sume lumps did fa' and brunt his pow;
 I wat he was a dirty man.
 Then he gat water in a pan,
 Wherewith he slockened‡ out the fire;
 To sweep the house he syne began,
 To haud a' richt was his desire.]

Then he bare kindling to the kill,§
 But she stert up all in ane low;
 Whatever he heard, whatever he saw,
 That day he had nae will to wow.
 Then he gaed to tak up the bairns,
 Thocht to have fand them fair and clean;
 The first that he gat in his airms,
 Was a' bedirtin to the een.

The first it smelt sae sappilie,
 To touch the lave he did not greine;||
 "The deevil cut aff their hands," quoth he,
 "That fill'd ye a' sae fu' yestreen!"
 He trailit the foul sheets down the gait,
 Thocht to have washed them on ane stane;
 The burn was risen great of spate,
 Awa' frae him the sheets has ta'en.

Then up he gat on ane knowe head,
 On her to cry, on her to shout;
 She heard him as she heard him not,
 But stoutly steered the stots about.
 She drave all day unto the nicht,
 She lousit the pleugh, and syne cam hame;
 She fand a' wrang that sud been richt;
 I trow the man thocht richt great shan e.

Quoth he, "Mine office I forsake,
 For all the dayis of my life;
 For I would put ane house to wreck,
 Had I been twenty days gudewife!"
 Quoth she, "Weel mote ye bruik your place,
 For truly I will never accept it."
 Quoth he, "Fiend fa' the liar's face,
 But yet ye may be blithe to get it."

* Blazes.

§ Kiln.

† Chimney.

‡ Quenched.

|| Was not anxious.

Then up she gat ane meikle rung,*
 And the gudeman made to the door:
 Quoth he, " Dame! I sall hauld my tongue,
 For an' we fecht,† I'll get the waur!"
 Quoth he, " When I forsuik my pleugh,
 I trow I but forsuik mysell:
 And I will to my pleugh again,
 For I and this house will never do well."

DICK O' THE COW.

[The facts on which this ballad is founded took place between 1590 and 1599, when Thomas Lord Scroop was Warden of the West Marches and Governor of Carlisle. Dick o' the Cow appears to have been Lord Scroop's fool or jester, and speaks and acts throughout with the privileged insolence of his class. The Laird's Jock was son to the Laird of Mangerton. One regrets to find that Dickie's cautious removal of himself to Burgh-under-Stanmuir did not save him from the vengeance of the Armstrongs; several years afterwards he fell into their hands and was put to a cruel death.]

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,‡
 There was nae riding there at a';
 The horses are a' grown sae lither fat,
 They downa stir out o' the sta'.
 Fair Johnnie Armstrang to Willie did say—
 " Billie, a riding we will gae;
 England and us have been lang at feid;§
 Aiblins|| we'll light on some bootie."
 Then they are come on to Hutton Ha';
 They rade that proper place about;
 But the laird he was the wiser man,
 For he had left nae gear¶ without.
 For he had left nae gear to steal,
 Except sax sheep upon a lea:
 Quo' Johnnie—" I'd rather in England dee,
 Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me.
 " But how ca' they the mau we last met,
 Billie, as we cam owre the knowe?"
 " That same he is an innocent fule,
 And men they ca' him Dick o' the Cow."

* Stick.

† Fecht.

‡ Has layen lang in—had not been thieving for a considerable time.

§ Feud.

|| Perhaps.

¶ Goods or cattle.

"That fule has three as gude kye o' his ain,
As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he:
"Betide me life, betide me death,
These kye sall gae to Liddesdale wi' me."

Then they hae come on to the puir fule's house,
And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;
They hae loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three kye,
And ta'en three co'erlets frae his wife's bed.

Then on the morn when the day was licht,
The shouts and cries raise loud and hie:
"O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be!"

"O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be;
And aye whaur thou hast lost ae cow,
In gude sooth I sall bring thee three."

Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord Scroop,
And I wat a drearie fule was he;
"Now haud thy tongue, my fule," he says,
"For I may na stand to jest wi' thee."

"Shame fa' your jesting, my lord!" quo' Dickie,
"For nae sic jesting 'grees wi' me;
Liddesdale's been in my house last nicht,
And they hae ta'en my three kye frae me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your puir fule and your leal,
Unless you gie me leave, my lord,
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."

"I gie thee leave, my fule!" he says;
"Thou speakest against my honour and me,
Unless thou gie me thy trowth* and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but wha sta† frae thee."

"There is my trowth, and my richt hand!
My head sall hang on Haribee,
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but wha sta frae me."

* Pledge.

† Stole.

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master,
 I wat a merry fule was he!
 He's bocht a bridle and a pair o' new spurs,
 And pack'd them up in his breek thie.*

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,
 E'en as fast as he might drie;
 Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,
 Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

"O what's this come o' me now?" quo' Dickie;
 "What meikle wae is this?" quo' he;
 "For here is but ae innocent fule,
 And there are thirty Armstrangs and three!"

Yet he has gane up to the fair ha' board,
 Sae weel he's become his courtesie!
 "Weel may ye be, my gude Laird's Jock!
 But the deil bless a' your companie.

"I'm come to plain o' your man, Johnie Armstrang,
 And syne o' his billie Willie," quo' he;
 "How they've been in my house last nicht,
 And they hae ta'en my three kye frae me."

Quo' fair Johnie Armstrang, "We will him hang."
 "Na," quo' Willie, "we'll him slay."
 Then up and spak another young Armstrang,
 "We'll gie him his batts,† and let him gae."

But up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
 The best fallow in a' the companie:
 "Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,
 And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough‡ I'll gie ye."

But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,
 That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat—
 Then he was aware o' an auld peat-house,
 Whaur a' the nicht he thocht for to sleep.

Then Dickie was aware o' an auld peat-house,
 Where a' the nicht he thocht for to lie—
 And a' the prayers the puir fule prayed,
 Were, "I wis I had amends for my gude three kye!"

* In the thigh of his breeches.

† Dismiss him with a beating.

‡ Thigh.

It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
 And the house of Mangerton, all hail,
 Them that cam na at the first ca',
 Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads, that hungry and weary were,
 Abune the door-head they threw the key ;
 Dickie he took gude notice o' that,
 Says—" There will be a bootie for me."

Then Dickie has in to the stable gane,
 Whaur there stood thirty horses and three ;
 He has tied them a' wi' St. Mary's knot,*
 A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St. Mary's knot,
 A' these horses but barely three ;
 He's loupin on ane, ta'en another in hand,
 And awa as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew licht,
 The shouts and cries raise loud and hie—
 " Ah ! wha has done this ? " quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
 " Tell me the truth and the verity ! "

" Wha has done this deed ? " quo' the gude Laird's Jock ;
 " Sae that to me ye dinna lee ! "
 " Dickie has been in the stable last nicht,
 And has ta'en my brither's horse and mine frae me. "

" Ye wad ne'er be tauld, " quo' the gude Laird's Jock ;
 " Hae ye not found my tales fu' leal ?
 Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,
 Till crookit, and blind, and a' would steal. "

" But lend me thy bay, " fair Johnnie 'gan say ;
 " There's nae horse loose in the stable save he ;
 And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,
 Or the day is come that he shall dee. "

" To lend thee my bay ! " the Laird's Jock 'gan say,
 " He's baith worth gowd and gude monie ;
 Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse ;
 I wis thou may na mak them three. "

* Hamstringed them.

He has ta'en the laird's jack* on his back,
A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie ;
He has ta'en a steel cap on his head,
And galloped on to follow Dickie.

Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
I wat a mile but barely three,
When he was o'erta'en by fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.

" Abide, abide, thou traitour thief!
The day is come that thou maun dee."
Then Dickie look't owre his left shouter,
Said—"Johnie, hast thou nae mae in companie ?

" There is a preacher in our chapell,
And a' the live lang day teaches he :
When day is gane and nicht is come,
There's ne'er a word I mark but three.

" The first and second is—Faith and Conscience ;
The third—Ne'er let a traitour free :
But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine,
When ye took awa my three kye frae me ?

" And when thou had ta'en awa my three kye,
Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weel sped,
Till thou sent thy billie Willie owre the knowe,†
To tak three coverlets aff my wife's bed !"

Then Johnie let a spear fa' laigh by his thie,
Thocht weel to hae slain the innocent, I trow ;
But the powers abune were mair than he,
For he ran but the puir fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan
This was Dickie the fule and he !
Dickie could na win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,
But fell'd him wi' the plummet under the ee.

Thus Dickie has fell'd fair Johnie Armstrang,
The prettiest man in the south countrie—

" Gramercy !" then Dickie 'gan say,
" I had but twa horse, thou hast made me three !"

* Steel jacket.

† Over the knoll.

He's ta'en the steel jack aff Johnie's back,
The twa-handed sword that hung low by his thie ;
He's ta'en the steel cap aff his head—

“ Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee.”

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,
I wat a drearie man was he :

“ And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, then
The shame and dule is left wi' me.

“ And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, then
The deil gae in thy companie !
For if I should live these hundred years,
I ne'er shall ficht wi' a fule after thee.”

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scoop
E'en as fast as he might hie ;

“ Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
Till hie hangit thou shalt be.”

“ The shame speed the lears, my lord ! ” quo' Dickie ;
“ This was na the promise ye made to me !
For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,
Had I na gat my leave frae thee.”

“ But what garr'd thee steal the Laird's Jock's horse ?
And, limmer, what garr'd ye steal him ? ” quo' he ;
“ For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwalt,
Ere the Laird's Jock had stawn frae thee.”

“ Indeed I wat ye lee'd, my lord !
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lee !
I wan the horse frae fair Johnie Armstrong,
Hand to hand, on Cannobie lea.

“ There is the jack was on his back ;
This twa-handed sword hung laigh by his thie.
And there's the steel cap was on his head ;
I brocht a' thae tokens to lat thee see.

“ If that be true thou to me tells,
(And I think thou daurs na tell me a lee),
I'll gie thee fifteen pund for the horse,
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap sall be.

"I'll gie thee ane o' my best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three;
And that may be as gude, I think,
As ony twa o' thine wad be."

"The shame speed the lears, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to mak a fule o' me?
I'll either hae twenty pund for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gien him twenty pund for the gude horse,
A' in gowd and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie's come down through Carlisle toun,
E'en as fast as he could drie;
The first o' men that he met wi',
Was my lord's brither, bailiff Glozenburtie.

"Weel be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroop!"
"Welcome, my brither's fule!" quo' he:
"Where didst thou get fair Johnie's Armstrang's horse?"
"Where did I get him? but steal him," quo' he.

"But wilt thou sell me the bonny horse?
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:
"Ay; if thou'lt tell me the monie on my cloak lap,
For there's never a penny I'll trust thee."

"I'll gie thee ten pund for the gude horse,
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap they sall be;
And I'll gie thee ane o' the best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three."

"The shame speed the lears, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to mak a fule o' me!
I'll either hae twenty pund for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gien him twenty pund for the gude horse,
Baith in gowd and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,
 And I wat a loud laugh laughèd he—
 "I wis the neck o' the third horse were broken,
 If ony of the twa were better than he!"

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;
 Judge ye how the pair fule had sped!
 He has gien her twa score English pund,
 For the three auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.

"And tak thou these twa as gude kye,
 I trow, as a' thy three micht be;
 And yet here is a white-footed naigie,
 I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;
 The Armstrangs they would hang me hie."
 So Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master,
 And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.

THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK'S CALAMITY.

[Various copies of this ballad are known to exist; and the editor of "Strange Histories," whose version is adopted, says that a play on the same subject, entitled "The Duchess of Suffolk—her Life," was written by a Thomas Drew, early in the reign of James I. Katharine, daughter of Lord Willoughby of Eresby, was first married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and after his death to Mr. Richard Bertie, with whom she was forced to fly from persecution in 1553, taking refuge in the Low Countries, where she gave birth to a son, the Brave Lord Willoughby of the ballad of that name already given.]

WHEN God has taken for our sin
 That prudent prince, King Edward, away,
 Then bloody Boner did begin
 His raging mallice to bewray;
 All those that did the Gospel profess
 He persecuted more or less.

Thus, when the Lord on us did lower,
 Many in prison did he throw,
 Tormenting them in Lollards* tower,
 Whereby they might the truth forego:

* A place so called in the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth.

Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burnt in fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots filled,
And many places more beside ;
At Coventry was Sanders killed,
At Gloucester eke good Hooper died
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond-seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought relief,
And for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chief,
King Henry's daughter of royal blood ;
Which in the Tower prisoner did lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Dutchess of Suffolk, seeing this,
Whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly bliss
Within God's word her comfort wrought,
For fear of death was fain to flie,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
Her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
The word of truth, so rare to find :
She with her nurse, her husband, and child,
In poor array their sights beguiled.

Thus through London they passed along,
Each one did pass a several street ;
Thus all unknown, escaping wrong,
At Billings-gate they all did meet :
Like people poor, in Gravesend barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend town,
With easy journeys on foot they went ;
Unto the sea-coast they came down,
To pass the seas was their intent ;
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sailed away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
In Flanders safe they did arive ;
This was to their great ease of mind,
Which from their hearts much woe did drive ;
And so with thanks to God on hie,
They took their way to Germanie.

Thus as they travelled, thus disguised,
Upon the highway suddenly
By cruel thieves they were surprised,
Assaulting their small companie ;
And all their treasure and their store
They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse in midst of their fight
Laid down the child upon the ground ;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found :
Then did the Dutchess make great moan
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their horses killed,
And all their money quite had took ;
The pretty babie, almost spild,
Was by their nurse likewise forsook :
And they far from their friends did stand,
All succourless in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowl ;
It hailed and rained in piteous sort ;
The way was long and wonderous foul ;
Then may I now full well report
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the Dutchess bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he ;
And thus they one another eased,
And with their fortunes were well pleased.

And after many wearied steps,
All wet-shod both in dirt and mire,
After much grief, their heart yet leaps
(For labour doth some rest require),

A town before them they did see,
But lodged therein they could not be.

From house to house they both did go,
Seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did cry.
With cap and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pity take.

Lo here a princess of great blood
Did pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood !
Yet few or none regards her grief;
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her a penny in her hand.

When all in vain the pains was spent,
And that they could not house-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the rain and wet :
Then said the Dutchess to her dear,
"O that we had some fire here !"

Then did her husband so provide
That fire and coals he got with speed ;
She sat down by the fire side,
To dress her daughter that had need ;
And while she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the sexton thither came, ,
And finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire :
And spurning forth this noble dame,
Her husband's wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church-keys out of his hand,
And struck him so, that all of blood
His head ran down where he did stand ;
Wherefore the sexton presently
For help and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the Dutchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambs beset with tigers wild,
And to the governor were they brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Maister Bartue, brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their misery did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech :
With that, a doctor sitting by
Did know the Dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With mind abashed at their sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
He thus brake forth in words aright :
" Behold within your sight," quoth he,
" A princess of most high degree."

With that the governor and the rest
Were all amazed the same to hear,
And welcomed these new-come guests
With reverence great and princely cheer ;
And afterwards conveyed they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A son she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue called by name,
Surnamed The Good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame.
Her daughter young, which with her went
Was afterward Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceased,
The Dutchess home returned again,
Who was of sorrow quite released
By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign :
For whose life and prosperity,
We may praise God continually.

CHILDE WATERS.

[I have reprinted this ballad as it appears in the "Reliques," notwithstanding that I have also given a collated version of "Burd Helen," which tells substantially the same story. Sometimes the merits of a distinct version form an excuse for this; and I trust this is a case in point.]

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stood,
And stroked his milk-white steed,
To him a fair young lady came
As ever wore woman's weed.

Says—"Christ you save, good Childe Waters "
Says—"Christ you save, and see;
My girdle of gowd, which was too long,
Is now too short for me.

"And all is with one child of yours,
I feel stir at my side;
My gown of green it is too straight,
Before it was too wide."

"If the child be mine, fair Helen," he said,
"Be mine, as you tell me,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your own to be.

"If the child be mine, fair Helen," he said,
"Be mine, as you do sware,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heir."

She says—"I had rather have a kiss,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lie by north and south.

"And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine own to be."

"To-morrow, Helen, I must forth ride
Far into the north countrie;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Helen, must go with me."

"Though I am not that lady fair,
Yet let me go with thee;
And e'en, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me be."

"If you will my foot-page be, Helen,
As you do tell to me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch above your knee.

"So must you do your yellow locks
An inch above your ee;
You must tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you'll be."

She, all the long day Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot by his side,
Yet he was never so courteous a knight
To say—"Helen, will you ride?"

She, all the long day Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot through the broom,
Yet he was never so courteous a knight
To say—"Put on your shoon."

"Ride softly," she said, "O, Childe Waters,
Why do you ride so fast?
The child, which is no man's but thine,
My body it will brast."*

He saith—"Seest thou yon water, Helen,
That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see me swim."†

But when she came to the water's side,
She sailed to the chin—
"If the Lord of heaven be not my speed,
Now I must learn to swim."

The salt waters bare up her clothes,
Our Lady bare up her chin;
Childe Waters was a wae man, good Lord,
To see fair Helen swim.

* Burst.

† You never will permit me to swim.

And when she over the water was,
She then came to his knee;
He said—"Come hither, thou fair Helen,
Lo, yonder what I see.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Helen?
Of red gowd shines the gate;
Of twenty-four fair lady's there,
The fairest is my mate.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Helen?
Of red gowd shines the tower;
There are twenty-four fair lady's there,
The fairest is my paramour."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gowd shines the gate;
God give you good now of yourself,
And of your worthy mate.

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gowd shines the tower,
God give you good now of yourself,
And of your paramour."

There twenty-four fair lady's were,
A playing at the ball;
And Helen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his steed to stall.

There twenty-four fair lady's were,
A playing at the chess;
And Helen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his horse to grass.

And there bespake Childe Waters' sister,
These were the words said she:
"You have the prettiest page, brother,
That ever I saw with mine ee.

"But that his belly it is so big,
His girdle go's wondrous hie;
And let him I pray you, Childe Waters,
Go into the chamber with me."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To go into the chamber with any lady
That wears so neat attire.

"It is more meet for a little foot page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sit down by the kitchen fire."

But when they had supped every one,
To bed they took their way ;
He said, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I say.

"Go thee down into yonder tower,
And low into the street ;
The fairest lady that you can find
Hire her in mine arms to sleep."

Helen is gone into the tower,
And low into the street ;
The fairest lady that she could find
She hired in his arms to sleep.

"I pray you now, good Childe Waters,
Let me lie at your bed's feet ;
For there is no place about this house
Where I may say* asleep."

He gave her leave, and fair Helen
Down at his bed's feet lay ;
This done the night drove on apace,
And when it was near the day,

He said, "Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steed corn and hay,
And so do thou the good black oats,
To carry me better away."

Up then rose the fair Helen,
And gave his steed corn and hay ;
And so she did the good black oats,
To carry him the better away.

* Essay ; attempt.

She leaned her back to the manger's side,
And grievously did groan ;
She leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moan.

And that beheard his mother dear,
She heard her there monand ;*
She said, " Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
I think thee a cursèd man.

" For in thy stable is a ghost
That grievously doth groan ;
Or else some woman labours of child,
She is so woe begone."

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
And did on his shirt of silk ;
And then he put on his other clothes
On his body as white as milk.

And when he came to the stable door,
Full still then he did stand,
That he might hear his fair Helen,
How she made her monand.

She said, " Lullabye, mine own dear child,
Lullabye, my child so dear ;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier."

" Peace now," he said, " good fair Helen,
Be of good cheer I pray ;
And the bridal and the churching both
Shall be upon one day."

ADAM BELL.

[This ballad was first printed by William Copland, without date, but probably as early as 1550. Another edition was printed by James Roberts in 1650, along with a second, treating of the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son; but according to Ritson this is a very inferior production. Adam Bell is mentioned by Dunbar in company with Robin Hood, Guy of Gisborne, and others; and allusions to the ballad will be found in our dramatic poets. Adam Bell is mentioned in "Much Ado about Nothing;"]

* Moaning.

and Clym of the Clough is mentioned by Ben Jonson in "The Alchemist." The place of refuge ascribed to them is Inglewood, a forest which extended from Carlisle to Penrith. The author of the ballad of "Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage," makes the three brothers contemporaries of the father of Robin Hood.

The incident of the shot at the apple on the head of his son by William of Cloudesly is of great antiquity, and can be traced northward from Switzerland through the various Gothic nations to the mythical legends of Scandinavia.]

FYTTE THE FYRST.

MERRY it was in green forèst,
Among the levès green,*
Where that men walk east and west,
With bows and arrows keen;

To raise the deer out of their den;
Such sights hath oft been seen;
As by three yeomen of the north
countrie,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
The other, Clym of the Clough,†
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,
These yeomen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To English-wood for to gone.

Now lithe and listen, gentlemen,
That of mirthès loveth to hear;
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

William was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care;
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
And with his children three.
"By my troth," said Adam Bell,
"Not by the counsel of me:

"For if you go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If that the justice may you take,
Your life were at an end."

"If that I come not to-morrow,
brother,
By prime to you again,
Trust you then that I am takèn,
Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone;
There he knocked at his own windòw,
Shortly and anon.

"Where be you, fair Alice, my wife,
My wife and my children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly."

"Alas!" then said fair Alice,
And sighèd wondrous sore,
"This place has been beset for you
This half a year and more."

"Now I am here," said Cloudesly,
"I would that in I were;
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer."

She fetchèd him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife;
And pleasèd him with that she had,
Whom she lovèd as her life.

* Green leaves.

† Cliff, glen, or valley.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found of charity
More than seven year.

Up she rose, and walked full still,
Evil mote she speed therefore;
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hie :
" This night," she said, " is come to
town
William of Cloudesley."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
And so was the sheriff also;
" Thou shalt not travaile hither, dame,
for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou
go."

They gave to her a right good gown,
Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne;*
She took the gift, and home she went,
And couched her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
In all haste that they can,
And came thronging to William's
house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeoman
Round about on every side;
William heard great noise of folks,
That thitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a shot window,
And look d all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff
both,
With a full great rout.

" Alas! treason," cried fair Alice,
" Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, my husband,"
she said,
" Sweet William of Cloudesley."

He took his sword and his bucklèr,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chambèr,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fair Alice followed him as a lover true,
With a poleaxe in her hand;
" He shall be dead that here cometh in
This door, while I may stand."

Cloudesley bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

" God's curse on his heart," said
William,
" This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

" Yield thee, Cloudesley," said the
justice,
" And thy bow and thy arrows thee
fro."

" God's curse on his heart," said fair
Alice,
" That my husband counelleth so."

" Set fire on the house," said the sheriff,
" Sith it will no better be,
And brennet we therein William," he
said,
" His wife and his children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high:
" Alas!" then cried fair Alice,
" I see we here shall die."

* Say.

† Burn.

William opened a back windòw,
That was in his chamber hie,
And there with sheets he did let down,
His wife and his children three.

"Have here my treasure," said
William,
"My wife and children three;
For Christ's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ygo;*
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent, and fell him upon,
Good William of Cloudesly:
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me.

"Lever had I," said William,
"With my sword in the ront to
renne,†
Than here among mine enemies wood
Thus cruelly to brent."

He took his sword and his bucklèr,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in press,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man stand his stroke,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors
on him,
And so took that good yeomàn.

There they bound him both hand and
foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast.
"Now Cloudesly," said the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in haste."

"A pair of new gallows," said the
sheriff,
"Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut,
No man shall come in thereat.

"Then shall not help Clym of the
Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand
mo,
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close,
Lightly everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new gallows there he did set
up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them asked,
"What meant that gallows-tree?"
They said, "To hang a good yeomàn,
William of Cloudesly."

That little boy was the town swine-
herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen Cloudesly in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone;
There met he with those wightie‡
yeomèn
Shortly and anon.

* Gone.

† Run.

‡ Active; able.

"Alas!" then said that little boy,
 "Ye tarry here too long;
 Cloudesly is taken and dampned* to
 death,
 And ready for to hang."

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
 "That ever we saw this day!
 He had better have tarried here with
 us,
 So oft as we did him pray."

"He might have tarried in green forest,
 Under the shadows sheen,
 And have kept both him and us in rest,
 Out of all trouble and teen!"

Adam bent a right good bow,
 A great hart soon had he slain:
 "Take that, child," he said, "to thy
 dinner,
 And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said those wight
 young men,
 "Tarry we no longer here
 We shall him borrow by God his
 grace,
 Though we buy it full dear."

To Carlisle went these good yeomen,
 On a merry morning of May,
 Here is a fyte of Cloudesly,
 And another is for to say.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Car-
 lisle,
 In a fair morning tide,
 They found the gates shut them until
 Round about on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
 "That ever we were made men!
 These gates be shut so wondrous well,
 That we may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
 "With a wile we will us in bring;
 Let us saye we be messengers,
 Straight comen from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written
 well,
 Now let us wisely work,
 We will say we have the king's seal;
 I hold the porter no clerk."

Then Adam Bell beat on the gates,
 With strokès great and strong;
 The porter marvelled, who was thereat,
 And to the gates he throng.

"Who is there now," said the portèr,
 "That maketh all this knocking?"
 "We be two messengers," quoth Clym
 of the Clough,
 "Be come straight from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
 "To the justice we must it bring;
 Let us in our message to do,
 That we were again to our king."

"Here cometh no man in," said the
 portèr,
 "By him that died on tree,
 Till a false thief be hanged,
 Called William of Cloudesly."

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of
 the Clough,
 And swore by Mary free,
 "And if that we stand long without,
 Like a thief hanged thou shalt be."

"Lo! here we have the king's seal:
 What, lurden,† art thou wode?‡
 The porter weened§ it had been so,
 And lightly did off his hood."

* Condemned. † *Lurden*, a clown, or stupid fellow. ‡ Mad. § Weened.

"Welcome is my lord's seal," he said;
 "For that ye shall come in."

He opened the gates full shortly:
 An evil opening for him.

"Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
 "Whereof we are full fain;
 But Christ knoweth, that harrowed
 hell,
 How we shall come out again."

"Had we the keys," said Clym of the
 Clough,
 "Right well then should we speed;
 Then might we come out well enough
 When we see time and need."

They called the porter to council,
 And wrang his neck in two,
 And cast him in a deep dungeon,
 And took his keys him fro.

"Now am I porter," said Adam Bell,
 "See, brother, the keys have we
 here;
 The worst portèr to merry Carlisle
 That it had this hundred year.

"And now we will our bows bend
 Into the tower will we go,
 For to deliver our dear brother
 That lieth in care and woe."

And thereupon they bent their bows,
 And looked their strings were round,
 The market-place in merry Carlisle,
 They beset in that stound.*

And as they looked them beside,
 A pair of new gallows there they see.
 And the justice with a quest of squire's
 That had judged William hanged
 to be.

As Cloudesly lay ready there in a
 cart,

Fast bound both foot and hand,
 And a strong ropè about his neck,
 All ready for to be hanged.

The justice called to him a lad,
 Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
 To take the measure of that yeoman,
 And thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great a marvel," said
 Cloudesly,
 "As between this and prime,
 He that maketh a grave for me,
 Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest proudly," said the
 justice,
 "I will thee hang with my hand;"
 Full well that heard his brethren two,
 There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eyes aside,
 And saw his two brethren stand
 At a corner of the market-place,
 With their good bows in their hand.

"I see comfort," said Cloudesly,
 "Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my hands at will,
 Right little would I care."

Then spake good Adam Bell,
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 "Brother, see ye mark the justice well;
 Lo, yonder ye may him see -

"And at the sheriff shoot I will,
 Strongly with an arrow keen;"
 A better shot in merry Carlisle
 This seven year was not seen,

* At once.

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the
sheriff,
That both their sides gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell down to the
ground,
And the sheriff fell nigh him by;
Either had his death wound.

All the citizens fast gan fly,
They durst no longer abide;
Then lightly they loosed Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe from his hand he wronge;
On each side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and dee,
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well in that tide,
Their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streets on every side;
That battle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
Men pressed on them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anon,
And their bows from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
With swordes and bucklers round;
By that it was mid of the day,
They had made many a wound.

There was many an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did they ring;
Many a woman said, "Alas!"
And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
With him a full great rout;
These three yeomen dreaded him full
sore,
For of their lives they stood in great
doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great
pace,
With a poleaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stour to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with
his bill,
His buckler he brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas! Treason!" they cried for
woe;

"Keep well the gates fast," they bad,
"That these traitors there out not
go."

But all for nought was that they
wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manful fought,
Were gotten without at a braide.*

"Have here your keys," said Adam
Bell,
"Mine office I here forsake,
And if you do by my counsell,
A new porter do ye make."

He threw the keys there at their heads,
And bade them well to thrive,
And all that letteth any good yeoman
To come and comfort his wife.

* In an instant.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to
the wood,
As light as leaf on lynde;*
They laugh and be merry in their
mood,
Their enemies were far behind.

When they came to the English-
wood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found bows full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

"So God me help," said Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so
free,

"I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meyne."†

They set them down, and made good
cheer,

And eat and drank full well.

A second fyte of these wightie yeo-
men;

And another I shall you tell.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

As they sat in English-wood,
Under their trusty tree,
They thought they heard a woman
weep,
But her they mought not see.

Sore then sighèd the fair Alice:

"That ever I saw this day!

For now is my dear husband slain;
Alas! and well-a-day.

"Might I have spoken with his dear
brethren,

Or with either of them twain,
To let them know what him befell.
My heart were put out of pain!"

Cloudesly walked a little beside,
And looked under the green-wood
lynde,

He was ware of his wife and children
three,

Full woe in heart and mind.

"Welcome, wife," then said William,
"Under this trusty tree:

I had ween'd yesterday, by Sweet
Saint John,

Thou shouldest me never have see."

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe."

"Dame," he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two."

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,

"I-wis it is no bote;‡

The meat that you must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot."

Then went they down into a land,

These noble archers all three;

Each of them slew a hart of greece, §
The best that they could see.

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Said William of Cloudesly,

"By cause ye so boldly stood by me
When I was slain full nigh."

Then went they to supper,

With such meat as they had;

And thankèd God of their fortune;

They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,

Certain without any lease,||

Cloudesly said, "We will to our king,

To get us a charter of peace.

* Literally, the lime-tree; but frequently applied to all trees in common.

† Crew; company.

‡ Help, use.

§ A hart of mark, the word is probably *grace*.

|| Lies.

"Alice shall be at sojourning,
 In a nunnery here beside;
 My two sons shall with her go,
 And there they shall abide.

"Mine eldest son shall go with me,
 For him have I no care;
 And he shall bring you word again
 How that we do fare."

Thus be these yeomen to London gone,
 As fast as they might hie,
 Till they came to the king's palace,
 Where they would needès be.

And when they came to the king's
 court,
 Unto the palace gate,
 Of no man would they ask no leave,
 But boldly went in thereat.

They pressed quickly into the hall,
 Of no man had they dread;
 The porter came after, and did them
 call,
 And with them began to chide.

The usher said, "Yeomen, what would
 ye have?
 I pray you tell to me;
 You might thus make officers shent: *
 Good sirs, of whence be ye?"

"Sir, we be outlaws of the forèst,
 Certain without any lease,
 And hither we be come to our king,
 To get us a charter of peace."

And when they came before the king,
 As it was the law of the land,
 They kneeled down without letting.
 And each held up his hand.

They said, "Lord, we beseech thee here,
 That ye will grant us grace;
 For we have slain your fat fallow deer,
 In many a sundry place."

* Blamed.

"What be your names?" then said
 our king,
 "Anon that you tell me:"
 They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the
 Clough,
 And William of Cloudesly."

"Bè ye those thieves," then said our
 king,
 "That men have told of to me?
 Here to God I make an avow,
 Ye shall be hanged all three."

"Ye shall be dead without mercy,
 As I am king of this land."
 He commanded his officers everychone
 Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomen,
 And arrested them all three:
 "So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
 "This game liketh not me."

"But, good lord, we beseech you now,
 That you grant us grace,
 Inasmuch as freely we be to you come.
 As freely we may fro you pass."

"With such weapons, as we have here,
 Till we be out of your place;
 And if we live this hundred year,
 We will ask you no grace."

"Ye speak proudly," said the king;
 "Ye shall be hanged all three."
 "That were great pity," then said the
 queen,
 "If any grace might be."

"My lord, when I came first into this
 land,
 To be your wedded wife,
 The first boon that I would ask,
 Ye would grant it me belyfe: †

† At once.

"And I asked never none till now;
Therefore, good lord, grant it me."

"Now ask it, madam," said the king,
"And granted it shall be."

"Then, my good lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me."

"Madam, ye might have asked a boon,
That should have been worth all three.

"Ye might have asked towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty."

"None so pleasant to my pay," she said;
"Nor none so lefe* to me."

"Madam, sith it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be;
But I had lever† have given you
Good market townes three."

The queen was a glad womàn,
And said, "Lord, gramercy:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

"But, good, my lord, speak some
merry word,
That comfort they may see."

"I grant you grace," then said our king;
"Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye."

They had not sitten but a while
Certain without leasing,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
They kneeled down on their knee,
And said, "Lord, your officers greet
you well,
Of Carlisle in the north countrie."

* Dear. † Rather.

"How fareth my justice?" said the king,
"And my sheriff also?"

"Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo."

"Who hath them slaynè?" said the king,

"Anon that thou tell me."

"Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly."

"Alas, for ruth!" then said our king:
"My heart is wondrous sore;
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before;

"For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three."

The king he opened the letter anon,
Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo;

First the justice, and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town,
Of all the constables and catchipolls
Alive were left not one;

The bailies and the beadles both,
And the sergeants of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,‡
These outlaws had yslaw;

And broke his parks, and slain his deer
Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws, as they were,
Walked not by east nor west.

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighèd sore:

"Take up the tables anon," he said,
"For I may eat no more."

‡ King's Foresters.

The king called his best archers
To the butts with him to go :
" I will see these fellows shoot," he said,
" In the north hath wrought this
woe."

The king's horsemen busk them blyve,*
And the queen's archers also ;
So did these three wightie yeomen ;
With them they thought to go.

There twice, or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand ;
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
That any prycket† might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly :
" By him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archer,
That shooteth at butts so wide."

" Whereat," then said our king,
" I pray thee tell to me ?"
" At such a butt, sir," he said,
" As men use in my countrie."

William went into a field,
And his two brethren with him,
There they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

" I hold him an archer," said Cloudesly,
" That yonder wand cleaveth in two."
" There is none such," said the king,
" Nor no man can so do."

" I shall assay, sir," said Cloudesly,
" Or that I farther go."
Cloudesly with a bearing arrow
Clave the wand in two.

" Thou art the best archer," then said
the king,
" Forsooth that ever I see :"
" And yet for your love," said William,
" I will do more maystery."

* Quickly.

" I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear ;
I will him tie to a stake ;
All shall see that be here ;

" And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two."

" Now haste thee," then said the king,
" By him that died on a tree,
But if thou do not, as thou hast said,
Hanged shalt thou be.

" An thou touch his head or gown,
In sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all three."

" That I have promised," said William,
" That I will never forsake."
And there even before the king
In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bad him stand still thereat ;
And turned the child's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent :
Six score paces they were out met,
And thither Cloudesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that were there,
That they would all still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a
wager,
Behoveth a steadfast hand.

† Mark.

Much people prayed for Cloudesly,
That his life saved might be,
And when he made him ready to
shoot,

There was many a weeping ee.

But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,
That many a man might see ;

"Over Gods forbode,"* said the king,
"That thou should shoot at me.†

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrie
I make thee chief rydère."

"And I give thee seventeen pence a
day," said the queen,

"By God, and by my fay ;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay.

"William, I make thee a gentleman
Of clothing, and of fee :
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my
chambèr,
For they are so seemly to see.

"Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar shall he be ;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be.

"And, William, bring me your wife,"
said the queen,

"Me longeth her sore to see :
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery."

The yeomen thanked them full cour-
teously,

And said, "To some bishop will
we wend,

Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoiled at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yeomèn,
As fast as they might hie,
And after came and dwelt with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good
yeomèn,

God send them eternal bliss ;
And all, that with hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.

ROBIN HOOD.

[Robin Hood was born at Locksly, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about 1160. He was of noble extraction, his real name being Robert Fitzooth, which was easily corrupted in process of time to Robin Hood. He is frequently spoken of as Earl of Huntingdon, and some of his biographers appear to think that he had some claim to the title.

He was of an adventurous and extravagant disposition, and either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the forests, chiefly affecting those of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, and Barnsdale in Yorkshire. He was not long in being joined by a number of persons similarly circumstanced, chief of whom were Little John, whose real name is said to have been Nailor, William Scadlock (Scathclock or Scarlet), George a Green, pinder or pound keeper of Wakefield, Much, a miller's son, and Friar Tuck, a monk who had had good reasons for abandoning the life of the cloister for that of an outlaw. A certain Maid Marian is spoken of as having accompanied Robin to the forest, but nothing authentic can be gleaned regarding her.

* God forbid.

† This incident is identical with the famous exploit of William Tell, which took place in 1307. A similar story is told of Toko and Harold, at an earlier date than that.

Robin and his band would appear to have been popular with the poorer classes, to whom they frequently did acts of kindness, but priests and rich people, whether titled or otherwise, were invariably fleeced without mercy. Robin's hatred to the clergy (although he was a good churchman), is a marked feature in the ballads, and also in the traditions regarding him, and it has been assumed that he had some old grudge against them.

It is not my purpose to write anything like a life of this famous outlaw, I merely epitomize Mr. Ritson's account of the leading incidents in his career. Notwithstanding a life of danger and exposure, he lived to be 87 years of age, dying then by the hand of a female relation, the prioress of Kirkley, in whose hands he placed himself for the purpose of being bled when suffering from a fit of sickness. The treacherous prioress allowed him to bleed to death.

No ballads, not even the English Border Ballads, have been so popular with the people as the Robin Hood Ballads, and I regret that I have not space to give the whole of them. I trust I have given a sufficient number to show their quality, and to illustrate the popular idea of Robin Hood and his band, and their mode of life. I have ventured to modernize the spelling, where obsolete words made it difficult for the merely general reader to follow the meaning.

The first edition of the ballad of "A Lytell Jeste of Robin Hood," of which a complete copy has been preserved, was printed in Edinburgh, by Chapman and Millar, in 1508. Two editions were printed by Wynken de Worde. The only one now complete being of date about 1520.]

ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

From a black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads lately belonging to Thomas Pearson, Esq., and subsequently to the Duke of Roxburgh. The full title of the original is "A New Ballad of Robin Hood; shewing his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage at Tidbury Bull-running," calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?	For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
Ay, and then you shall hear anon	And William of Clowdesle,
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,	To shoot with our forester for forty mark,
And of his man brave Little John.	And the forester beat them all three.
In Locksly town, in merry Notting- hamshire,	His mother was niece to the Co- ventry knight,
In merry sweet Locksly town,	Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,	For he slew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Bold Robin of famous renown.	Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.
The father of Robin a forester was,	Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow	A noble house-keeper was he,
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,	Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.	And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,

My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to
Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon,
gentle Joan,

Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make
haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey
gelding was brought,
And saddled and bridled was he;
God-wot a blue bonnet, his new suit
of clothes,
And a cloak that did reach to his
knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and
gown,

They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloth was homespun, but for
colour and make
It might have beseeemed our queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-
hilt sword,

And his dagger on his tother side;
And said, My dear mother, let's haste
to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding
so grey,

His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her
not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried
double.

And when she was settled, they rode
to their neighbours,

And drank and shook hands with
them all;

And then Robin gallopt, and never
gave o'er,
Till they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

And now you may think the right
worshipful 'squire

Was joyful his sister to see;

For he kist her, and kist her, and
swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me-

To-morrow, when mass had been
said at the chapel,

Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire, and makes
a short speech,

It was, Neighbours, you're wel-
come all.

But not a man here shall taste my
March beer,

Till a Christmas carol he does sing,
Then all clapt their hands, and they
shouted and sung,

Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef
and plum pies,

Were set upon every table;

And noble George Gamwel said, Eat
and be merry,

And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain
said grace,

And, Be merry, my friends, said
the 'squire;

It rains and it blows, but call for
more ale,

And lay some more wood on the fire,

And now call ye Little John hither to me, For Little John is a fine lad, At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks, As shall make you both merry and glad. When Little John came, to gambols they went, Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown; And what do you think? Why, as true as I live, Bold Robin Hood put them all down. And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire Was joyful this sight for to see; For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home, But tarry and dwell here with me: Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then, Thou shalt be the staff of my age. Then grant me thy boon, dear uncle, said Robin, That Little John may be my page. And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon; With all my heart, so let it be. Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood, Come hither my page unto me: Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow, And broad arrows, one, two, or three, For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood, Some merry pastime to see. When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood, He winded his bugle so clear;	And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold, Before Robin Hood did appear. Where are your companions all? said Robin Hood, For still I want forty and three. Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand, All under the green wood tree. As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by, The queen of the shepherds was she; And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass, And her buskin did reach to her knee. Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight, And her countenance free from pride; A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows Hung dangling by her sweet side. Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair, And her skin was as smooth as glass; Her visage spoke wisdom, and mo- desty too? Sets with Robin Hood such a lass! Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away? O whither, fair lady, away? And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck; For to-morrow is Titbury day. Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me A little to yonder green bower; There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure Of a brace or a leash, in an hour.
--	---

And as we were going towards the
green bower,

Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in
the herd,

And she shot him through side and
side.

By the faith of my body, said bold
Robin Hood,

I never saw woman like thee;
And com'st thou from east, or com'st
thou from west,

Thou needst not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you
shall go,

And taste of a forester's meat;
And when we came thither we found
as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden
pies cold,

Cream clotted, and honey-combs
plenty;
And the servitors they were, besides
Little John,

Good yeomen at least four and
twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your name,
gentle sir:

And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:
'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all
my delight

Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all
strife.

So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet
would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

She blusht at the notion; yet, after a
pause,

Said, Yes, sir, and with all my
heart.

Then let us send for a priest, said
Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so,
gentle sir,

For I must be at Titbury feast;
And if Robin Hood will go thither
with me,

I'll make him the most welcome
guest.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that
buck, Little John,

For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill six brace of
bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire
miles,

Eight yeomen that were over-bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver
his buck:
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin;
come, John,

Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
Then both drew their swords, and so
cut 'em, and slasht 'em,
Thut five out of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to
Robin for quarter,

And pitiful John begged their lives:
When John's boon was granted, he
gave them good counsel,
And sent them all home to their
wives.



ROBIN HOOD.

This battle was fought near to Tit-
bury town,

When the bagpipes baited the bull ;
I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear
'tis truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull :

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled
the while ;

And Clorinda sung "Hey derry
down !

The bumkins are beaten, put up thy
sword, Bob,

And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great
shouting,

And all that were in it look'd madly ;

For some were on bull-back, some
dancing a morris,

And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradley*.¹

And there we see Thomas, our justices'
clerk,

And Mary, to whom he was kind ;

For Tom rode before her, and call'd
Mary madam,

And kiss'd her full sweetly behind :

And so may your worships. But we
went to dinner,

With Thomas and Mary, and Nan ;

They all drank a health to Clorinda,
and told her,

Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger,
the parson

Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste :

He brought his mass-book, and he bad
them take hands,

And joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and
his sweet bride

Went hand in hand to the green
bower,

The birds sung with pleasure in merry
Sherwood,

And 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the
bower,

Where are my yeomen ? said he :

And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder
they stand,

All under the green-wood-tree.

Then a garland they brought her by
two and by two,

And placed them all on the bride's
head :

The music struck up, and we all fell to
dance,

Till the bride and bridegroom were
a-bed.

The sweet vestal blush shall be counsel
to me

The sun smiled upon them next day,

And I had haste home, but I got a
good piece

Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to
tell ye,

That married they were with a ring :

And so will Nan Knight, or be buried
a maiden,

And now let us pray for the king.

That he may have children, and they
may have more,

To govern and do us some good :

And then I'll make ballads in Robin
Hood's bower,

And sing 'em in merry Sherwood.

¹ An old and popular ballad.

A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
That be of free-born blood ;
I shall you tell of a good yeoman,
His name was Robin Hood.

Robin was a proud outlaw,
Whilst he walked on ground,
So courteous an outlaw as he was one
Was never none yet found.

Robin stood in Bernisdale,
And leaned him to a tree,
And by him stood Little John,
A good yeoman was he ;

And also did good Scathelock,
And Much, the miller's son ;
There was no inch of his body,
But it was worth a grome.¹

Then bespake him Little John
All unto Robin Hood,
Maister, if ye would dine betime,
It would do you much good.

Then bespake good Robin,
To dine I have no lust,
Till I have some bold baron
Or some stranger guest.

[Or else some bishop or abbot]
That may pay for the best ;
Or some knight or some squire
That dwelleth here by west.

A good habit then had Robin,
In land where that he were,
Every day or he would dine
Three masses would he hear :

The one in the worship of the Father,
The other of the Holy Ghost,
The third was of our dear lady,
That he loved of all others most.

Robin loved our dear lady,
For doubt of deadly sin ;
He never would do company harm
That any woman was in.

Master, then said Little John,
And we our board shall spread,
Tell us whither we shall go,
And what life we shall lead ;

Where we shall take, where we shall
leave,
Where we shall abide behind,
Where we shall rob, where we shall
reive,
Where we shall beat and bind.

Never fear, said Robin,
We shall do well enow.
But look ye do no husband harm
That tilleth with his plough ;

No more ye shall no good yeoman,
That walketh by greenwood shaw,
Nor no knight, nor no squire,
That would be a good fellow.

These bishops and these archbishops,
Ye shall them beat and bind ;
The high sheriff of Nottingham,
Him hold in your mind.

This word shall be hold, said Little
John,
And this lesson shall we learn ;
It is *ferre* days,² God send us a guest,
That we were at our *dynere*.³

Take thy good bow in thy hand,
said Robin,
Let Much wend with thee,
And so shall William Scathelock,
And no man abide with me :

¹ A common or ordinary man.² *Ferre* days, far in the day.³ Dinner.

And walk up to the Sayles,
And so to Watling-street,
And wait after some strange guest,
Up-chance ye may them meet.

Be he earl or ony baron,
Abbot or ony knight,
Bring him to lodge to me,
His dinner shall be dight.

They went unto the Sayles,
These yeomen all three,
They looked east, they looked west,
They might no man see.

But as they looked in Bernisdale,
By a derne street,¹
Then came there a knight riding,
Full soon they gan him meet.

All dreary then was his semblance,
And little was his pride,
His one foot in the stirrup stood
The other waved beside.

His hood hanging over his eyes two,
He rode in simple array ;
A sorrier man than he was one
Rode never in summer's day.

Little John was courteous,
And set him on his knee ;
Welcome be ye, gentle knight,
Welcome are ye to me.

Welcome be thou to greenwood,
Gentle knight, and free,
My master hath abiden you fasting,
Sir, all these hours three.

Who is your master? said the knight.
John said, Robin Hood.
He is a good yeoman, said the knight,
Of him I have heard much good.

I grant, he said, with you to wend,
My brethren all in-fere ;²
My purpose was to have dined to-day
At Blyth or Dankastere.³

Forth then went this gentle knight,
With a careful cheer,
The tears out of his eyes ran,
And fell down by his lere.⁴

They brought him unto the lodge door,
When Robin gan him see,
Full courteously did off his hood,
And set him on his knee.

Welcome, sir knight, then said Robin,
Welcome thou art to me,
I have abode you fasting, sir,
All these hours three.

Then answered the gentle knight,
With words fair and free,
God thee save, good Robin,
And all thy fayre meynè.⁵

They washed together and wiped both,
And sat till their dynere ;
Bread and wine they had enough,
And nombles⁶ of the deer:

Swans and pheasants they had full
good,
And fowls of the revere.⁷
There failed never so little a bird,
That ever was bred on brere.⁸

Do gladly, sir knight, said Robin.
Gramercy, sir, said he,
Such a dinner had I not
Of all these weeks three.

If I come again, Robin,
Here by this countrie,
As good a dinner I shall thee make,
As thou hast made to me.

¹ Secret or private way. ² *All in fere*, all together. ³ Doncaster. ⁴ Cheek.
⁵ Company. ⁶ Eatable portions of the entrails. ⁷ River. ⁸ Briar.

Gramercy, knight, said Robin,
 My dinner when I have,
 I was never so greedy, by dear worthy
 God,
 My dinner for to crave.

But pay or ye wend, said Robin,
 Methinketh it is good right ;
 It was never the manner, by dear
 worthy God,
 A yeoman to pay for a knight.

I have nought in my coffers, said the
 knight,
 That I may proffer for shame.
 Little John, go look, said Robin,
 And stay not for no blame.

Tell me truth, said Robin,
 So God have part of thee.
 I have no more but ten shillings, said
 the knight,
 So God have part of me.

If thou have no more, said Robin,
 I will not one penny ;
 And if thou have need of any more,
 More shall I lend thee.

Go now forth, Little John,
 The truth tell thou me,
 If there be no more but ten shillings,
 Not one penny that I see.

Little John spread down his mantle,
 Full fair upon the ground,
 And there he found in the knight's
 coffer,
 But even half a pound.

Little John let it lie full still,
 And went to his master full low.
 What tidings, John ? said Robin.
 Sir, the knight is true enow.

Fill of the best wine, said Robin,
 The knight shall begin ;
 Much wonder thinketh me
 Thy clothing is so thin.

Tell me one word, said Robin,
 And counsel shall it be ;
 I trow thou wert made a knight of force,
 Or else of yeomanry ;

Or else thou hast been a sorry hus-
 band,
 And lived in stroke and strife ;
 An okerer,¹ or else a lechoure, said
 Robin,
 With wrong hast thou led thy life.

I am none of them, said the knight,
 By God that made me ;
 An hundred winter here before,
 Mine ancestors knights have be.

But oft it hath befallen, Robin,
 A man hath been dysgrate ;²
 But God that stayeth in heaven above
 May amend his state.

Within two or three year, Robin, he
 said,
 My neighbours well it kende,
 Four hundred pound of good money
 Full well then might I spend.

Now have I no good, said the knight,
 But my children and my wife ;
 God hath shapen such an end,
 Till God may amend my life.

In what manner, said Robin,
 Hast thou lore³ thy riches ?
 For my great folly, he said,
 And for my kindness.

I had a son, forsooth, Robin,
 That should have been my heir,
 When he was twenty winter old,
 In field would joust full fair.

¹ Usurer, or else a Physician.

² Degraded.

³ Lost.

He slew a knight of Lancashire,
And a squire bold ;
For to save him in his right
My goods both set and sold ;

My lands both set to wedde,¹ Robin,
Until a certain day,
To a rich abbot here beside,
Of Saint Mary abbay.

What is the sum ? said Robin,
Truth then tell thou me.
Sir, he said, four hundred pound
The abbot told it to me.

Now, and thou lose thy land, said Robin,
What shall fall of thee ?
Hastily I will me busk, said the knight,
Over the salt sea.

And see where Christ was quick and
dead,
On the mount of Calvarie.
Farewell, friend, and have good day,
It may no better be—

Tears fell out of his eyes two,
He would have gone his way—
Farewell, friends, and have good day,
I have no more to pay.

Where be thy friends ? said Robin,
Sir, never one will me know ;
While I was rich enow² at home
Great boast then would they blow,

And now they run away fro me,
As beasts on a row ;
They take no more heed of me,
Than they me never saw.

For ruth then wept Little John,
Scathelock and Much in fere.³
Fill of the best wine, said Robin,
For here is a simple cheer.

Hast thou any friends, said Robin,
Thy borrows that will be ?
I have none, then said the knight,
But God that died on tree.

Do way thy japes,⁴ said Robin,
Thereof will I right none ;
Wenest⁵ thou I will have God to bor-
row ?

Peter, Paul, or John ?

Nay, by Him that me made,
And shape both sun and moon,
Find a better borrow, said Robin,
Or money gettest thou none.

I have none other, said the knight,
The sooth for to say,
But if it be our dear lady,
She failed me never or this day.

By dear worthy God, said Robin,
To seche⁶ all England thorow,
Yet found I never to my pay,
A much better borrow.

Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasure,
And bring me four hundred pound,
And look that it well told be.

Forth then went Little John,
And Scathelock went before,
He told out four hundred pound,
By eighteen score.⁷

Is this well told ? said little Much,
John said, What grieveth thee ?
It is alms to help a gentle knight
That is fallen in povertie.

Master, then said Little John,
His clothing is full thin,
Ye must give the knight a lyveray,⁸
To lappe⁹ his body therein.

¹ Pledge. ² Enough. ³ Together. ⁴ Jest. ⁵ Thinkest. ⁶ Seek.

⁷ By eighteen score to the hundred. ⁸ Livery. ⁹ Wrap.

For ye have scarlet and green, master,
And many a rich array,
There is no merchant in merry Eng-
land

So rich, I dare well say.

Take him three yards of every colour,
And look that well mete it be.
Little John took none other measure,
But his bow tree.

And of every handfull that he met
He leapt o'er fotes¹ three.

What devilkins draper, said little Much,
Thinkest thou to be?

Scathelock stood full still and lough,²
And said, By God Almighty,
John may give him the better measure,
By God it cost him but light.

Master, said Little John,
All unto Robin Hood,
Ye must give that knight an horse,
To lead home all this good.³

Take him a grey courser, said Robin,
And a saddle new;
He is our lady's messenger,
God lene⁴ that he be true.

And a good palfrey, said little Much,
To maintain him in his right.
And a pair of boots, said Scathelock,
For he is a gentle knight.

What shalt thou give him, Little John?
said Robin,
Sir, a pair of gilt spurs clean,
To pray for all this company:
God bring him out of tene!⁵

When shall my day be? said the
knight,
Sir, and your will be?
This day twelvemonth, said Robin,
Under this greenwood tree.

It were great shame, said Robin,
A knight alone to ride,
Without squire, yeoman, or page,
To walk by his side.

I shall thee lene⁶ Little John, my man,
For he shall be thy knave;
In yeoman's stede⁷ he may thee stand,
If thou great need have.

THE SECONDE FYTTE.

Now as the knight went on his way,
This game him thought full good,
When he looked on Bernisdale,
He blessed Robin Hood;

And when he thought on Bernisdale,
On Scathelock, Much, and John,
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in come.

Then spake that gentle knight,
To Little John gan he say,
To-morrow I must to York town,
To Saint Mary abbay.

And to the abbot of that place
Four hundred pound I must pay:
And but I be there upon this night
My land is lost for aye.

The abbot sayd to his covent,⁸
There he stood on ground,
This day twelvemonth came there a
knight
And borrowed four hundred pound.

[He borrowed four hundred pound,]
Upon all his land free,
But he come this ylike⁹ day
Dysherytye¹⁰ shall he be.

¹ Feet. ² Laughed. ³ To carry home all these goods. ⁴ Grant. ⁵ Grief.
⁶ Lend. ⁷ In yeoman stead. ⁸ Went to his convent. ⁹ Same. ¹⁰ Disinherited.

It is full early, said the prior,
 The day is not yet far gone,
 I had lever to pay an hundred pound,
 And lay it down a none.¹

The knight is far beyond the sea,
 In England is his right,
 And suffereth hunger and cold,
 And many a sorry night :

It were great pity, said the prior,
 So to have his land,
 And ye be so light of your conscience,
 Ye do to him much wrong.

Thou art euer² in my beard, said the
 abbot,
 By God and saint Richard.
 With that cam in a fat-headed monk,
 The high selerer ;³

He is dead or hanged, said the monk,
 By God that bought me dear,
 And we shall have to spend in this place
 Four hundred pound by year.

The abbot and the high selerer,
 Start forth full bold,
 The high justice of England
 The abbot there did hold.⁴

The high justice and many more
 Had take into their honde,⁵
 Holy⁶ all the knight's debt,
 To put that knight to wrong.

They demed⁷ the knight wonder sore,⁸
 The abbot and his meyne :⁹
 But he come this ylke day
 Dyssheryte shall he be.

He will not come yet, said the justice,
 I dare well undertake.
 But in sorowe¹⁰ time for them all
 The knight came to the gate.

Then bespake that gentle knight
 Until his meynè,
 Now put on your simple weeds
 That ye brought fro the sea.

[They put on their simple weeds,]
 And came to the gates anon,
 The porter was ready himself,
 And welcomed them everychone.¹¹

Welcome, sir knight, said the porter,
 My lord to mete is he.
 And so is many a gentleman,
 For the love of thee.

The porter swore a full great oath,
 By God that made me,
 Here be the best coresed¹² horse
 That ever yet saw I me.

Lead them into the stable, he said,
 That eased might they be.
 They shall not come therein said the
 knight,
 By God that died on a tree.

Lords were to meat isette¹³
 In that abbot's hall,
 The knight went forth and kneeled
 down,
 And salved¹⁴ them great and small.

Do gladly, sir abbot, said the knight,
 I am come to hold my day.
 The first word the abbot spake,
 Hast thou brought my pay ?

Not one penny, said the knight,
 By God that maked me.
 Thou art a shrewd debtor, said the
 abbot ;
 Sir justice, drink to me.

¹ At once.² Ever.³ The monk who looked after the provisions.⁴ Took counsel of him.⁵ Hand.⁶ Wholly.⁷ Judged.⁸ Very hard.⁹ Retinue.¹⁰ Sorry.¹¹ Every one.¹² Harnessed.¹³ All set to meat.¹⁴ Saluted.

What dost thou here, said the abbot,
But thou hadst brought thy pay?
For God, then said the knight,
To pray of a longer day.

Thy day is broke, said the justice,
Land gettest thou none.
Now, good sir justice, be my friend,
And fend me of my fone.¹

I am hold with the abbot, said the
justice,
Both with cloth and fee.²
Now, good sir sheriff, be my friend,
Nay for God, said he.

Now, good sir abbot, be my friend,
For thy courtesy,
And hold my lands in thy hand
Till I have made the gree;³

And I will be thy true servant,
And truly serve thee,
Till ye have four hundred pound
Of money good and free.

The abbot swore a full great oath,
By God that died on tree,
Get the land where thou may,
For thou gettest none of me.

By dear worthy God then said the
knight,
That all this world wrought,
But I have my land again
Full dear it shall be bought;

God, that was of a maiden born,
Lene⁴ us well to speed!

For it is good to assay⁵ a friend
Or that a man have need.

The abbot loathly on him gan look
And vylaynesly⁶ him gan call;
Out, he said, thou false knight,
Speed thee out of my hall!

Thou liest, then said the gentle knight,
Abbot in thy hall;
False knight was I never,
By 'God that made us all.

Up then stood that gentle knight,
To the abbot said he,
To suffer a knight to kneel so long,
Thou canst⁷ no courtesy;

In jousts and in tournament
Full ferre⁸ than have I be,
And put myself as far in pees⁹
As any that ever I see.

What will ye give more? said the
justice,
And the knight shall make a release;
And else dare I safely swear
Ye hold never your land in pees.¹⁰

An hundred pound, said the abbot.
The justice said, Give him two.
Nay, be God, said the knight,
Yet get ye it not so:

Though ye would give a thousand
more,
Yet were ye never the nere;¹¹
Shall there never be mine heir,
Abbot, justice, ne frere.¹²

He sterte¹³ him to a board anon,
Till a table round,
And there he shook out of a bag
Even four hundred pound.

Have here thy gold, sir abbot, said the
knight,
Which that thou lentest me;
Hadst thou been courteous at my
coming,
Reward shouldest thou have be.

¹ Defend me of my foe.

² With robe and fee.

³ Satisfaction.

⁴ Lend, help.

⁵ Try, prove.

⁶ Violently.

⁷ Doest.

⁸ Far.

⁹ Press of battle.

¹⁰ Peace.

¹¹ Nearer.

¹² Nor friar.

¹³ Started.

The abbot sat still and ate no more,
For all his royal cheer,
He cast his head on his shouldèr,
And fast began to stare.

Take me my gold again, said the abbot,
Sir justice, that I took thee.¹
Not a penny, said the justice,
By God, that died on a tree.

Sir abbot, and ye men of law,
Now have I hold my day,
Now shall I have my land again,
For aught that ye can say.

The knight started out of the door,
Away was all his care,
And on he put his good clothing,
The other he left there.

He went him forth full merry singing,
As men have told in tale,
His lady met him at the gate,
At home in Wierysdale.

Welcome, my lord, said his lady ;
Sir, lost is all your good ?
Be merry, dame, said the knight,
And pray for Robin Hood,

That ever his soul be in bliss,
He holpe me out of my tene ;²
Had it not been his kindness,
Beggars had we been.

The abbot and I accorded ben,³
He is served of his pay,
The good yeoman lent it me,
As I came by the way.

This knight then dwelled fair at home,
The sooth for to say,
Till he had got four hundred pound,
All ready for to pay.

He purveyed him an hundred bows,
The strings [were] well dyght,⁴
An hundred sheaf of arrows good,
The heads burnished full bright,

And every arrow an ell long,
With peacock well ydyght,⁵
Inocked⁶ all with white silver,
It was a seemly sight.

He purveyed him an hundred men,
Well harnesssed in that stede,⁷
And himself in that same set,
And clothed in white and red.

He bare a launsgay⁸ in his hand,
And a man led his male,⁹
And he rode with a light song,
Unto Bernisdale.

As he went at a bridge there was a
wrestling,
And there tarried was he,
And there was all the best yeomen,
Of all the west countrie.

A full fair game there was upset,
A white bull up ipyght ;¹⁰
A great courser with saddle and bridle,
With gold burnished full bright ;

A pair of gloves, a red gold ring,
A pipe of wine in good fay :
What man beareth him best, I wist,
The pryce¹¹ shall bear away.

There was a yeoman in that place,
And best worthy was he,
And for he was ferre and friend bestad,¹²
Islain he should have be.

¹ Give me back the fee I committed to thee, or gave to thee. ² Grief; distress.

³ In. ⁴ Made. ⁵ With peacock's feathers well dressed. ⁶ Notched. ⁷ Place.

⁸ A kind of lance. ⁹ A man led the horse which carried his changes of apparel.

¹⁰ Put. ¹¹ Prize. ¹² Far from home and had no friend there.

The knight had reuth¹ of this yeomàn,
In place where that he stood,
He said that yeoman should have no
harm,
For love of Robin Hood.

The knight pressed into the place,
An hundred followed him free,
With bows bent, and arrows sharp,
For to shende² that company.

They shouldered all, and made him room,
To wete³ what he would say,

He took the yeoman by the hand,
And gave him all the play ;

He gave him five mark for his wine,
There it lay on the mould,
And bade it should be set a broach,
Drink who so would.

Thus long tarried this gentle knight,
Till that play was done,
So long abode Robin fasting,
Three hours after the none.⁴

THE THYRDE FYTTE.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen.
All that now be here,
Of Little John, that was the knight's
man,
Good mirth shall ye hear.

It was upon a merry day,
That young men would go shete,⁵
Little John fet⁶ his bow anon,
And said he would them meet.

Three times Little John shot about,
And alway cleft the wand,
The proud sheriff of Nottingham,
By the marks gan stand.

The sheriff swore a full great oath,
By him that died on a tree,
This man is the best archer
That yet saw I me.

Say me now, wight young man,
What is now thy name ?
In what countrie were thou born,
And where is thy wonnyng wan ?⁷

In Holderness I was bore,
I wis all of my dame,
Men call me Reynold Greenleaf,
When I am at hame.

Say me, Reynold Greenleaf,
Wilt thou dwell with me ?
And every year I will thee give
Twenty mark to thy fee.

I have a master, said Little John,
A courteous knight is he,
May ye get leave of him,
The better may it be.

The sheriff gat Little John
Twelve months of the knight,
Therefore he gave him right anon
A good horse and a wyght.⁸

Now is Little John the sheriff's man,
He give us well to speed,
But alway thought Little John
To quyte hym well his meed.⁹

Now so God me help, said Little John,
And be my true lewte,¹⁰
I shall be the worst servant to him
That ever yet had he.

It befell upon a Wednesday,
The sheriff on hunting was gone,
And Little John lay in his bed,
And was foryete¹¹ at home.

¹ Pity.² Hurt; attack.³ Know.⁴ Noon.⁵ Shoot.⁶ Fetched.⁷ Dwelling-place.⁸ Strong.⁹ To recompense him according to his deserts.¹⁰ And by my loyalty and truth.¹¹ Forgotten.

Therefore he was fasting
 Till it was past the none.
 Good sir steward, I pray thee,
 Give me to dine, said Little John.
 It is too long for Greenleaf,
 Fasting so long to be ;
 Therefore I pray thee, steward,
 My dinner give thou me.
 Shalt thou never eat nor drink, said
 the steward,
 Till my lord be come to town.
 I make mine avow to God, said Little
 John,
 I had lever¹ to crack thy crown.
 The butler was full uncourteous,
 There he stood on floor,
 He started to the buttry,
 And shut fast the door.
 Little John gave the butler such a rap,
 His back yede² nigh in two,
 Though he lived an hundred winter,
 The worse he should go.
 He spurned the door with his foot,
 It went up well and fine,
 And there he made a large lyveray³
 Both of ale and wine.
 Sith ye will not dine, said Little John,
 I shall give you to drink,
 And though ye live an hundred winter,
 On Little John ye shall think.
 Little John ate, and Little John drank,
 The while that he would.
 The sheriff had in his kitchen a cook,
 A stout man and a bold.
 I make mine avow to God, said the
 cook,
 Thou art a shrewd hind,
 In an household to dwell,
 For to ask thus to dine.

And there he lent Little John,
 Good strokes three.
 I make mine avow, said Little John.
 These strokes liketh well me.
 Thou art a bold man and an hardy,
 And so thinketh me ;
 And or I pass fro this place,
 Assayed⁴ better shalt thou be.
 Little John drew a good sword,
 The cook took another in hand ;
 They thought nothing for to flee,
 But stiffly for to stand.
 There they fought sore together,
 Two mile way and more,
 Might neither other harm done,
 The mountenance⁵ of an hour.
 I make mine avow to God, said Little
 John,
 And be my true lewtè,
 Thou art one of the best swordsmen
 That ever yet saw I me.
 Couldst thou shoot as well in a bow,
 To green wood thou shouldest with
 me,
 And two times in the year thy clothing
 I changed should be ;
 And every year of Robin Hood
 Twenty mark to thy fee.
 Put up thy sword, said the cook,
 And fellows will we be.
 Then he fet⁶ to Little John
 The numbles of a doe,⁷
 Good bread and full good wine,
 They ate and drank thereto.
 And when they had drunken well,
 Their troths together they plight,
 That they would be with Robin
 That self same day at night.

¹ Rather.² Went.³ Levy.⁴ Proved.⁵ Continuance.⁶ Fetched.⁷ The entrails of a doe.

They did them to the treasure-house,
As fast as they might gone,
The locks that were of good steel
They break them every one ;

They took away the silver vessel,
And all that they might get,
Peces, masars, and spoons,¹
Would they non forget ;

Also they took the good pence,
Three hundred pound and three ;
And did them straight to Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree.

God thee save, my dear master,
And Christ thee save and see."
And then said Robin to Little John,
Welcome might thou be ;

And also be that fair yeoman
Thou bringest there with thee.
What tidings fro Nottingham ?
Little John, tell thou me.

Well thee greeteth the proud sheriff,
And send thee here by me
His cook and his silver vessels,
And three hundred pound and three.

I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
And to the trinitie,
It was never by his good will,
This good has come to me.

Little John him there bethought,
On a shrewd wile,
Five mile in the forest he ran,
Him happed at his will ;

Then he met the proud sheriff,
Hunting with hound and horn,
Little John coud his courtesye,²
And kneeled him beforne ;

God thee save, my dear master,
And Christ thee save and see.
Reynold Greenleaf, said the sheriff,
Where hast thou now be ?

I have been in this forest,
A fair sight can I see,
It was one of the fairest sights
That ever yet saw I me ;

Yonder I see a right fair hart,
His colour is of green,
Seven score of deer upon an herd
Be with him all bedene ;³

His tynde⁴ are so sharp, master,
Of sixty and well mo,
That I durst not shoot for dread
Lest they would me slo.⁵

I make mine avow to God, said the
sheriff,
That sight would I fain see,
Busk you, thitherward, my dear
master,
Anon, and wend with me.

The sheriff rode, and Little John
Of foot he was full smart,
And when they came afore Robin :
Lo, here is the master hart !

Still stood the proud sheriff,
A sorry man was he :
Woe worth thee, Reynold Greenleaf!
Thou hast now betrayed me.

I make mine avow to God, said Little
John,
Master, ye be to blame,
I was mis-served of my dinner,
When I was with you at hame.

Soon he was to supper set,
And served with silver white ;
And when the sheriff see his vessel,
For sorrow he might not eat.

¹ Gold pieces, cups, and spoons.

³ Together.

² Put on his most courteous manner.

⁴ Antlers.

⁵ Slay.

Make good cheer, said Robin Hood,
 Sheriff, for charity,
 And for the love of Little John,
 Thy life is granted to thee.

When they had supped well,
 The day was all agone,
 Robin commanded Little John
 To draw off his hosen and his shone,¹

His kirtle and his coat a pie,
 That was furred well fine,
 And take him a green mantle,
 To lapp his body therein.

Robin commanded his wight young
 men,

Under the greenwood tree,
 They shall lay in that same sort,
 That the sheriff might them see.

All night lay that proud sheriff,
 In his breech and in his shirt,
 No wonder it was in green wood,
 Though his sides do smart.

Make glad cheer, said Robin Hood,
 Sheriff, for charitie,
 For this is our order I wis,
 Under the greenwood tree.

This is harder order, said the sheriff,
 Than any anker or frere;²
 For all the gold in merry England
 I would not long dwell here.

All these twelve months, said Robin,
 Thou shalt dwell with me;
 I shall thee teach, proud sheriff,
 An outlaw for to be.

Or I here another night lie, said the
 sheriff,
 Robin, now I pray thee,
 Smite off my head rather to-morrow,
 And I forgive it thee.

Let me go, then said the sheriff,
 For saint Charitie,
 And I will be thy best friend
 That ever yet had thee.

Thou shalt swear me an oath, said
 Robin,
 On my bright brand,
 Thou shalt never await me scathe,
 By water or by land;

And if thou find any of my men,
 By night or by day,
 Upon thine oath thou shalt swear,
 To help them that thou may.

Now have the sheriff swore his oath,
 And home he began to gone,
 He was as full of green wood
 As ever was hip of stone.³

THE FOURTH FYTTE.

The sheriff dwelled in Nottingham,
 He was fain that he was gone,
 And Robin and his merry men
 Went to wood anon.

Go we to dinner, said Little John.
 Robin Hood said, Nay;
 For I dread our lady be wroth with me,
 For she sent me not my pay.

Have no doubt, master, said Little John,
 Yet is not the sun at rest,
 For I dare say, and safely swear,
 The knight is true and trust.

Take thy bow in thy hand, said Robin,
 Let Much wend with thee,
 And so shall William Scathelock,
 And no man abide with me,

¹ His hose and his shoes.

² Anchorite or friar.

³ He had had so much of the greenwood, that he was full of it; he was quite satisfied with his experience.

And walk up into the Sayles,
 And to Watling-street,
 And wait after some stranger guest,
 Up-chance ye may them meet.
 Whether he be messenger,
 Or a man that mirthes can,¹
 Or if he be a poor man,
 Of my good he shall have some.
 Forth then start Little John,
 Half in tray and tene,²
 And gird him with a full good sword,
 Under a mantle of green.
 They went up to the Sayles,
 These yeomen all three;
 They looked east, they looked west,
 They might no man see.
 But as they looked in Bernisdale,
 By the high way,
 Then were they ware of two black
 monks,
 Each on a good palfrey.
 Then bespoke Little John,
 To Much he gan say,
 I dare lay my life to wedde,³
 That these monks have brought our
 pay.
 Make glad cheer, said Little John,
 Make ready our bows of yew,
 And look your hearts be sicker and sad,
 Your strings trusty and true.
 The monk hath fifty two men,
 And seven somers⁴ full strong,
 There rideth no bishop in this land
 So royally I understand.
 Brethren, said Little John,
 Here are no more but we three;
 But we bring them to dinner,⁵
 Our master dare we not see.

Bend your bows, said Little John,
 Make all yon prese⁶ to stand,
 The foremost monk, his life and his
 death
 Is closed in my hand.
 Abide, chorle⁷ monk, said Little John,
 No farther that thou gone;
 If thou dost, by dear worthy God,
 Thy death is in my hand.
 And evil thrift on thy head, said Little
 John,
 Right under thy hat band,
 For thou hast made our master wroth;
 He is fasting so long,
 Who is your master? said the monk.
 Little John said, Robin Hood.
 He is a strong thief, said the monk,
 Of him heard I never good.
 Thou liest, then said Little John,
 And that shall rue thee,
 He is a yeoman of the forest,
 To dine he hath bode⁸ thee.
 Much was ready with a bolt,
 Redly⁹ and anon,
 He set the monk to fore the breast,
 To the ground that he can gone.
 Of fifty two wight young men,
 There abode not one,
 Save a little page and a groom
 To lead the somers with John.
 They brought the monk to the lodge
 door,
 Whether he were loath or lefe,¹⁰
 For to speak with Robin Hood,
 Maugre in their teeth.

¹ Or a man full of mirth or merriment.⁴ Sumpter horses.⁷ Churl.⁵ But if we bring⁸ Invited.⁹ Quickly.² Half in anger and grief.

them not to dinner.

³ To pledge.⁶ Crowd; press.¹⁰ Whether he was not willing or pleased.

Robin did adoun his hood,¹
 The monk when that he see ;
 The monk was not so courteous,
 His hood then let he be.
 He is a chorle, master, by dear worthy
 God,
 Then said Little John.
 Thereof no force, said Robin,
 For courtesy can he none.²
 How many men, said Robin,
 Had this monk, John ?
 Fifty and two when that we met,
 But many of them be gone.
 Let blow a horn, said Robin,
 That fellowship may us know ;
 Seven score of wight yeomen,
 Came pricking on a row,
 And everych³ of them a good mantle
 Of scarlet and of raye,
 All they came to good Robin,
 To wete⁴ what he would say.
 They made the monk to wash and
 wipe,
 And sit at his dinner,
 Robin Hood and Little John
 They served him both in fere.⁵
 Do gladly, monk, said Robin,
 Gramercy, sir, said he,
 Where is your abbay, when ye are at
 home,
 And who is your avowè ?⁶
 Saint Mary abbay, said the monk,
 Though I be simple here.
 In what office ? said Robin.
 Sir, the high selerer.
 Ye be the more welcome, said Robin,
 So ever mote I thee.
 Fill of the best wine, said Robin,
 This monk shall drink to me.

But I have great marvel, said Robin,
 Of all this long day,
 I dread our lady be wroth with me,
 She sent me not my pay.
 Have no doubt, master, said Little
 John,
 Ye have no need I say,
 This monk it hath brought, I dare will
 swear,
 For he is of her abbay.
 And she was a borrow, said Robin,
 Between a knight and me,
 Of a little money that I him lent,
 Under the green wood tree ;
 And if thou hast that silver brought,
 I pray thee let me see,
 And I shall help thee eftsones,⁷
 If thou have need of me.
 The monk swore a full great oath,
 With a sorry cheer,
 Of the borowhood thou speakest to me,
 Heard I never ere.⁸
 I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
 Monk, thou art to blame,
 For God is held a righteous man,
 And so is his dame.
 Thou toldest with thine own tongue,
 Thou may not say nay,
 How thou art her servant,
 And servest her every day :
 And thou art made her messenger,
 My money for to pay,
 Therefore I cun⁹ thee more thank,
 Thou art come at thy day.
 What is in your coffers ? said Robin,
 True then tell thou me.
 Sir, he said, twenty mark,
 All so mote I thee.

¹ Lifted his hood or hat ; saluted him.² He knows not courtesy.³ Every one.⁴ Know.⁵ Together.⁶ Patron ; protector.⁷ Afterwards.⁸ Before.⁹ Give.

If there be no more, said Robin,
 I will not one penny;
 If thou hast myster¹ of any more,
 Sir, more shall I lend to thee.

And if I find more, said Robin,
 I wis thou shalt it forgone;²
 For of thy spending silver, monk,
 Thereof will I right none.³

Go now forth, Little John,
 And the truth tell thou me;
 If there be no more but twenty mark,
 No penny that I see.

Little John spread his mantle down,
 As he had done before,
 And he told out of the monk's male,
 Eight hundred pound and more.

Little John let it lie full still,
 And went to his master in haste;
 Sir, he said, the monk is true enow,
 Our lady hath doubled your cost.

I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
 Monk what told I thee,
 Our lady is the truest woman,
 That ever yet found I me.

By dear worthy God, said Robin,
 To seche⁴ all England thorowe,
 Yet found I never to my pay
 A much better borrow.

Fill of the best wine, do him drink,
 said Robin,
 And greet well thy lady hende,
 And if she have need of Robin Hood,
 A friend she shall him find;

And if she needeth any more silver,
 Come thou again to me,

And by this token she hath me sent,
 She shall have such three.

The monk was going to London ward,
 There to hold great mote,⁵
 The knight that rode so high on horse,
 To bring him under foot.⁶

Whether be ye away? said Robin.
 Sir, to maners⁷ in this land,
 To reckon with our reves,⁸
 That have done much wrong.

Come now forth, Little John,
 And hearken to my tale,
 A better yeoman I know none,
 To seek a monk's male.⁹

How much is in yonder other coffer?
 said Robin,
 The sooth must we see.
 By our lady, then said the monk,
 That were no courtesy

To bid a man to dinner,
 And sith him beat and bind.
 It is our old manner, said Robin,
 To leave but little behind.

The monk took the horse with spore¹⁰
 No longer would he abide.
 Ask to drink, then said Robin,
 Or that ye further ride.

Nay, for God, then said the monk,
 Me rueth I came so near,
 For better chepe¹¹ I might have dined,
 In Blyth or in Dankestere.

Greet well your abbot, said Robin,
 And your prior, I you pray,
 And bid him send me such a monk,
 To dinner every day.

¹ Need.² Forego; lose.³ This is somewhat obscure; for of the silver thou needest for thy daily spendings I will have none?⁴ Search.⁵ Court, assembly, meeting.⁶ To accompany and guard him, I presume.⁷ (Query) places.⁸ Receivers.⁹ Portmanteau.¹⁰ Speed.¹¹ Better and cheaper.

Now let we that monk be still,
And speak we of that knight,
Yet he came to hold his day
While that it was light.

He did him straight to Bernisdale,
Under the greenwood tree,
And he found there Robin Hood,
And all his merry meynè.¹

The knight light down of his good
palfray,
Robin when he gan see,
So courteously he did adoun his hood,
And set him on his knee.

God thee save, good Robin Hood,
'And all this company.
Welcome be thou, gentle knight,
And right welcome to me.

Then bespake him Robin Hood,
To that knight so free,
What need driveth thee to greenwood?
I pray thee, sir knight, tell me.

And welcome be thou, gentle knight,
Why hast thou been so long?
For the abbot and the high justice
Would have had my land."

Hast thou thy land again? said Robin,
Truth then tell thou me.
Yea, for God, said the knight,
And that thank I God and thee.

But take not a grefe,² I have be so long;
I came by a wrastling,
And there I did help a poor yeoman,
With wrong was put behind.

Nay, for God, said Robin,
Sir knight, that thank I thee;
What man that helpeth a good yeo-
man,
His friend then will I be.

Have here four hundred pound, then
said the knight,
The which ye lent to me;
And here is also twenty mark
For your courtesy.

Nay, for God, then said Robin,
Thou use it well for ay,
For our lady, by her selerer,
Hath sent to me my pay;

And if I took it twice,
A shame it were to me:
But truly, gentle knight,
Welcome art thou to me.

When Robin had told his tale,
He laughed and had good cheer.
By my troth, then said the knight,
Your money is ready here.

Brook it well, said Robin,
Thou gentle knight so free,
And welcome be thou, gentle knight,
Under my trystell³ tree.

But what shall these bows do? said
Robin,
And these arrows ifedered free?⁴
By God, then said the knight,
A poor present to thee.

Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasury,
And bring me there four hundred
pound,
The monk over-told it me.

Have here four hundred pound,
Thou gentle knight and true,
And buy horse and harness good,
And gilt thy spurs all new:

And if thou fail any spending,
Come to Robin Hood,
And by my troth thou shalt none fail
The whiles I have any good.

¹ Company.² Offence.³ Trysting.⁴ Feathered free.

And brook well thy four hundred pound,
Which I lent to thee,
And make thyself no more so bare,
By the counsel of me.

Thus then holpe¹ him good Robin,
The knight all of his care.
God, that sitteth in heaven high,
Grant us well to fare.

THE FYFTH FYTTE.

Now hath the knight his leave itook,
And went him on his way ;
Robin Hood and his merry men
Dwelt still full many a day.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
And hearken what I shall say,
How the proud Sheriff of Nottingham
Did cry a full fair play ;

That all the best archers of the north
Should come upon a day,
And he that shooteth alder best²
The game shall bear away.

He that shooteth alder best
Furthest fair and low,
At a pair of finely butts,
Under the greenwood shaw,

A right good arrow he shall have,
The shaft of silver white,
The head and the feathers of rich red
gold,
In England is none like.

This then heard good Robin,
Under his trystell tree,
Make you ready, ye wight young men,
That shooting will I see.

Busk you, my merry young men,
Ye shall go with me ;
And I will wete³ the sheriff's faith,
True and if he be.

When they had their bows ibent,
Their tackles feathered free,
Seven score of wight young men
Stood by Robin's knee.

When they came to Nottingham,
The butts were fair and long,
Many was the bold archer
That shooteth with bows strong.

There shall but six shoot with me,
The other shall keep my head,
And stand with good bows bent
That I be not deceived.

The fourth outlaw his bow gan bend,
And that was Robin Hood,
And that beheld the proud sheriff,
All by the butt he stood.

Thrice Robin shot about,
And alway he slist the wand,⁴
And so did good Gilbert,
With the white hand.

Little John and good Scathelock
Were archers good and free ;
Little Much and good Reynold,
The worst would they not be.

When they had shot about,
These archers fair and good,
Evermore was the best,
Forsooth, Robin Hood.

Him was delivered the good arrow,
For best worthy was he ;
He took the gift so courteously,
To greenwood would he.

They cried out on Robin Hood,
And great horns gan they blow.
Wo worth thee, treason ! said Robin,
Full evil thou art to know.

¹ Relieved. ² Best of all. ³ Know ; try. ⁴ Sliced or split the wand.

And woe be thou, thou proud sheriff,
Thus gladding thy guest,¹
Otherwise thou behote² me
In yonder wild forest ;

But had I thee in greenwood, \
Under my trystell tree,
Thou shouldst leave me a better wedde³
Than thy true lewte.⁴

Full many a bow there was bent,
And arrows let they glide,
Many a kirtle there was rent,
And hurt many a side.

The outlaws' shot was so strong,
That no man might them drive,
And the proud sheriff's men
They fled away full blyve.⁵

Robin saw the bussument⁶ to-broke,
In greenwood he would have be,
Many an arrow there was shot
Among that company.

Little John was hurt full sore,
With an arrow in his knæe,
That he might neither go nor ride ;
It was full great pitie.

Master, then said Little John,
If ever thou lovest me,
And for that ylke⁷ Lord's love,
That died upon a tree.

And for the meeds of my service,
That I have served thee,
Let never the proud sheriff
Alive now find me ;

But take out thy brown sword,
And smite all off my head,
And give me wounds dead and wide,
No life in me be left.

I would not that, said Robin,
John, that thou were slaw,⁸
For all the gold in merry England,
Though it lay now on a raw.

God forbid, said little Much,
That died on a tree,
That thou shouldst, Little John,
Part our company.

Up he took him on his back,
And bare him well a mile,
Many a time he laid him down,
And shot another while.

Then was there a fair castle,
A little within the wood,
Double-ditched it was about,
And walled by the rood ;

And there dwelled that gentle knight,⁹
Sir Richard at the Lee,
That Robin had lent his good,
Under the greenwood tree.

In he took good Robin,
And all his company :
Welcome be thou, Robin Hood,
Welcome art thou [to] me ;

And much [I] thank thee of thy
comfort,
And of thy courtesy,
And of thy great kindness,
Under the greenwood tree ;

I love no man in all this world
So much as I do thee ;
For all the proud sheriff of Nottingham,
Right here shalt thou be.

Shut the gates and draw the bridge,
And let no man come in ;
And arm you well, and make you ready,
And to the wall ye win.

¹ Thus entertaining thy guest.

² Promised.

³ Pledged.

⁴ Loyalty.

⁵ Fast; briskly.

⁶ Ambush.

⁷ Same.

⁸ Slain.

⁹ This was the knight who had been succoured by Robin.

For one thing, Robin, I thee behote,¹
 I swear by Saint Quynntyn,
 These twelvedays thou wonest withme,
 To sup, eat, and dine.

Boards were laid, and cloths spread,
 Readily and anon ;
 Robin Hood and his merry men
 To meat gan they gone.

THE SYKTE FYTTE.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
 And hearken unto your song ;
 How the proud sheriff of Nottingham,
 And men of arms strong,

Full fast came to the high sheriff,
 The cuntrye up to rout,
 And they beset the knight's castle,
 The walls all about.

The proud sheriff loud gan cry,
 And said, Thou traitor knight,
 Thou keepest here the king's enemy,
 Again the laws and right.

Sir, I will avow that I have done
 The deeds that here be dight,²
 Upon all the lands that I have,
 As I am a true knight.

Wend forth, sirs, on your way,
 And doth no more to me,
 Till ye wete³ our king's will,
 What he will say to thee.

The sheriff thus had his answer,
 Without any leasing,⁴
 Forth he zode⁵ to London town,
 All for to tell our king.

There he told him of that knight,
 And eke of Robin Hood,
 And also of the bold archers,
 That noble were and good.

He would avow that he had done,
 To maintain the outlaws strong,
 He would be lord, and set you at
 naught,
 In all the north land.

I will be at Nottingham, said the king,
 Within this fortnight,
 And take I will Robin Hood,
 And so I will that knight.

Go home, thou proud sheriff,
 And do as I bid thee,
 And ordain good archers enow,
 Of all the wide cuntrye.

The sheriff had his leave itake,
 And went him on his way ;
 And Robin Hood to greenwood [went]
 Upon a certain day ;

And Little John was whole of the
 arrow,
 That shot was in his knee,
 And did him straight to Robin Hood,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Robin Hood walked in the forest,
 Under the leaves green,
 The proud sheriff of Nottingham,
 Therefore he had great tene.⁶

The sheriff there failed of Robin Hood,
 He might not have his prey,
 Then he awaited that gentle knight,
 Both by night and by day.

Ever he awaited that gentle knight,
 Sir Richard at the Lee ;
 As he went on hawking by the river
 side,
 And let his hawks flee,

Took he there this gentle knight,
 With men of arms strong,
 And led him home to Nottingham ward
 Ibound both foot and hand.

¹ Promise.² Done.⁵ Went.³ Know.⁴ Lying ; falsehood.⁶ Great grief.

The sheriff swore a full great oath,
By Him that died on tree,
He had lever than an hundred pounds,
That Robin Hood had he.

Then the lady, the knight's wife,
A fair lady and free,
She set her on a good palfrey,
To greenwood anon rode she.

When she came to the forèst,
Under the greenwood tree,
Found she there Robin Hood,
And all his fair meynè.

God thee save, good Robin Hood,
And all thy company ;
For our dear lady's love,
A boon grant thou me.

Let thou never my wedded lord
Shamefully slain to be ;
He is fast ibound to Nottingham ward,
For the love of thee.

Anon then said good Robin,
To that lady free,
What man hath your lord itake ?
The proud sheriff, then said she.

[The proud sheriff hath him itake]
Forsooth as I thee say ;
He is not yet three miles
Passed on his way.

Up then started good Robin,
As a man that had be wode :¹
Busk you, my merry young men,
For him that died on a rode ;²

And he that this sorrow forsaketh,
By him that died on a tree,
And by him that all things maketh,
No longer shall dwell with me.

Soon there were good bows ibent,
More than seven score,
Hedge nor ditch spared they none,
That was them before.

I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
The knight would I fain see,
And if I may him take,
Iquit³ then shall he be.

And when they came to Nottingham,
They walked in the street,
And with the proud sheriff, I wis,
Soon gan they meet.

Abide, thou proud sheriff, he said,
Abide and speak with me,
Of some tidings of our king,
I would fain hear of thee.

This seven year, by dear worthy God,
Ne yede⁴ I so fast on foot,
I make mine avow to God, thou
proud sheriff,
It is not for thy good.

Robin bent a good bow,
An arrow he drew at his will,
He hit so the proud sheriff,
Upon the ground he lay full still ;

And or he might up arise,
On his feet to stand,
He smote off the sheriff's head,
With his bright brand.

Lie thou there, thou proud sheriff,
Evil mote thou thrive ;
There might no man to thee trust,
The whiles thou were alive.

His men drew out their bright swords,
That were so sharp and keen,
And laid on the sheriff's men,
And drived them down bydene.⁵

Robin went to that knight,
And cut in two his bond,
And took him in his hand a bow,
And bade him by him stand.

¹ Mad. ² Cross. ³ Set free.

⁴ Ne'er went. ⁵ One after another.

Leave thy horse thee behind,
And learn for to run ;
Thou shalt with me to greenwood,
Through mire, moss, and fen ;

Thou shalt with me to greenwood,
Without any leasing,
Till that I have got us grace,
Of Edward our comely king.

THE SEVENTH FYTTE.

The king came to Nottingham
With knights in great array,
For to take that gentle knight,
And Robin Hood, if he may.

He asked men of that countrie,
After Robin Hood,
And after that gentle knight,
That was so bold and stout.

When they had told him the case,
Our king understood their tale,
And ceased¹ in his hand
The knight's lands all.

All the pass of Lancashire,
He went both far and near,
Till he came to Plomton park,
He fayld² many of his deer.

There our king was wont to see
Herds many one,
He could unneth³ find one deer,
That bare any good horn.

The king was wonder wroth withal,
And swore by the Trinity,
I would I had Robin Hood,
With eyes I might him see,

And he that would smite off the
knight's head,
And bring it to me,
He shall have the knight's lands,
Sir Richard at the Lee ;

I give it him with my chartèr,
And seal it with my hand,
To have and hold for ever-more,
In all merry England.

Then bespake a fair old knight,
That was true in his fay,
Ay, my liege lord the king,
One word I shall you say ;

There is no man in this countrie
May have the knight's lands,
While Robin Hood may ride or go,
And bear a bow in his hands ;

That he ne shall lose his head,
That is the best ball in his hood :
Give it no man, my lord the king,
That ye wyl⁴ any good.

Half a year dwelled our comely king,
In Nottingham, and well more,
Could he not hear of Robin Hood,
In what countrie that he were ;

But alway went good Robin
By halke⁵ and eke by hill,
And alway slew the king's deer,
And welt⁶ them at his will.

Then bespake a proud forester,
That stood by our king's knee,
If ye will see good Robin,
Ye must do after me.

Take five of the best knights
That be in your lede,
And walk down by yon abbey,
And get you monk's wede.⁷

And I will be your ledes man,⁸
And lead you the way,
And or ye come to Nottingham,
Mine head then dare I lay,

¹ Seized.² Missed.³ Scarcely.⁷ Monk's dress.⁴ Wish.⁵ Valley.⁶ Disposed.⁸ Guide.

That ye shall meet with good Robin,
In life if that he be,
Or ye come to Nottingham,
With eyes ye shall him see.

Full hastily our king was dight,
So were his knights five,
Every one of them in monk's weed,
And hasted them thither blithe.

Our king was great above his cowl,
A broad hat on his crown,
Right as he were abbot-like,
They rode up into the town.

Stiff boots our king had on,
Forsooth as I you say,
He rode singing to greenwood,
The covent was clothed in gray,

His male horse and his great somers,
Followed our king behind,
Till they came to greenwood,
A mile under the lynde,¹

There they met with good Robin,
Standing on the way,
And so did many a bold archer,
For sooth as I you say.

Robin took the king's horse,
Hastily in that stede,²
And said, Sir abbot, by your leave,
A while ye must abide ;

We be yeomen of this forest,
Under the greenwood tree,
We live by our king's deer,
Other shift have not we ;

And ye have churches and rents both,
And gold full great plentie ;
Give us some of your spending,
For Saint Charitie.

Then bespake our comely king,
Anon then said he,
I brought no more to greenwood,
But forty pound with me.

I have lain at Nottingham,
This fortnight with our king,
And spent I have full much good,
On many a great lording ;

And I have but forty pound,
No more than have I me,
But if I had an hundred pound,
I would give it to thee.

Robin took the forty pound,
And departed it in two partye,³
Halfendell⁴ he gave his merry men,
And bade them merry to be.

Full courteously Robin gan say,
Sir, have this for your spending,
We shall meet another day.
Gramercy, then said our king ;

But well thee greeteth Edward our
king,
And sent to thee his seal,
And biddeth thee come to Nottingham,
Both to meat and meal.

He took out the broad tarpe,⁵
And soon he let him see ;
Robin could his courtesey,
And set him on his knee.

I love no man in all the world
So well as I do my king,
Welcome is my lord's seal ;
And, monk, for thy tiding,

Sir abbot, for thy tidings,
To day thou shalt dine with me
For the love of my king
Under my trystell tree.

¹ The lime tree. ² Place. ³ And divided it into two parts. ⁴ Half.

⁵ The tape with the impression of the seal on it ; or perhaps the seal itself is meant.

Forth he led our comely king,
Full fair by the hand,
Many a deer there was slain,
And full fast dyghtand.¹

Robin took a full great horn,
And loud he gan blow,
Seven score of wight young men,
Came ready on a row,

All they kneeled on their knee,
Full fair before Robin.

The king said himself until,
And swore by Saint Austin,

Here is a wonder seemly sight,
Me thinketh, by God's pyne;²
His men are more at his bidding,
Than my men be at mine.

Full hastily was their dinner idight,
And thereto gan they gone,
They served our king with all their
might,
Both Robin and Little John.

Anon before our king was set
The fat venison,
The good white bread, the good red
wine,
And thereto the fine ale brown.

Make good cheer, said Robin,
Abbot, for charitie;
And for this ylke tiding,³
Blessed mote thou be.

Now shalt thou see what life we lead,
Or thou hence wend,
Then thou may inform our king,
When ye together lend.⁴

Up they started all in haste,
Their bows were smartly bent,
Our king was never so sore aghast,
He wend⁵ to have be shent.⁶

Two yerdes⁷ there were up set,
There to gan they gange;⁸
By fifty pace, our king said,
The marks were too long.⁹

On every side a rose garland,
They shot under the line,
Whoso faileth of the rose garland,
said Robin,
His tackle he shall tine,¹⁰

And yield it to his master,
Be it never so fine,
For no man will I spare,
So drink I ale or wine.

And bear a buffet on his head,
I wis right all bare.
And all that fell in Robin's lot,
He smote them wonder sare.

Twice Robin shot about,
And ever he cleaved the wand,
And so did good Gilbert,
With the white hand;

Little John and good Scathelock,
For nothing would they spare,
When they failed of the garland,
Robin smote them full sare.

At the last shot that Robin shot,
For all his friends fare,¹¹
Yet he failed of the garland,
Three fingers and mare.

Then bespake good Gilbert,
And thus he gan say:
Master, he said, your tackle is lost,
Stand forth and take your pay.

If it be so, said Robin,
That may no better be;
Sir abbot, I deliver thee mine arrow,
I pray thee, sir, serve thou me.

¹ Dressed.² God's pain.³ Same tidings.⁴ Meet.⁵ Feared.⁶ Hurt.⁷ Rods.⁸ Gan they gange—did they go.⁹ The marks were too far away.¹⁰ His shooting gear he shall lose.¹¹ Notwithstanding the penalties suffered by his friends.

It falleth not for mine order, said the king,

Robin, by thy leave,
For to smite no good yeoman,
For doubt I should him grieve.

Smite on boldly, said Robin,
I give thee large leave.

Anon our king, with that word,
He folds up his sleeve,

And such a buffet he gave Robin,
To ground he yede¹ full near,
I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
Thou art a stalworth frere;

There is pith in thine arm, said Robin,
I trow thou canst well shoot.
Thus our king and Robin Hood
Together then they met.

Robin beheld our comely king
Wistly² in the face,
So did Sir Richard at the Lee,
And kneeled down in that place;

And so did all the wild outlaws,
When they see them kneel.

My lord the king of England,
Now I know you well.

Mercy, then Robin said to our king,
Under our trystyll tree,
Of thy goodness and thy grace,
For my men and me!

Yes, fore God, said Robin,
And also God me save;
I ask mercy, my lord the king,
And for my men I crave.

Yes, fore God, then said our king,
Thy petition I grant thee,
If that thou leave the greenwood,
And all thy company:

And come home, sir, to my court,
And there dwell with me.
I make mine avow to God, said Robin,
And right so shall it be;

I will come to your court,
Your service for to see,
And bring with me of my men
Seven score and three.

But me like well your service,
I come again full soon,
And shoot at the dun deer,
As I am wont to done.

THE EIGHTH FYTTE.

Hast thou any green cloth, said our king,

That thou wilt sell now to me?
Yea, fore God, said Robin,
Thirty yards and three.

Robin, said our king,
Now pray I thee,
To sell me some of that cloth,
To me and my meynè.

Yes, fore God, then said Robin,
Or else I were a fool,
Another day ye will me clothe,
I trow, against the yole.³

The king cast off his coat then,
A green garment he did on,
And every knight had so, I wis,
They clothed them full soon.

When they were clothed in Lincoln green,
They cast away their grey.
Now we shall to Nottingham,
All thus our king gan say.

Their bows bent and forth they went,
Shooting all in-fere,⁴
Towards the town of Nottingham,
Outlaws as they were.

¹ Went.² Wistfully.³ Christmas.⁴ Together.

Our king and Robin rode together,
 For sooth as I you say,
 And they shot pluck-buffet,
 As they went by the way ;

And many a buffet our king van,
 Of Robin Hood that day :
 And nothing spared good Robin
 Our king in his pay.

So God me help, said our king,
 Thy game is nought to lear,
 I should not get a shot of thee
 Though I shot all this year.

All the people of Nottingham
 They stood and beheld,
 They saw nothing but mantles of green
 That covered all the field ;

Then every man to other gan say,
 I dread our king be slone ;
 Come Robin Hood to the town, I wis,
 On live¹ he leaveth not one.

Full hastily they began to flee,
 Both yeomen and knaves,
 And old wives that might evil go²
 They hopped on their staves.

The king laughed full fast,
 And commanded them again ;
 When they see our comely king,
 I wis they were full fain.

They eat and drank, and made them
 glad,
 And sang with notes high,
 Than bespake our comely king
 To Sir Richard at the Lee :

He gave him there his land again,
 A good man he bad him be.
 Sir Richard thanked our comely king,
 And set him on his knee.

Had Robin dwelled in the king's court
 But twelve months and three,
 That he had spent an hundred pound,
 And all his men's fee.

In every place where Robin came,
 Evermore he laid down,
 Both for knights and for squires,
 To get him great renown.

By then the year was all agone,
 He had no man but twain
 Little John and good Scatbelock,
 With him all for to gone.

Robin saw young men shoot,
 Full fair upon a day,
 Alas ! then said good Robin,
 My wealth is went away.

Sometime I was an archer good,
 A stiff and eke a strong,
 I was committed³ the best archer,
 That was in merry England.

Alas ! then said good Robin,
 Alas and well a woo !
 If I dwell longer with the king,
 Sorrow will me sloo.

Forth then went Robin Hood,
 Till he came to our king :
 My lord, the king of England,
 Grant me mine asking.

I made a chapel in Bernisdale,
 That seemly is to see,
 It is of Mary Magdalene,
 And thereto would I be ;

I might never in this seven night,
 No time to sleep nor wink,
 Nother in all these seven days,
 Nother eat nor drink.

¹ In life.² Badly (lamely) go.³ Allowed to be.

Me longeth sore to Bernisdale,
I may not be therofro;
Barefoot and wolward¹ I have hight²
Thither for to go.

If it be so, then said our king,
It may no better be;
Seven night I give thee leave,
No longer, to dwell fro me.

Gramercy, lord, then said Robin,
And set him on his knee;
He took his leave full courteously,
To greenwood then went he.

When he came to greenwood,
In a merry morning,
There he heard the notes small
Of birds merry singing.

It is far gone, said Robin,
That I was last here,
Me lyste³ a little for to shoot
At the dun deer.

Robin slew a full great hart,
His horn then gan he blow,
That all the outlaws of that forèst,
That horn could they know,

And gathered them together
In a little throwe,⁴

Seven score of wight young men,
Came ready on a rowe;

And fair did off their hoods,⁵
And set them on their knee;
Welcome, they said, our master,
Under this greenwood tree.

Robin dwelled in greenwood,
Twenty year and two,
For all dread of Edward our king,
Again would he not go.

Yet he was beguiled, I wis,
Through a wicked woman,
The prioress of Kirkesly,
That nigh was of his kin.

For the love of a knight,
Sir Roger of Donkester,
That was her own special,
Full evil mote they fare.

They took together their counsel,
Robin Hood for to sle,⁶
And how they might best do that deed,
His banis⁷ for to be.

Then bespake good Robin,
In place where as he stood,
To-morrow I must to Kirkesly,
Craftily to be letten blood.

Sir Roger of Donkester,
By the prioress he lay,
And there they betrayed good Robin
Hood
Through their false play.

Christ have mercy on his soul,
That died on the rood!
For he was a good outlaw,
And did poor men much good.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

[The name of this ballad appears in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689 (Col. Pepys, vol. v.), but is here given, as corrected from a copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads," 1723.]

¹ Doing penance.

² Plowed.

³ I desire; lust.

⁴ Space of time.

⁵ Took off their caps.

⁶ Slay.

⁷ Bane.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty
years old,
*With a hey down, down, and a
down;*

He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the
trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was call'd Little, his limbs
they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quaked at
his name,
For soon he would make them to
fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell
you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly
bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my
call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these
fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot
retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his
merry men all,
And bid them at present good-by:
Then, as near the brook his journey
he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy.

They happened to meet on a long
narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;

Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily
stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham-play.

With that from his quiver an arrow
he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy
hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost
prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy
proud heart,
Before thou couldest strike me one
blow.

Thou talkest like a coward, the stranger
reply'd;
Well arm'd with a long bow you
stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I
protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin,
I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by,
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I
take,
The truth of my manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket
of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win,
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger
reply'd,

I scorn in the least to give out ;
This said, they fell to't without more
dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish
about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a
bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, This must be
repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn,
Then to it each goes, and followed
their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on
the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear ;
Then Robin enraged, more fiercely
engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on
him,
With a passionate fury and ire ;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow, that laid him full
low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, where art thou
now
The stranger, in laughter, he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith,
in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a
brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend ;
For needs must I say, thou hast got
the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently
wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn ;
Which done, at the last he blowed a
loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn :

The echo of which through the valleys
did fly,
At which his stout bowmen ap-
peared,
All clothed in green, most gay to be
seen,
So up to their master they steered.

O, what's the matter ? quoth William
Stutly,
Good master you are wet to the
skin.
No matter, quoth he, the lad which
you see
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others
reply'd.
So straight they were seizing him
there,
To duck him likewise : but Robin
Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow ; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend,
be not afraid ;
These bowmen upon me do wait ;
There's threescore and nine ; if thou
wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery straight,

And other accoutrements fit for a man ;
 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear :
 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
 To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
 I'll serve you with all my whole
 heart ;
 My name is John Little, a man of
 good mettle ;
 Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my
 part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth Wil-
 liam Stutly,
 And I will his godfather be ;
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the
 least,
 For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetched him a brace of
 fat does,
 With humming strong liquor like-
 wise ;
 They loved what was good ; so in the
 green wood,
 This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven
 foot high,
 And, may be, an ell in the waist ;
 A sweet pretty lad : much feasting
 they had ;
 Bold Robin the christening graced,

With all his bowmen, which stood in
 a ring,
 And were of the Nottingham breed ;
 Brave Stutly came then, with seven
 yeomèn,
 And did in this manner proceed :

This infant was called John Little,
 quoth he ;
 Which name shall be changed anon :

The words we'll transpose ; so wherever
 he goes,
 His name shall be called Little John.

They all with a shout made the
 elements ring ;
 So soon as the office was o'er,
 To feasting they went, with true mer-
 riment,
 And tippled strong liquor gillore.

Then Robin be took the pretty sweet
 babe,
 And clothed him from top to the toe,
 In garments of green, most gay to be
 seen,
 And gave him a curious long bow.

Thou shalt be an archer as well as
 the best,
 And range in the green wood with
 us ;
 Where we'll not want gold nor silver,
 behold,
 While bishops have ought in their
 purse.

We live here like 'squires, or lords of
 renown,
 Without e'er a foot of free land ;
 We feast on good cheer, with wine,
 ale, and beer,
 And everything at our command.

Then music and dancing did finish the
 day ;
 At length, when the sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole train the grove did
 refrain,
 And unto their caves they did go.

And so, ever after, as long as he liv'd,
 Although he was proper and tall,
 Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
 Still Little John they did him call.

ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

[From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. It is there said to go "To the tune of Bold Robin Hood;" and the chorus is repeated in every stanza.]

ROBIN HOOD he was a tall young man,
Derry derry down,
 And fifteen winters old ;
 And Robin Hood he was a proper
 young man,
 Of courage stout and bold.
Hey down, derry derry down.

Robin he would and to fair Nottingham,
 With the general for to dine ;
 There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
 And a drinking beer, ale, and wine.

What news? What news? said bold
 Robin Hood.
 What news fain wouldst thou
 know?
 Our king hath provided a shooting
 match,
 And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the foresters,
 That ever a boy so young
 Should bear a bow before our king,
 That's not able to draw one string.

I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold
 Robin Hood,
 By the leave of our lady,
 That I'll hit a mark a hundred rod,
 And I'll cause a hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty mark, then said
 the foresters,
 By the leave of our lady,
 Thou hit'st not the mark a hundred
 rod,
 Nor caus'est a hart to die.

Robin he bent up a noble bow,
 And a broad arrow he let fly,
 He hit the mark a hundred rod,
 And he caused a hart to die.

Some say he brake ribs one or two,
 And some say he brake three ;
 The arrow within the hart would not
 abide,
 But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did
 leap,
 And the hart lay on the ground ;
 The wager is mine, said bold Robin
 Hood,
 If't were for a thousand pound.

The wager's none of thine, then said
 the foresters,
 Although thou beest in haste ;
 Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
 Lest we thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood he took up his noble
 bow,
 And his broad arrows all amain ;
 And Robin he laught, and began [for]
 to smile,
 As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble bow,
 And his broad arrows he let fly,
 T'ill fourteen of these fifteen foresters
 Upon the ground did lie.

He that did this quarrel first begin
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin he bent his noble bow,
And he fetcht him back again.

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
But say so now again:
With that he sent another arrow,
That split his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, saith Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives for to wring,
And wish that you had never spoke the word,
That I could not draw one string.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the foresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood;
But Robin he took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green-wood.

They carried these foresters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They digged them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all a-row.

. The paragraph of which the following is an extract appeared in the evening paper entitled "The Star," April 23, 1796: "A few days ago as some labourers were digging in a garden at Fox-lane, near Nottingham, they discovered six human skeletons entire, deposited in regular order side by side, supposed to be part of the fifteen foresters that were killed by Robin Hood. Near the above place anciently stood a church, built in the early ages of Christianity, dedicated to St. Michael, which was totally demolished at the Reformation. . . No doubt but the bones in question were properly buried in St. Michael's church-yard. The proprietors of the garden humanely ordered the pit where the bones were found to be filled up, being unwilling to disturb the relics of humanity and the ashes of the dead."

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

[From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The tune is, "Robin Hood and the Beggar."]

COME all you brave gallants, listen awhile,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That are this bower within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in [the] forest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hyc.

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
What food hast [thou], tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher be answer'd jolly Robin
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell.

What is [the] price of thy flesh ? said jolly Robin, Come tell it soon unto me ; And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear, For a butcher fain would I be. The price of my flesh, the butcher re- plied, I soon will tell unto thee ; With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear, Four mark thou must give unto me. Four mark I will give thee, saith jolly Robin, Four mark it shall be thy fee ; The money come count, and let me mount, For a butcher I fain would be. Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone, His butcher's trade to begin ; With good intent to the sheriff he went, And there he took up his inn. When other butchers they opened their meat, Bold Robin he then begun ; But how for to sell he knew not well, For a butcher he was but young. When other butchers no meat could sell, Robin got both gold and fee ; For he sold more meat for one penny Than others could do for three. But when he sold his meat so fast, No butcher by him could thrive ; For he sold more meat for one penny Than others could do for five. Which made the butchers of Notting- ham To study as they did stand,	Saying, Surely he is some prodigal, That hath sold his father's land The butchers stepped to jolly Robin, Acquainted with him to be ; Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade. Come, will you go dine with me ? Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin, That a butcher doth deny ; I will go with you, my brethren true, As fast as I can hie. But when to the sheriff's house they came, To dinner they hied apace, And Robin Hood he the man must be Before them all to say grace. Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin, And our meat within this place ; A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood : And so I do end my grace. Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin, Let us be merry while we do stay ; For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear, I vow I the reckning will pay. Come, brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin, Let us drink, and never give o'er ; For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way, If it cost me five pounds and more. This is a mad blade, the butchers then said, Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal, That some land has sold for silver and gold, And now he doth mean to spend all.
---	--

Hast thou any horn beasts, the sheriff replied, Good fellow, to sell unto me? Yes, that I have, good master sheriff, I have hundreds two or three,	I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone, For I like not thy company.
And a hundred acre of good free land, If you please it to see: And I'll make you as good assurance of it, As ever my father made me.	Then Robin set his horn to his mouth, And blew but blasts three; Then quickly anon there came Little John, And all his company.
The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey, And, with three hundred pound in gold, Away he went with bold Robin Hood, His horned beasts to behold.	What is your will, master? then said Little John, Good master come tell unto me. I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham This day to dine with thee.
Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride, To the forest of merry Sherwood, Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day, From a man they call Robin Hood!	He is welcome to me, then said Little John, I hope he will honestly pay; I know he has gold, if it be but well told, Will serve us to drink a whole day.
But when a little farther they came, Bold Robin he chanced to spy A hundred head of good red deer, Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.	Then Robin took his mantle from his back, And laid it upon the ground; And out of the sheriff's portmantle He told three hundred pound.
How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff? They be fat and fair for to see.	Then Robin he brought him through the wood, And set him on his dapple gray; O have me commended to your wife at home; So Robin went laughing away.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

[The original letter of the following Ballad is "A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a Beggar;" it is printed from a Newcastle broadside, no other edition being known. It is a north of England, or possibly a Scottish, production, judging from the phraseology. A similar story ("Comment un moine se débarrasse des voleurs") may be found in "Le moyen de parvenir," i. 304 (edit. 1739).]

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
That be of high born blood,
I'll tell you of a brave booting¹
That befel Robin Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day,
He went forth him alone,
And as he came from Bernisdale
Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
Who sturdily could gang ;
He had a pike-staff in his hand
That was both stark and strang ;

A clouted cloak about him was,
That held him frae the cold,
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,
Was more than twenty fold.

His meal-poke hang about his neck,
Into a leathern whang,
Well fasten'd to a broad buckle,
That was both stark and strang.

He had three hats upon his head,
Together stick'd fast,
He cared neither for wind nor wet,
In lands where'er he past.

Good Robin cast him in the way,
To see what he might be,
If any beggar had monèy,
He thought some part had he.

Tarry, tarry, good Robin says,
Tarry, and speak with me.
He heard him as he heard him not,
And fast on his way went he.

'Tis be not so, says [good] Robin,
Nay, thou must tarry still.
By my troth, said the bold beggar,
Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging house,
And it is growing late,
If they have supt ere I come in
I will look wondrous blate.

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
I see well by thy fare,
If thou shares well to thy supper,
Of mine thou dost not care,

Who wants my dinner all this day,
And wots not where to lie,
And would I to the tavern go,
I want money to buy.

Sir, you must lend me some monèy,
Till we meet again.
The beggar answer'd cankardly,²
I have no money to lend :

Thou art a young man as I,
And seems to be as sweet;³
If thou fast till thou get from me,
Thou shalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, says [good] Robin,
Since we are assembled so,
If thou hast but a small farthing,
I'll have it ere thou go.

Come, lay down thy clouted cloak,
And do no longer stand,
And loose the strings of all thy pokes,
I'll ripe⁴ them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow,
If thou make any din,
I shall see if a broad arrow,
Can pierce a beggar's skin.

The beggar smiled, and answer made,
Far better let me be ;
Think not that I will be afraid,
For thy nip crooked tree ;

¹ Robbing adventure.² Angriely.³ Lazy.⁴ Search.

Or that I fear thee any whit,
For thy curn nips¹ of sticks,
I know no use for them so meet
As to be pudding-pricks.

Here I defy thee to do me ill,
For all thy boisterous fair,
Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
Would'st thou seek evermair.

Good Robin bent his noble bow,
He was an angry man,
And in it set a broad arrow;
Lo! ere 'twas drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble tree,
Reach'd him so sound a rout,
That his bow and his broad arrow,
In flinders flew about.

Good Robin bound him to his brand,
But that proved likewise vain,
The beggar lighted on his hand
With his pike-staff again:

[1] wot he might not draw a sword
For forty days and mair.
Good Robin could not speak a word,
His heart was ne'er so sair.

He could not fight, he could not flee,
He wist not what to do;
The beggar with his noble tree
Laid lusty slaps him to.

He paid good Robin back and side,
And baste him up and down,
And with his pike-staff laid on loud,
Till he fell in a swoon.

Stand up, man, the beggar said,
'Tis shame to go to rest;
Stay till thou get thy money told,
I think it were the best:

And syne² go to the tavern house,
And buy both wine and ale;
Hereat thy friends will crack full
crouse,
Thou hast been at the dale.

Good Robin answered ne'er a word,
But lay still as a stane;
His cheeks were pale as any clay,
And closed were his een.

The beggar thought him dead but fail,
And boldly bound his way.—
I would ye had been at the dale,
And gotten part of the play.

THE SECOND PART.

Now three of Robin's men, by chance,
Came walking by the way,
And found their master in a trance,
On ground where that he lay,

Up have they taken good Robin,
Making a piteous beir,³
Yet saw they no man there at whom
They might the matter speer.⁴

They looked him all round about,
But wound on him saw nane,
Yet at his mouth came bocking out
The blood of a good vein.

Cold water they have gotten syne,
And cast unto his face;
Then he began to hitch his ear,
And speak within short space.

Tell us, dear master, said his men,
How with you stands the case.
Good Robin sigh'd ere he began
To tell of his disgrace.

I have been watchman in this wood
Near hand this twenty year,
Yet I was never so hard bestead
As ye have found me here;

¹ Few pieces.

² Then; after.

³ Lamentation.

⁴ Ask about.

A beggar with a clouted cloak,
Of whom I fear'd no ill,
Hath with his pike-staff clawed my
back,
I fear 'twill ne'er be well.

See where he goes o'er yon hill,
With hat upon his head ;
If e'er ye loved your master well
Go now revenge this deed ;

And bring him back again to me,
If it lie in your might,
That I may see, before I die,
Him punish'd in my sight :

And if you may not bring him back,
Let him not go loose on ;
For to us all it were great shame
If he escape again.

One of us shall with you remain,
Because you're ill at ease,
The other two shall bring him back,
To use him as you please.

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
I true there's enough said ;
And he get scouth¹ to wield his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid.

Be not fear'd, our master,
That we two can be dung²
With any blutter³ base beggar.
That has nought but a rung.

His staff shall stand him in no stead,
That you shall shortly see,
But back again he shall be led,
And fast bound shall he be,
To see if ye will have him slain,
Or hanged on a tree.

But cast you sily in his way,
Before he be aware,
And on his pike-staff first hands lay,
Ye'll speed the better far.

Now leave we Robin with his man,
Again to play the child,
And learn himself to stand and gang
By haulds, for all his eild.⁴

Now pass we to the bold beggar,
That raked o'er the hill,
Who never mended his pace more,
Then he had done no ill.

The young men knew the country well
So soon where he would be,
And they have taken another way,
Was nearer by miles three.

They stoutly ran with all their might,
Spared neither dub nor mire,
They started at neither hove nor height,
No travel made them tire,

Till they before the beggar wan,
And cast them in his way ;
A little wood lay in a glen,
And there they both did stay ;

They stood up closely by a tree,
In each side of the gate,
Until the beggar came them nigh,
That thought of no such fate :

And as he was betwixt them past,
They leapt upon him baith ;
The one his pike-staff gripped fast,
They feared for its skaith.

The other he held in his sight
A drawn dirk to his breast,
And said, False carle, quit thy staff,
Or I shall be thy priest.

¹ Room ; freedom.

² Beaten.

³ Dirty.

⁴ By holding, notwithstanding his age and make.

His pike-staff they have ta'en him frae,
And stuck it in the green,
He was full loath to let it gae,
An better might it been.

The beggar was the feardest¹ man
Of any that e'er might be,
To win away no way he can,
Nor help him with his tree.

Nor wist he wherefore he was ta'en,
Nor how many was there ;
He thought his life days had been
gane,
He grew into despair.

Grant me my life, the beggar said,
For him that died on the tree,
And hold away that ugly knife
Or else for fear I'll dee.

I grieved you never in all my life,
Neither by late or air,
You have great sin if you would slay
A silly poor beggar.

Thou lies, false lown, they said again,
For all that may be sworn ;
Thou hast near slain the gentlest man
Of one that e'er was born ;

And back again thou shalt be led,
And fast bound shalt thou be,
To see if he will have thee slain,
Or hanged on a tree.

The beggar then thought all was wrong,
They were set for his wrack,
He saw nothing appearing then,
But ill upon warse back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought,
And had again his tree,
He should not be led back for nought,
With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a wile,
If it could take effect,
How he might the young men beguile,
And give them a begeck.²

Thus to do them shame for ill
His beastly breast was bent,
He found the wind blew something
shrill,
To further his intent.

He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
And let a poor man be ;
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
It helps you not a flee.

It was but in my own defence,
If he has gotten skaith ;
But I will make a recompense
Is better for you baith.

If ye will set me fair and free,
And do me no more dear,
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And much more odd silver,

That I have gather'd this many years,
Under this clouted cloak,
And hid up wonder privately,
In bottom of my poke.

The young men to the council yeed,³
And let the beggar gae ;
They wist full well he had no speed
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money
take,
Come after what so may ;
And yet they would not take him back,
But in that place him slay.

By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin,
It would content him [well] to show
That there they had him slain.

¹ Most frightened.² Play them a trick.³ Listened.

They said, False carle, soon have done,
And tell forth thy monéy,
For the ill turn that thou hast done
It's but a simple plea.

And yet we will not have thee back,
Come after what so may,
If thou will do that which thou spak,
And make us present pay.

O then he loosed his clouted cloak,
And spread it on the ground,
And thereon lay he many a poke,
Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his halse,¹
It was near full of meal,
Two pecks in it at least there was,
And more, I wot full well.

Upon this cloak he set it down,
The mouth he opened wide,
To turn the same he made him down,
The young men ready spied;

In every hand he took a nook
Of that great leathern mail,
And with a fling the meal he shook
Into their face all hail:

Wherewith he blinded them so close,
A stime² they could not see;
And then in heart he did rejoice,
And clapped his lusty tree.

He thought if he had done them
wrong,

In mealing of their clothes,
For to strike off the meal again
With his pike-staff he goes.

Ere any of them could red their een,
Or a glimmering might see,
Ilk one of them a dozen had,
Well laid on with his tree.

The young men were right swift of
foot,
And boldly bound away,

The beggar could them no more hit
For all the haste he may.

What's all this haste? the beggar
said,
May not you tarry still,
Until your money be received?
I'll pay you with good will.

The shaking of my pokes, I fear,
Hath blown into your een;
But I have a good pike-staff here,
Can ripe them out full clean.

The young men answered never a
word,
They were dumb as a stane;
In the thick wood the beggar fled,
E'er they riped their een:

And syne the night became so late,
To seek him was in vain:
But judge ye if they looked blate
When they cam home again.

Good Robin speired how they had
sped.

They answered him, Full ill.
That cannot be, good Robin says,
Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meat-rife part,
They may lick what they please,
Most like ye have been at the art,
Who would look at your claes.³

They hanged their heads, they drooped
down,

A word they could not speak.
Robin said, because I fell a-sound,
I think ye'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, less or more,
And tell me what and how
Ye have done with the bold beggar
I sent you for right now.

¹ From his neck or shoulder.

² Spark; particle of light.

³ Clothes.

And when they told him to an end,
As I have said before,
How that the beggar did them blind,
What misters process more?

And how he lined their shoulders broad,
With his great trenchen tree,
And how in the thick woods he fled,
Ere they a stime could see;

And how they scarcely could win home,
Their bones were baste so sore;
Good Robin cried, Fy! out! for
shame!

We're shamed for evermore.

Although good Robin would full fain
Of his wrath revenged be,
He smiled to see his merry young men
Had gotten a taste of the tree.

ROBIN HOOD'S RESCUING WILL STUTLEY.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutley from the sheriff and his men, who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him. To the tune of Robin Hood and queen Katherine."

WHEN Robin Hood in the greenwood
lived,

Derry derry down.

Under the greenwood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty,

Hey down, derry, derry, down,

That Will Stutley surprised was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray,

I, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutley slay.

When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord! he was grieved sore;
And to his merry men he did say,
[Who altogether swore]

That Will Stutley should rescued be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He clothed himself in scarlet red,
His men were all in green;
A finer shew, throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.

Good Lord! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad
sword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the greenwood are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutley home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle near,
Whereas Will Stutley lay,
I hold it good, saith Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to
hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young
man,

Which was of courage bold,
Thus did he speak to the old man :
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie ?

Alack ! alas ! the palmer said,
And for ever wo is me !
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,
On yonder gallows-tree.

O had his noble master known,
He would some succour send ;
A few of his bold yeomandrie
Full soon would fetch him hence.

I, that is true, the young man said
I, that is true, said he ;
Or, if they were near to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee ;
If Stutly hanged be this day,
Revenged his death will be.

He was no sooner from the palmer
gone,
But the gates were opened wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side.

When he was forth of the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say to the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly :

Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, said he,
For my noble master ne'er had a man,
That hanged was on the tree

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But his desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain ;
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged
should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he says,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, O no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
I, and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie.

O, dastard coward ! Stutly cries,
Thou faint-heart peasant slave !
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.

My noble master doth thee scorn,
And all thy coward crew ;
Such sillyimps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush leaps little John,
And comes Will Stutly to :

I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave ;
I needs must borrow him for a while,
How say you, master shrieve ?

Now, as I live, the sheriff he said,
That varlet will I know ;
Some sturdy rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily,
 Away cut Stutly's bands,
 And from one of the sheriff's men,
 A sword twicht from his hands.

Here, Will, here, take thou this same,
 Thou canst it better sway ;
 And here defend thyself awhile,
 For aid will come straightway.

And there they turned them back to
 back,
 In the middle of them that day,
 Till Robin Hood approached near,
 With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood ;
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he
 said,
 Make haste, for it is good.

The sheriff is gone, his doughty men
 Thought it no boot to stay,
 But as their master had them taught,
 They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutly said,
 Take leave ere you depart ;
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone ;
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will Stutly said,
 When I came to this place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 Or seen my master's face.

Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
 And safe brought from his foe :
 O thanks, O thanks to my master,
 Since here it was not so.

And once again, my fellows [all],
 We shall in the green woods meet,
 Where we [will] make our bow-strings
 twang,
 Music for us most sweet.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

"Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old woman's house and changed cloaths with her to scape from the bishop: and how he robbed the bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger. From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

COME, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
Hey down, down, an a down,
 And a story I'll to you unfold ;
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood served
 the bishop,
 When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
 When Phœbus was in his prime,
 Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
 In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walked the forest along,
 Some pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a proud
 bishòp,
 And all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood
 then,
 If the bishop he doth take me,
 No mercy he'll show unto me I know,
 But hanged I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turned
him about,

And a little house there he did spy,
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good.

I am an out-law as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood;

And yonder's the bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my spite,
And hanged I shall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old
wife,

As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.

And when Robin Hood was so arrayed,
He went straight to his company,
With his spindle and twine, he oft
looked behind,
For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow I will at her let fly,
So like an old witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
Robin Hood then,
And shoot not thine arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old woman's
house,

And called, with furious mood,
Come let me soon see, and bring unto
me

That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white
steed,

Himself on a dapple gray;
And for joy that he had got Robin
Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forest along,
The bishop he chanced for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold,
Stand under the greenwood tree.

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it
to be
A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me?

Why I am an old woman, thou cuck-
oldly bishop,
Lift up my leg and see.

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day!
He turned him about, but Robin stout,
Called him and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's
horse,
And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smiled his master upon,
For joy of that company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from's back
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantele he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood.
Said Little John, That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us
a mass,
Before that he go from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by
the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,

And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandrie.

And then they brought him through
the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray,
And gave him the tail within his
hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER:

OR, ROBIN HOOD MEETS WITH HIS MATCH:

"A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combat fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger." From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly
tannèr,
*With a hey down, down, a down,
down,*

His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is ne'er a squire in Nottingham-
shire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike-staff upon his
shouldèr
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them
to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth in a summer's
morning,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here
and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin he did espy,
He thought some sport he would
make,

Therefore out of hand he bid him to
stand,
And thus to him he spake:

Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow
That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like
a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this forèst,
The king puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that range here
and there;
Therefore stay thee I must.

If thou beest a keeper in this forèst,
And hast such a great command,
Yet thou must have more partakers in
store,
Before thou make me to stand.

Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
Or any that I do not need;
But I have a staff of another oak graff,¹
I know it will do the deed.

¹ Branch; sapling.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not
a straw,
Nor all thine arrows to boot ;
If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,¹
Thou canst as well spit as shoot.

Speak mildly, good fellow, said jolly
Robin,
And give better terms to me ;
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gape with a wenion !² quod
Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man ?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt
And laid down his bow so long ;
He took up a staff of another oak graff,
That was both stiff and strong.

I'll yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;
For I have a staff of another oak graff,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin our fray ;
For I'll not have mine to be longer
than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur replied,
My staff is of oak so free ;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock
down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
He gave him such a knock,
Quickly and soon the blood came down,
Before it was ten o'clock.

Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,
And gave him such a knock on the
crown,
That from every side of bold Robin
Hood's head,
The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
As soon as he saw his own blood :
Then Bland was in haste he laid on so
fast,
As though he had been cleaving of
wood.

And about, and about, and about they
went,
Like two wild boars in a chase,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more :
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They plied their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
Robin Hood,
And let thy quarrel fall ;
For here we may thrash our bones all
to mesh,
And get no coin at all :

And in the forest of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free.
God a mercy for nought, my freedom
I bought,
I may thank my staff, and not thee.

What tradesman art thou ! said jolly
Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me show ;
And also me tell, in what place thou
dost dwell :
For both of these fain would I know.

¹ A knock on thy bare scalp.

² Vengeance.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 In Nottingham long have I wrought :
 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and
 swear,
 I will tan thy hide for nought.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly
 Robin,

Since thou art so kind and free ;
 And if thou wilt tan my hide for
 nought,
 I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanner's trade,
 And live in the greenwood with me,
 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by
 the rood,
 I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur
 replied,

As I think well thou art,
 Then here's my hand, my name's
 Arthur-a-Bland,
 We two will never depart.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little
 John ?

Of him fain would I hear ;
 For we are allied by the mother's side,
 And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the bugle
 horn,

He blew full loud and shrill ;
 But quickly anon appeared Little John,
 Come tripping down a green hill ;

O what is the matter ? then said Little
 John,

Master, I pray you tell ;
 Why do you stand with your staff in
 your hand
 I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand, and he makes me
 to stand,

The tanner that stands thee beside ;
 He is a bonny blade, and master of his
 trade,

For soundly he hath tanned my hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little
 John,

If such a feat he can do ;
 If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
 And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
 Robin Hood,

For as I do understand,
 He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,
 For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
 As far as he could it fling,

And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-
 Bland,
 And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no
 neglect,

They were neither nice nor coy,
 Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by
 the hands,

And danced round about the oak
 tree :

For three merry men, and three merry
 men,

And three merry men we be :

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 We three will be as one ;

The wood it shall ring, and the old wife
 sing,

Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

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